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THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

ANNA KARENINA

VOLUME I

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1904

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INTRODUCTION

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN, Russia's greatest poet and the inspirer of the two best works of Gogol, the father of Russian realism, may perhaps be regarded as the direct cause of Count Tolstoï's greatest novel. A relative happened to be visiting at Yasnaya Polyana, and had been reading a volume of Pushkin. Count Tolstoï picked up the work and opened it casually. Some one entered as he was glancing over the pages, and he exclaimed, "Here is something charming! This is the way to write! Pushkin goes to the heart of the matter."

Count Tolstoï was so impressed by Pushkin's directness that he immediately felt like emulating him. He asked to be kept free from interruptions, shut himself into his library, and began "Anna Karenina."

The publication of it began in the *Russky Viestnik* or *Russian Messenger* in 1875; but it was frequently interrupted. Months and even years elapsed before it was concluded; yet it kept public attention. Not even the break of several months between two of the parts was sufficient to cool the interest of its reader. After the appearance of the first part he wrote a friend: —

"You praise 'Anna Karenina,' and that is very pleasant to me; the more so as I hear much in its favor; but I am sure that there never was an author more indifferent to his success than I am in this case."

A year later he wrote: —

"For two whole months I have forborne to stain my hands with ink or to burden my heart with thoughts. Now, however, I turn once more to that dull commonplace 'Anna Karenina,' moved solely to rid my desk of it — to make room for other tasks."

Even then he did not finish it. The next year he wrote: "The end of winter and the opening of spring are my busiest months for work. I must finish the novel of which I have grown so tired." But when he once took hold of it the spirit of it quickly seized him again, and much of it was written, as any one can see, with almost breathless haste.

Polevoï, in his illustrated "History of Russian Literature," says of this story: "Count Tolstoï dwells with especial fondness on the sharp contrast between the frivolity, the tinsel brightness, the tumult and vanity, of the worldly life, and the sweet, holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the beauties of Nature and the pleasures of the family."

This contrast will strike the attention of every reader. It is the outgrowth of Count Tolstoï's own life; his dual nature is portrayed in the contrasting careers of Levin and Vronsky. The interweaving of two stories is done with a masterly hand. One may take them separately or together; each strand of the twisted rope follows its own course, and yet each without the other would be evidently incomplete.

As one reads, one forgets that it is fiction. It seems like a transcript of real life, and one is constantly impressed by the vast accumulation of pictures, each illustrating and explaining the vital elements of the *épopée*. At times one is startled by the vivifying flashes of genius. The death of Anna is dimly suggested by the tragic occurrence of the brakeman's death in the Moscow railway station. A still more suggestive intimation of the approaching tragedy is found in the death of Vronsky's horse during the officers' handicap race at Peterhof. If one may so speak, the atmosphere of the story is electrified with fate. In this respect it is like a Greek drama. There is never a false touch.

Count Tolstoï's brother-in-law says there is no doubt that Levin is the portrait of the novelist himself, but represented as being "extremely simple in order to bring him into still greater contrast with the representatives of high life in Moscow and St. Petersburg." He also

says that the description of the way that Levin and Kitty make use of the initial letters of the words in which they wish to express to each other their mutual love is faithful in its minutest details to the history of Count Tolstoï's own wooing. And undoubtedly many of the experiences of Levin on his estate are also transcripts of Count Tolstoï's own experiences.

Tolstoï, like Levin, sought to reform and to better everything about him, and took part in the Liberal movements of the time; but his schemes came to naught, one after the other, and his nihilism, — for he declares in his confession that he was a Nihilist in the actual meaning of the word, — his nihilism triumphs in bitterness on their ruins. The struggle in Levin's mind and the horror of his despair tempting him also to suicide are marvelously depicted. At length, as in Tolstoï's real life, the muzhik comes to his aid, light illumines his soul, and the work ends in a burst of mystic happiness, a hymn of joy, which he sings to his inmost soul, not sharing it with his beloved wife, though he knows that she knows the secret of his happiness.

Interesting and instructive as this idyllic romance is, the chief power of the novelist is expended in portraying the illicit love of Vronsky and Anna. Its moral is the opposition of duty to passion. It has been said that the love that unites the two protagonists is sincere, deep, almost holy despite its illegality. They were born for each other; it was love at first sight, a love which overleapt all bonds and bounds. But its gratification at the expense of honor brings the inevitable torment, especially to the woman who had sacrificed so much. The agony of remorse, intensified by the mortifications and humiliations caused by her position, unites itself with an almost insane jealousy, product also of the unstable relation in which she is placed. At last the union becomes so irksome, so painful, so hateful, that the only escape from it is in suicide.

Count Tolstoï manages with consummate skill to retain his own respect for the guilty woman. Consequently the reader's love and sympathy for the unhappy woman

never flag. He lays bare each throb of her tortured heart. He is the Parrhasius of novelists.

Mr. Howells says: "The warmth and light of Tolstoï's good heart and right mind are seen in 'Anna Karenina,' that saddest story of guilty love in which nothing can save the sinful woman from herself,—not her husband's forgiveness, her friend's compassion, her lover's constancy, or the long intervals of quiet in which she seems safe and happy in her sin. It is she who destroys herself persistently, step by step, in spite of all help and forbearance; and yet we are never allowed to forget how good and generous she was when we first met her; how good and generous she is fitfully, and more and more rarely to the end. Her lover works out a sort of redemption through his patience and devotion; he grows gentler, wiser, worthier through it; but even his good destroys her."

Mr. Howells also comments on the extraordinary vitality of the work.

"A multitude of figures pass before us," he says, "recognizably real, never caricatured nor grotesqued, nor in any way unduly accented, but simple and actual in their evil or their good. There is lovely family life, the tenderness of father and daughter, the rapture of young wife and husband, the innocence of girlhood, the beauty of fidelity; there is the unrest and folly of fashion, the misery of wealth, and the wretchedness of wasted and mistaken life, the hollowness of ambition, the cheerful emptiness of some hearts, the dull emptiness of others. It is a world, and you live in it while you read and long afterward, but at no step have you been betrayed, not because your guide has warned or exalted you, but because he has been true, and has shown you all things as they are."

It is hardly worth while to particularize the immortal scenes with which the panoramic canvas is crowded, though the Vicomte de Vogüé characterizes the death-bed scene of Nikolaï Levin as "one of the most finished masterpieces of which literature has reason to be proud," and the description of the races at Tsarskoye-Selo, apart

from its tragic moment, is amazing for its vividness and beauty. Indeed, there are dozens of wonderful pictures of life and death in the story. And no translation, however faithful, can do justice to the quiet humor packed away often in a single word of the staccato muzhik dialect, which no one ever handled more successfully than Count Tolstoï.

The translation has been thoroughly revised and largely rewritten. All passages formerly omitted have been restored, and the occasional temptation to embroider by paraphrase on what the author left purposely simple, plain, and direct, has been resisted.

The Russian words and interjections (which, with the idea of giving local color, were employed in the first edition) have been for the most part eliminated, and the glossary is therefore superfluous. The translator's whole purpose has been to give a faithful presentation of this immortal work.

CHIEF PERSONS OF THE STORY

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch Karenin.
Anna Arkadyevna Karenina (Madame Karenin).
Count Alekseĭ (Alosha) Kirillovitch Vronsky.
His mother, the Countess Vronsky or Vronskaya.
His brother, Aleksandr Kirillovitch Vronsky.
Prince (*Kniaz*) Stephan (Stiva) Arkadyevitch Oblonsky.
Princess (*Kniaginya*) Darya (Dolly, Dolinka, Dashenka) Aleksandrovna Oblonsky or Oblonskaya.
Konstantin (Kostia) Dmitriyevitch (Dmitritch) Levin, proprietor of Pokrovsky.
His brother, Nikolaĭ Dmitriyevitch Levin.
His mistress, Marya Nikolayevna.
His half-brother, Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch (Ivanuitch, Ivanitch) Koznuishef.
Prince Aleksandr Shcherbatsky.
Princess Shcherbatsky or Shcherbatskaya.
Their daughter, the Princess (*Kniazhna*) Yekaterina (Kitty, Katyonka, Katerina, Katya) Aleksandrovna Shcherbatsky or Shcherbatskaya (afterwards Levin or Levina).
Their nephew, Prince Nikolaĭ Shcherbatsky.

ANNA KARENINA

PART FIRST

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay"

CHAPTER I

ALL happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

All was confusion in the house of the Oblonskys. The wife had discovered that her husband was having an intrigue with a French governess who had been in their employ, and she declared that she could not live in the same house with him. This condition of things had lasted now three days, and was causing deep discomfort, not only to the husband and wife, but also to all the members of the family and the domestics. All the members of the family and the domestics felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that in any hotel people meeting casually had more mutual interests than they, the members of the family and the domestics of the house of Oblonsky. The wife did not come out of her own rooms; the husband had not been at home for two days. The children were running over the whole house as if they were crazy; the English maid was angry with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend begging her to find her a new place. The head cook had departed the evening before just at dinner-time; the kitchen-maid and the coachman demanded their wages.

On the third day after the quarrel, Prince Stepan Arkadyevitch Oblonsky — Stiva, as he was called in society — awoke at the usual hour, that is to say about

eight o'clock in the morning, not in his wife's chamber, but in his library, on a leather-covered divan. He turned his portly pampered body on the springs of the divan, as if intending to go to sleep again, and as he did so threw his arm round the cushion and pressed his cheek to it. But suddenly he sat up and opened his eyes.

"Well, well! how was it?" he mused, recalling a dream. "Yes, how was it? Yes! Alabin was giving a dinner at Darmstadt; no, not at Darmstadt, but it was something American. Yes, but that Darmstadt was in America. Yes, Alabin was giving a dinner on glass tables, yes, and the tables sang '*Il mio tesoro*'; no, not '*Il mio tesoro*,' but something better; and some little water-bottles, they were women!" said he, continuing his recollections.

Prince Stepan's eyes flashed gayly and he smiled as he said to himself:—

"Yes, it was very good, very good. There was something extremely elegant about it, but you can't tell it in words, and when you are awake you can't express the reality even in thought."

Then, as he noticed a ray of sunlight which came in at the side of one of the heavy window-curtains, he gayly set his feet down from the divan, found his gilt morocco slippers — they had been embroidered for him by his wife the year before as a birthday present — and, according to an old custom which he had kept up for nine years, he, without rising, stretched out his hand to the place where in his chamber hung his dressing-gown. And then he suddenly remembered how and why he had been sleeping, not in his wife's chamber, but in the library; the smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

"Akh! akh! akh! akh!" he groaned, as he recollected everything that had occurred. And before his mind arose once more all the details of the quarrel with his wife, all the hopelessness of his situation, and most lamentable of all, his own fault.

"No! she will not and she cannot forgive me. And what is the worst of it, 't was my own fault — my own fault, and yet I am not to blame. In that lies all the

tragedy of it," he said to himself. "Akh! akh! akh!" he kept murmuring in his despair, as he thought over the exceedingly unpleasant consequences that would result to him from this quarrel.

The most disagreeable moment was at the very first, when, as he came home from the theater, happy and self-satisfied, bringing a monstrous pear for his wife, he did not find her in the sitting-room, nor, to his surprise, was she in the library, and at last he saw her in her chamber holding the fatal, all-revealing letter in her hand.

She — Dolly, that forever busy and fussy and foolish creature as he always considered her — was sitting motionless with the note in her hand, and looked at him with an expression of terror, despair, and wrath.

"What is this? This?" she demanded, pointing to the note.

And as often happens, Stepan's torment at this recollection was caused less by the fact itself than by the answer which he gave to those words of his wife. His experience at that moment was the same as other people have had when unexpectedly detected in some shameful deed. He was unable to prepare his face for the situation caused by his wife's discovery of his sin. Instead of getting offended, denying it, justifying himself, asking forgiveness, or even showing indifference — anything would have been better than what he really did — in spite of himself (by a reflex action of the brain as Stepan Arkadyevitch explained it, for he loved Physiology) absolutely in spite of himself he suddenly smiled with his ordinary good-humored and therefore stupid smile.

He could not forgive himself for that stupid smile. When Dolly saw that smile, she trembled as with physical pain, poured forth a torrent of bitter words, quite in accordance with her natural temper, and fled from the room. Since that time she had not been willing to see her husband.

"That stupid smile caused the whole trouble," thought Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"But what is to be done about it, what is to be done?" he asked himself in despair, and found no answer.

CHAPTER II

Stepan Arkadyevitch was a sincere man as far as he himself was concerned. He could not practise self-deception and persuade himself that he repented of his behavior. He could not, as yet, feel sorry that he, a handsome, susceptible man of four and thirty, was not now in love with his wife, the mother of his five living and two buried children, though she was only a year his junior. He regretted only that he had not succeeded in hiding it better from her. But he felt the whole weight of his situation and pitied his wife, his children, and himself. Possibly he would have had better success in hiding his peccadilloes from his wife had he realized that this knowledge would have had such an effect upon her. He had never before thought clearly of this question, but he had a dim idea that his wife had long been aware that he was not faithful to her, and looked at it through her fingers. As she had lost her freshness, was beginning to look old, was no longer pretty and far from distinguished and entirely commonplace, though she was an excellent mother of a family, he had thought that she would allow her innate sense of justice to plead for him. But it had proved to be quite the contrary.

"Akh, how wretched! aï! aï! aï! how wretched!" said Prince Stepan to himself over and over and could not find any way out of the difficulty. "And how well everything was going until this happened! How delightfully we lived! She was content, happy with the children; I never interfered with her in any way, I allowed her to do as she pleased with the children and the household! To be sure it was bad that *she* had been the governess in our own house; that was bad. There is something trivial and common in playing the gallant to one's own governess! But what a governess!"

He vividly recalled Mlle. Roland's black roguish eyes and her smile.

"But then, while she was here in the house with us, I did not permit myself any liberties. And the worst of all is that she is already.... All this must needs happen just to spite me. Aï! aï! aï! But what, what is to be done?"

There was no answer except that common answer which life gives to all the most complicated and unsolvable questions, — this answer: You must live according to circumstances, in other words, forget yourself. But as you cannot forget yourself in sleep — at least till night, as you cannot return to that music which the water-bottle woman sang, therefore you must forget yourself in the dream of life!

"We shall see by and by," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself, and rising he put on his gray dressing-gown with blue silk lining, tied the tassels into a knot, and took a full breath into his ample lungs. Then with his usual firm step, his legs spread somewhat apart and easily bearing the solid weight of his body, he went over to the window, lifted the curtain, and loudly rang the bell. It was instantly answered by his old friend and valet Matve, who came in bringing his clothes, boots, and a telegram. Behind Matve came the barber with the shaving utensils.

"Are there any papers from the court-house?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, taking the telegram and taking his seat in front of the mirror.

.... "On the breakfast-table," replied Matve, looking inquiringly and with sympathy at his master, and after an instant's pause, added with a sly smile, "They have come from the boss of the livery-stable."

Stepan Arkadyevitch made no reply and only looked at Matve in the mirror. By the look which they interchanged it could be seen how they understood each other. The look of Stepan Arkadyevitch seemed to ask, "Why did you say that? Don't you know?"

Matve thrust his hands in his jacket pockets, kicked out his leg, and silently, good-naturedly, almost smiling, looked back to his master: —

"I ordered him to come on Sunday, and till then that

you and I should not be annoyed without reason," said he, with a phrase evidently ready on his tongue.

Stepan Arkadyevitch perceived that Matve wanted to make some jesting reply and attract attention to himself. Tearing open the telegram, he read it, using his wits to make out the words, that were as usual blindly written, and his face brightened.

...." Matve, sister Anna Arkadyevna will be here to-morrow," said he, staying for a moment the plump gleaming hand of his barber, who was making a pink path through his long, curly whiskers.

" Thank God," cried Matve, showing by this exclamation that he understood as well as his master the significance of this arrival, that it meant that Anna Arkadyevna, Prince Stepan's loving sister, might effect a reconciliation between husband and wife.

" Alone, or with her husband?" asked Matve.

Stepan Arkadyevitch could not speak, as the barber was engaged on his upper lip, but he lifted one finger. Matve nodded his head toward the mirror.

" Alone. Get her room ready?"

" Report to Darya Aleksandrovna, and let her decide."

" To Darya Aleksandrovna? " repeated Matve, rather skeptically.

" Yes! report to her. And here, take the telegram, give it to her, and do as she says."

" You want to try an experiment," was the thought in Matve's mind; but he only said, " I will obey!"

By this time Stepan Arkadyevitch had finished his bath and his toilet, and was just putting on his clothes, when Matve, stepping slowly with squeaking boots, and with the telegram in his hand, returned to the room. The barber was no longer there.

" Darya Aleksandrovna bade me tell you she is going away....do just as he — as you — please about it," said Matve, with a smile lurking in his eyes. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, and bending his head to one side, he looked at his master. Stepan Arkadyevitch was silent. Then a good-humored and rather pitiful smile lighted up his handsome face.

"Well, Matve?" he said, shaking his head.

"It's nothing, sir; she will come to her senses," answered Matve.

"Will come to her senses?"

"Sure she will!"

"Do you think so?—Who is there?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress behind the door.

"It's *me*," said a powerful and pleasant female voice, and in the doorway appeared the severe and pimply face of Matriona Filimonovna, the nurse.

"Well, what is it, Matriosha?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, going to meet her at the door.

Notwithstanding the fact that Stepan Arkadyevitch was entirely in the wrong as regarded his wife, and he himself acknowledged it, still almost every one in the house, even the old nurse, Darya Aleksandrovna's chief friend, was on his side.

"Well, what?" he asked gloomily.

"You go down, sir, ask her forgiveness, just once. Perhaps the Lord will bring it out right. She is tormenting herself grievously, and it is pitiful to see her; and everything in the house is going criss-cross. The children, sir, you must have pity on them. Ask her forgiveness, sir! What is to be done? No gains without pains." ....

"But you see she won't accept an apology." ....

"But you do your part. God is merciful, sir; pray to God. God is merciful."

"Very well, then, come on," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, suddenly turning red in the face. — "Very well, let me have my clothes," said he, turning to Matve, and resolutely throwing off his dressing-gown.

Matve had everything all ready for him, and stood blowing off something invisible from the shirt stiff as a horse-collar, and with evident satisfaction he put it over his master's well-groomed body.

CHAPTER III

HAVING dressed, Stepan Arkadyevitch sprinkled himself with perfume, straightened the sleeves of his shirt, according to his usual routine put into his various pockets cigarettes, his letter-case, matches, his watch with its double chain and locket, and, shaking out his handkerchief, feeling clean, well-perfumed, healthy, and physically happy in spite of his unhappiness, went out somewhat unsteadily to the dining-room, where his coffee was already waiting for him, and next the coffee his letters and the papers from the court-house.

He read his letters. One was very disagreeable, — from a merchant who was negotiating for the purchase of a forest on his wife's estate. It was necessary to sell this forest, but now nothing could be done about it until a reconciliation was effected with his wife. Most unpleasant it was to think that his pecuniary interests in this approaching transaction were complicated with his reconciliation to his wife. And the thought that he might be influenced by this interest, that his desire for a reconciliation with his wife was on account of the sale of the forest, this thought mortified him.

Having finished his letters Stepan Arkadyevitch took up the papers from the court-house, rapidly turned over the leaves of two deeds, made several notes with a big pencil, and then pushing them away, took his coffee. While he was drinking it he opened a morning journal still damp, and began to read.

Stepan Arkadyevitch subscribed to a liberal paper, and read it. It was not extreme in its views, but advocated those principles which the majority held. And though he was not really interested in science or art or politics, he strongly adhered to such views on all these subjects as the majority, including his paper, advocated, and he changed them only when the majority changed them; or more correctly, he did not change them, but they themselves imperceptibly changed in him.

Stepan Arkadyevitch never chose principles or opin-

ions, but these principles and opinions came to him, just as he never chose the shape of a hat or coat, but took those that others wore. And, living as he did in fashionable society, through the necessity of some mental activity, developing generally in a man's best years, it was as indispensable for him to have views as to have a hat. If there was any reason why he preferred liberal views rather than the conservative direction which many of his circle followed, it was not because he found a liberal tendency more rational, but because he found it better suited to his mode of life.

The liberal party declared that everything in Russia was wretched; and the fact was that Stepan Arkadyevitch had a good many debts and was decidedly short of money. The liberal party said that marriage was a defunct institution and that it needed to be remodeled, and in fact domestic life afforded Stepan Arkadyevitch very little pleasure, and compelled him to lie, and to pretend what was contrary to his nature. The liberal party said, or rather took it for granted, that religion is only a curb on the barbarous portion of the community, and in fact Stepan Arkadyevitch could not bear the shortest prayer without pain in his knees, and he could not comprehend the necessity of all these awful and high-sounding words about the other world when it is so very pleasant to live in this. Moreover, Stepan Arkadyevitch, who liked a merry jest, was sometimes fond of scandalizing a quiet man by saying that any one who was proud of his origin ought not to stop at Rurik and deny his earliest ancestor — the monkey.

Thus the liberal tendency had become a habit with Stepan Arkadyevitch, and he liked his paper, just as he liked his cigar after dinner, because of the slight haziness which it caused in his brain. He was now reading the leading editorial, which proved that in our day a cry is raised, without reason, over the danger that radicalism may swallow up all the conservative elements, and that government ought to take measures to crush the hydra of revolution, and that, on the contrary, "according to our opinion, the danger lies not in this imaginary hydra

of revolution, but in the inertia of traditions which block progress," and so on. He read through another article on finance which made mention of Bentham and Mill, and dropped some sharp hints for the ministry. With his peculiar quickness of comprehension he appreciated each point, — from whom and against whom and on what occasion it was directed; and this as usual afforded him some amusement. But his satisfaction was poisoned by the remembrance of Matriona's advice and of the unfortunate state of his domestic affairs. He read also that Count von Beust was reported to have gone to Wiesbaden, that there was to be no more gray hair; he read about the sale of a light carriage and a young woman's advertisement for a place. But these items did not afford him quiet, ironical satisfaction as usual.

Having finished his paper, his second cup of coffee, and a buttered roll, he stood up, shook the crumbs of the roll from his waistcoat, and, filling his broad chest, smiled joyfully, not because there was anything extraordinarily pleasant in his mind, but the joyful smile was caused by good digestion.

But this joyful smile immediately brought back the memory of everything, and he sank into thought.

The voices of two children — Stepan Arkadyevitch knew they were Grisha, his youngest boy, and Tania, his eldest daughter — were now heard behind the door. They were dragging something and upset it.

"I told you not to put passengers on top," cried the little girl in English. — "Now pick them up."

"Everything is in confusion," said Stepan Arkadyevitch to himself. "Now here the children are, running wild!" And going to the door, he called to them. They dropped the little box which served them for a railway-train, and ran to their father.

The little girl, her father's favorite, ran in boldly, threw her arms around his neck and laughingly hugged him, enjoying as usual the odor which exhaled from his whiskers. Then kissing his face, reddened by his bending position and beaming with tenderness, the little girl unclasped her hands and wanted to run away again, but her father held her back.

"What is mamma doing?" he asked, caressing his daughter's smooth, soft neck. "How are you?" he added, smiling at the boy, who stood saluting him. He acknowledged he had less love for the little boy, yet he tried to be impartial. But the boy felt the difference, and did not smile back in reply to his father's chilling smile.

"Mamma? She 's up," answered the little girl.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed. "Of course she has spent another sleepless night," he said to himself.

"Well, is she cheerful?"

The little girl knew that there was trouble between her father and her mother, and that her mother could not be cheerful, and that her father ought to know it, and that he was dissembling when he questioned her so lightly. And she blushed for her father. He instantly perceived it and also turned red.

"I don't know," she said; "she told me that we were not to have lessons this morning but were to go with Miss Hull over to grandmother's."

"Well, then, run along, *Tanchurotchka moya.* — Oh, yes, wait," said he, still detaining her and smoothing her delicate little hand.

He took down from the mantelpiece a box of candy which he had placed there the day before, and gave her two pieces, selecting her favorite chocolate and vanilla.

"For Grisha?" she asked, pointing to the chocolate.

"Yes, yes;" and still smoothing her soft shoulder he kissed her on the neck and hair, and let her go.

"The carriage is at the door," said Matve, and he added, "A woman is here — a petitioner."

"Has she been here long?" demanded Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Half an hour."

"How many times have you been told to announce visitors instantly?"

"I had to get your coffee ready," replied Matve in his kind, rough voice, at which it was impossible to take offense.

"Well, show her in quick!" said Oblonsky, frowning with annoyance.

The petitioner, the wife of Captain Kalanin, asked some impossible and nonsensical favor; but Stepan Arkadyevitch, according to his custom, gave her a comfortable seat, listened to her story without interrupting, and then gave her careful advice to whom and how to make her application, and in lively and eloquent style wrote, in his big, scrawling, but handsome and legible hand, a note to the person who might aid her. Having dismissed the captain's wife, Stepan Arkadyevitch took his hat and stood for a moment trying to remember whether he had forgotten anything. He seemed to have forgotten nothing except what he wanted to forget —his wife.

"Ah, yes!"

He dropped his head, and a gloomy expression came over his handsome face.

"To go or not to go," he said to himself; and an inner voice told him that it was not advisable to go, that there was no way out of it except through deception, that to straighten, to smooth out, their relations was impossible, because it was impossible to make her attractive and lovable again, or to make him an old man insensible to passion. Nothing but deception and lying could come of it, and deception and lying were opposed to his nature.

"But it must be done sometime; it can't remain so always," he said, striving to gain courage. He straightened himself, took out a cigarette, lighted it, puffed at it two or three times, threw it into a mother-of-pearl-lined ash-tray, went with quick steps through the sitting-room, and opened the door into his wife's sleeping-room.

CHAPTER IV

Darya Aleksandrovna, surrounded by all sorts of things thrown in confusion about the room, was standing before an open chiffonnier from which she was removing the contents. She had on a dressing-sack, and the thin braids of her once luxuriant and beautiful hair were pinned back. Her face was thin and sunken, and her big eyes, protruding from her pale, worn face, had an expression of terror. When she heard her husband's steps she stopped in her work and, gazing at the door, vainly tried to give her face a stern and forbidding expression. She was conscious that she feared him and that she dreaded the coming interview. She was in the act of doing what she had attempted to do a dozen times during those three days: gathering up her own effects and those of her children to carry to her mother's house; and again she could not bring herself to do it, yet now, as before, she said to herself that things could not remain as they were, that she must take some measures to punish him, to put him to shame, to have some revenge on him, if only for a small part of the anguish that he had caused her. She still kept saying that she should leave him, but she felt that it was impossible; it was impossible because she could not cease to consider him her husband and to love him. Moreover, she confessed that if here in her own home she had barely succeeded in looking after her five children, it would be far worse where she was going with them. In the course of these three days the youngest child had been made ill by eating some poor soup, and the rest had been obliged to go almost dinnerless the night before. She felt that it was impossible to leave, yet for the sake of deceiving herself she was collecting her things and pretending that she was going.

When she saw her husband, she thrust her hands into a drawer of the chiffonnier, as if trying to find something, and looked at him only when he came close up to her. But her face, to which she had intended to give

a stern and resolute expression, showed her confusion and anguish of mind.

"Dolly," said he, in a gentle, subdued voice. He hung his head and tried to assume a humble and submissive mien, but nevertheless he was radiant with fresh life and health. She gave him a quick glance which took in his whole figure from head to foot, radiant with life and health.

"Yes, he is happy and contented," she said to herself, ... "but I? .... And this good nature which makes everybody like him so well and praise him is revolting to me! I hate this good nature of his."

Her mouth grew firm, the muscles of her right cheek contracted, she looked pale and nervous.

"What do you want?" she demanded, in a quick, unnatural tone.

"Dolly," he repeated, with a quaver in his voice, "Anna is coming to-day."

"Well, what is that to me? I cannot receive her," she cried.

"Still, it must be done, Dolly." ....

"Go away! go away! go away!" she cried, without looking at him, and as if her words were torn from her by physical agony.

Stepan Arkadyevitch might be calm enough as his thoughts turned to his wife, he might have some hope that it would all straighten itself out according to Matve's prediction, and he might be able tranquilly to read his morning paper and drink his coffee; but when he saw her tortured, suffering face, when he heard that resigned and hopeless tone of her voice, he breathed hard, something rose in his throat, and his eyes filled with tears.

"My God! What have I done? for God's sake! .... See .... "

He could not say another word for the sobs that choked him.

She shut the drawer violently, and looked at him.

"Dolly, what can I say? .... Only one thing: forgive me. Just think! Cannot nine years of my life pay for a single moment, a moment .... "

She let her eyes fall, and listened to what he was going to say, as if beseeching him in some way to persuade her of his innocence.

"A single moment of temptation," he ended, and was going to continue; but at that word, Dolly's lips again closed tight as if from physical pain, and again the muscles of her right cheek contracted.

"Go away, go away from here," she cried still more impetuously, "and don't speak to me of your temptations and your wretched conduct."

She attempted to leave the room, but she almost fell, and was obliged to lean upon a chair for support. Oblonsky's face grew melancholy, his lips trembled, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Dolly," said he, almost sobbing, "for God's sake think of the children. They are not to blame; I am the one to blame. Punish me! Tell me how I can atone for my fault..... I am ready to do anything. I am guilty! No words can tell how guilty I am. But, Dolly, forgive me!"

She sat down. He heard her quick, hard breathing, and his soul was filled with pity for her. She tried several times to speak, but could not utter a word. He waited.

"You think of the children, because you like to play with them; but I think of them, too, and I know what they have lost," said she, repeating one of the phrases that during the last three days she had many times repeated to herself.

She had used the familiar *tui* (thou), and he looked at her with gratitude, and made a movement as if to take her hand, but she turned from him with abhorrence.

"I have consideration for my children, and therefore I would do all in the world to save them; but I do not myself know how I can best save them: by taking them from their father, or by leaving them with a father who is a libertine, — yes, a libertine!.... Now tell me after this, — this that has happened, can we live together? Is it possible? Tell me, is it possible?" she demanded,

raising her voice. "When my husband, the father of my children, has a love-affair with their governess .... "

".... But what is to be done about it? what is to be done?" said he, interrupting with broken voice, not knowing what he said, and letting his head sink lower and lower.

"You are revolting to me, you are insulting," she cried, with increasing anger. "Your tears are water! You never loved me; you have no heart, no honor. You are abominable, revolting, and henceforth you are a stranger to me, — yes, a perfect stranger," and she repeated with spiteful anger this word "stranger" which was so terrible to her own ears.

He looked at her, and the anger expressed in her face alarmed and surprised him. He had no realizing sense that his pity exasperated his wife. She saw that he felt sympathy for her, but not love. "No, she hates me, she will not forgive me," he said to himself.

"This is terrible, terrible!" he cried.

At this moment one of the children in the next room, having apparently had a fall, began to cry. Darya Aleksandrovna listened and her face suddenly softened. She seemed to collect her thoughts for a few seconds, as if she did not know where she was and what was happening to her, then, quickly rising, she hastened to the door.

"At any rate she loves my child," thought Oblonsky, who had noticed the change in her face as she heard the little one's cry. "*My* child; how then can she hate me?"

"Dolly! just one word more," he said, following her.

"If you follow me, I will call the domestics, the children! Let them all know that you are infamous! I leave this very day, and you may live here with your paramour."

And she went out and slammed the door.

Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, wiped his face, and softly left the room.

"Matve says this can be settled; but how? I don't see the possibility. Akh! akh! how terrible! and

how foolishly she shrieked," said he to himself, as he recalled her cry and the words "infamous" and "paramour"!

"Perhaps the chambermaids heard her! horribly foolish, horribly!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch stood by himself a few seconds, rubbed his eyes, sighed, and then, throwing out his chest, left the room.

It was Friday, and in the dining-room the German clock-maker was winding the clock. Stepan Arkadyevitch remembered a joke that he had made about this punctilious German clock-maker, to the effect that "he must have been wound up himself for a lifetime for the purpose of winding clocks," and he smiled. Stepan Arkadyevitch loved a good joke. "Perhaps it will straighten itself out. That's a good little phrase! straighten itself out," he thought; "I must tell that."

"Matve!" he shouted; and when the old servant appeared, he said, "Have Marya put the best room in order for Anna Arkadyevna."

"Very well."

Stepan Arkadyevitch took his fur coat, and started down the steps.

"Shall you dine at home?" asked Matve, as he escorted him down.

"That depends. Here, take this if you need to spend anything," said he, taking out a bill of ten rubles from his pocket-book. "That will be enough."

"Whether it is enough or not, it will have to do," said Matve, as he shut the carriage-door and went up the steps.

Meantime, Darya Aleksandrovna, having pacified the child, and knowing by the sound of the carriage that he was gone, came back to her room. This was her sole refuge from the domestic troubles that besieged her as soon as she went out. Even during the short time that she had been in the nursery, the English maid and Matriona Filimonovna asked her all sorts of questions demanding immediate attention, questions which she alone could answer, — what clothes should they put on

the children for their walk? should they give them milk? should they send for another cook?

"Akh! leave me alone, leave me alone!" she cried, and, hastening back to the chamber, she sat down in the place where she had been talking with her husband. Then, clasping her thin hands, on whose fingers the rings would scarcely stay, she reviewed the whole conversation.

"He has gone! But has he broken with *her?*" she asked herself. "Does he still continue to see her? Why did n't I ask him? No, no, we cannot live together. Even if we continue to live in the same house, we are only strangers, strangers forever!" she repeated, with a strong emphasis on the word that hurt her so cruelly. "How I loved him! my God, how I loved him!.... How I loved him! and even now do I not love him? Do I not love him even more than before? that is the most terrible thing," she was beginning to say, but she did not finish out her thought, because Matriona Filimonovna put her head in at the door. "Give orders to send for my brother," said she; "he will get dinner. If you don't, it will be like yesterday, when the children did not have anything to eat for six hours."

"Very good, I will come and give the order. Have you sent for some fresh milk?"

And Darya Aleksandrovna entered into her daily tasks, and in them forgot her sorrow for the time being.

CHAPTER V

Stepan Arkadyevitch had done well at school, by reason of his excellent natural gifts, but he was lazy and mischievous, and consequently had been at the foot of his class; but, in spite of his irregular habits, his low rank in the Service, and his youth, he, nevertheless, held an important salaried position as nachalnik, or president of one of the courts in Moscow. This place he had secured through the good offices of his sister Anna's husband, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch Karenin, who occupied one of the most influential positions in the ministry of which he

was a member. But even if Karenin had not been able to get this place for his brother-in-law, a hundred other people — brothers, sisters, cousins, second cousins, uncles, aunts — would have got it for Stiva Oblonsky, or some place as good, together with the six thousand rubles' salary which he needed for his establishment, his affairs being somewhat out of order in spite of his wife's considerable fortune.

Half the people of Moscow and St. Petersburg were relatives or friends of Stepan Arkadyevitch; he was born into the society of the rich and powerful of this world. A third of the older officials attached to the court and in government employ had been friends of his father, and had known him from the time when he wore petticoats; a second third addressed him familiarly in the second person singular; the others were "hail fellows well met." He had, therefore, as his friends, all those whose function it is to dispense earthly blessings in the shape of places, leases, concessions, and the like, and who could not neglect their own. And so Oblonsky had no special difficulty in obtaining an excellent place. All he had to do was not to shirk, not to be jealous, not to be quarrelsome, not to be thin-skinned, and he never gave way to these faults, because of his natural good temper. It would have seemed ridiculous to him if he had been told that he could not have any salaried place that he wanted, because it did not seem to him that he demanded anything extraordinary. He asked only for what his companions were obtaining, and he felt that he was as capable as any of them of performing the duties of such a position.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was liked by every one for his good and amiable character and his unimpeachable honesty. There was moreover something in his brilliant and attractive personality, in his bright, sparkling eyes, his black brows, his hair, his vivid coloring, which exercised a strong physical influence as of friendliness and gayety on those who came in touch with him.

"Aha, Stiva! Oblonsky! Here he is!" people would generally say, with a smile of pleasure. Even if

it happened that the results of meeting him were not particularly gratifying, nevertheless people were just as glad to meet him the second day and the third.

After filling for three years the office of nachalnik of one of the chief judiciary positions in Moscow, Stepan Arkadyevitch had gained, not only the friendship, but also the respect of his colleagues, both those above and those below him in station, as well as of all who had had dealings with him. The principal qualities that had gained him this universal esteem were, first, his extreme indulgence for people, and this was founded on his knowledge of his own weaknesses; secondly, his absolute liberality, which was not the liberalism which he read about in the newspapers, but that which was in his blood, and caused him to be agreeable to every one, in whatever station in life; and thirdly and principally, his perfect indifference to the business which he transacted, so that he never lost his temper, and therefore never made mistakes.

As soon as he reached his tribunal, Stepan Arkadyevitch, escorted by the solemn Swiss who bore his portfolio, went to his little private office, put on his uniform, and proceeded to the court-room. The clerks and other employees all stood up, bowing eagerly and respectfully. Stepan Arkadyevitch, as usual, hastened to his place, shook hands with his colleagues, and took his seat. He got off some pleasantry and made some remark suitable to the occasion, and then opened the session. No one better than he understood how far to go within the limits of freedom, frankness, and that official dignity which is so useful in the expedition of official business. A clerk came with papers, and, with the free and yet respectful air common to all who surrounded Stepan Arkadyevitch, spoke in the familiarly liberal tone which Stepan Arkadyevitch had introduced: —

"We have at last succeeded in obtaining reports from the Government of Penza. Here they are, if you care to ...."

"So we have them at last," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, touching the document with his finger. "Now, then, gentlemen ...."

And the proceedings began.

"If they knew," he said to himself, as he bent his head with an air of importance while the report was read, "how much their president, only half an hour since, looked like a naughty school-boy!" and a gleam of amusement came into his eyes as he listened to the report.

The session generally lasted till two o'clock without interruption, and was followed by recess and luncheon. The clock had not yet struck two, when the great glass doors of the court-room were suddenly thrown open, and some one entered. All the members, glad of any diversion, looked round from where they sat under the Emperor's portrait and behind the *zertsálo*, or proclamation-table; but the doorkeeper instantly ejected the intruder, and shut the door on him.

After the business was read through, Stepan Arkadyevitch arose, stretched himself, and in a spirit of sacrifice to the liberalism of the time took out his cigarette, while still in the court-room, and then passed into his private office. Two of his colleagues, the aged veteran Nikitin, and the chamberlain Grinevitch, followed him.

"There 'll be time enough to finish after luncheon," said Oblonsky.

"How we are rushing through with it!" replied Nikitin.

"This Famin must be a precious rascal," said Grinevitch, alluding to one of the characters in the affair which they had been investigating.

Stepan Arkadyevitch knitted his brows at Grinevitch's words, as if to signify that it was not the right thing to form snap judgments, and he made no reply.

"Who was it came into the court-room?" he asked of the doorkeeper.

"Some one who entered without permission, your excellency, while my back was turned. He asked to see you: I said, 'When the court adjourns, then....'"

"Where is he?"

"Probably in the vestibule; he was there just now. Ah! there he is," said the doorkeeper, pointing to a solidly built, broad-shouldered man with curly beard, who, without taking off his sheepskin cap, was lightly

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and quickly running up the well-worn steps of the stone staircase. A lean chinovnik, on his way down, with a portfolio under his arm, stopped to look, with some indignation, at the newcomer's feet, and turned to Oblonsky with a glance of inquiry. Stepan Arkadyevitch stood at the top of the staircase, and his bright, good-natured face, set off by the embroidered collar of his uniform, was still more radiant when he recognized the visitor.

"Here he is! Levin, at last," he cried, with a friendly, ironical smile, as he looked at his approaching friend. "What! you got tired of waiting for me, and have come to find me in this den?" he went on to say, not satisfied with pressing his hand, but kissing him affectionately. "Have you been in town long?"

"I just got here, and was in a hurry to see you," said Levin, looking about him timidly, and at the same time with a fierce and anxious expression.

"Well, come into my office," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was aware of his visitor's egotistic sensitiveness, and, taking him by the hand, he led him along as if he were conducting him through manifold dangers.

Stepan Arkadyevitch addressed almost all his acquaintances with the familiar "thou," — old men of threescore, young men of twenty, actors and ministers, merchants and generals, so that there were very many of these familiarly addressed acquaintances from both extremes of the social scale, and they would have been astonished to know that through Oblonsky they had something in common. He thus addressed all with whom he had drunk champagne, and he had drunk champagne with every one, and so when in the presence of his subordinates he met any of his *shameful* intimates, as he jestingly called some of his acquaintances, his characteristic tact was sufficient to diminish the disagreeable impressions that they might have.

Levin was not one of his *shameful* intimates, but Oblonsky instinctively felt that Levin might think he would not like to make a display of their intimacy before his subordinates, and so he hastened to take him into his private office.

Levin was about the same age as Oblonsky, and their intimacy was not based on champagne alone. Levin was a friend and companion from early boyhood. In spite of the difference in their characters and their tastes, they were fond of each other as friends are who have grown up together. And yet, as often happens among men who have chosen different spheres of activity, each, while approving the work of the other, really despised it. Each believed his own mode of life to be the only rational way of living, while that led by his friend was only illusion.

At the sight of Levin, Oblonsky could not repress a slight ironical smile. How many times had he seen him in Moscow just in from the country, where he had been doing something, though Oblonsky did not know exactly what and scarcely took any interest in it. Levin always came to Moscow anxious, hurried, a trifle annoyed, and vexed because he was annoyed, and generally bringing with him entirely new and unexpected views of things. Stepan Arkadyevitch laughed at this and yet liked it.

In somewhat the same way Levin despised the city mode of his friend's life, and his official employment, which he considered trifling, and made sport of it. But the difference between them lay in this: that Oblonsky, doing what every one else was doing, laughed self-confidently and good-naturedly, while Levin, because he was not assured in his own mind, sometimes lost his temper.

"We have been expecting you for some time," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he entered his office, and let go his friend's hand to show that the danger was past. "I am very, very glad to see you," he continued. "How goes it? how are you? When did you come?"

Levin was silent, and looked at the unknown faces of Oblonsky's two colleagues, and especially at the elegant Grinevitch's hand, with its long, white fingers and their long, yellow, and pointed nails, and his cuffs, with their huge, gleaming cuff-buttons. It was evident that his hands absorbed all of his attention and allowed him to think of nothing else. Oblonsky instantly noticed this, and smiled.

"Ah, yes," said he, "allow me to make you acquainted

with my colleagues, Filipp Ivanuitch Nikitin, Mikhaïl Stanislavitch Grinevitch;" then turning to Levin, "A landed proprietor, a rising man, a member of the zemstsvo, and a gymnast who can lift two hundred pounds with one hand, a raiser of cattle, and huntsman, and my friend, Konstantin Dmitrievitch Levin, the brother of Sergyeï Ivanuitch Koznuishef."

"Very happy," said the little old man. "I have the honor of knowing your brother, Sergyeï Ivanuitch," said Grinevitch, extending his delicate hand with its long nails.

Levin frowned; he coldly shook hands, and turned to Oblonsky. Although he had much respect for his half-brother, a writer universally known in Russia, it was none the less unpleasant for him to be addressed, not as Konstantin Levin, but as the brother of the famous Koznuishef.

"No, I am no longer a worker in the zemstsvo. I have quarreled with everybody, and I don't go to the assemblies," said he to Oblonsky.

"This is a sudden change," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a smile. "But how? why?"

"It is a long story, and I will tell it some other time," replied Levin; but he nevertheless went on to say, "To make a long story short, I was convinced that no action amounts to anything, or can amount to anything, in our provincial assemblies." He spoke as if some one had insulted him. "On the one hand, they try to play Parliament, and I am not young enough and not old enough to amuse myself with toys; and, on the other hand," — he hesitated, — "this serves the district ring to make a little money. There used to be guardianships, judgments; but now we have the zemstsvo, not in the way of bribes, but in the way of unearned salaries."

He spoke hotly, as if some one present had attacked his views.

"Aha! here you are, I see, in a new phase, on the conservative side," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Well, we 'll speak about this by and by."

"Yes, by and by. But I want to see you particu-

larly," said Levin, looking with disgust at Grinevitch's hand.

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly. "Did n't you say that you would never again put on European clothes?" he asked, examining his friend's new suit, evidently made by a French tailor. "Indeed, I see; 't is a new phase."

Levin suddenly grew red, not as grown men grow red, without perceiving it, but as boys blush, conscious that they are ridiculous by reason of their bashfulness, and therefore ashamed and made to turn still redder till the tears almost come. It gave his intelligent, manly face such a strange appearance that Oblonsky turned away and refrained from looking at him.

"But where can we meet? You see it is very, very necessary for me to have a talk with you," said Levin.

Oblonsky seemed to reflect,

"How is this? We will go and have luncheon at Gurin's, and we can talk there. At three o'clock I shall be free."

"No," answered Levin after a moment's thought; "I 've got to take a drive."

"Well, then, let us dine together."

"Dine? But I have nothing very particular to say, only two words, to ask a question; afterward we can gossip."

"In that case, speak your two words now; we will chat while we are at dinner."

"These two words are .... however, it 's nothing very important."

His face suddenly assumed a hard expression, due to his efforts in conquering his timidity. "What are the Shcherbatskys doing? — just as they used to?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had long known that Levin was in love with his sister-in-law Kitty, almost perceptibly smiled, and his eyes flashed gayly. "You said 'two words'; but I cannot answer in two words, because .... excuse me a moment."

The secretary came in at this juncture with his

familiar but respectful bearing, and with that modest assumption characteristic of all secretaries that he knew more about business than his superior. He brought some papers to Oblonsky; and, under the form of a question, he attempted to explain some difficulty. Without waiting to hear the end of the explanation, Stepan Arkadyevitch laid his hand affectionately on the secretary's arm.

"No, do as I asked you to," said he, tempering his remark with a smile; and, having briefly given his own explanation of the matter, he pushed away the papers, and said, "Do it so, I beg of you, Zakhar Nikititch."

The secretary went off confused. Levin during this scene with the secretary had entirely recovered from his embarrassment, and was standing with both arms resting on a chair; on his face was an ironical expression.

"I don't understand, I don't understand," said he.

"What don't you understand?" asked Oblonsky, smiling, and taking out a cigarette. He was expecting some sort of strange outbreak from Levin.

"I don't understand what you are up to," said Levin, shrugging his shoulders. "How can you do this sort of thing seriously?"

"Why not?"

"Why, because it is doing nothing."

"You think so? We are overwhelmed with work."

"On paper! Well, yes, you have a special gift for such things," added Levin.

"You mean that I .... there is something that I lack?"

"Perhaps so, yes. However, I cannot help admiring your high and mighty ways, and rejoicing that I have for a friend a man of such importance. But, you did not answer my question," he added, making a desperate effort to look Oblonsky full in the face.

"Now that 's very good, very good! Go ahead, and you will succeed. 'T is well that you have eight thousand acres of land in the district of Karazinsk, such muscles, and the complexion of a little girl of twelve; but you will catch up with us all the same. .... Yes, as to

what you asked me. There is no change, but I am sorry that it has been so long since you were in town."

"Why?" asked Levin in alarm.

"Well, it 's nothing," replied Oblonsky; "we will talk things over. What has brought you now especially?"

"Akh! we will speak also of that by and by," said Levin, again reddening to his very ears.

"Very good. I understand you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "You see, I should have taken you home with me to dinner, but my wife is not well to-day. If you want to see *them*, you will find them at the Zoölogical Gardens from four to five. Kitty is skating. You go there; I will join you later, and we will get dinner together somewhere."

"Excellent. Da svidanya!"

"Look here — you see I know you — you will forget all about it, or will suddenly be starting back to your home in the country," cried Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a laugh.

"No, truly I won't."

Levin left the room, and only when he had passed the door realized that he had forgotten to salute Oblonsky's colleagues.

"That must be a gentleman of great energy," said Grinevitch, after Levin had taken his departure.

"Yes, batyushka," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, throwing his head back. "He is a likely fellow. Eight thousand acres in the Karazinsky district! He has a future before him, and how vigorous he is! He is not like the rest of us."

"What have you to complain about, Stepan Arkadyevitch?"

"Well, things are bad, bad," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, sighing heavily.

CHAPTER VI

When Oblonsky asked Levin for what special reason he had come, Levin grew red in the face, and he was angry with himself because he grew red; but how could he have replied, "I have come to ask the hand of your sister-in-law"? Yet he had come for that single purpose.

The Levin and the Shcherbatsky families, belonging to the old nobility of Moscow, had always been on intimate and friendly terms. During Levin's student life the bond had grown stronger. He and the young Prince Shcherbatsky, the brother of Dolly and Kitty, had taken their preparatory studies, and gone through the university together. At that time Levin was a frequent visitor at the Shcherbatskys, and was in love with the house. Strange as it may seem, he was in love with the house itself, with the family, especially with the feminine portion. Konstantin Levin could not remember his mother, and his only sister was much older than he was, so that for the first time he found in the house of the Shcherbatskys that charming cultivated life so peculiar to the old nobility, and of which the death of his parents had deprived him. All the members of this family, but especially the ladies, seemed to him to be surrounded with a mysterious and poetic halo.

Not only did he fail to discover any faults in them, but underneath this poetic and mysterious halo surrounding them, he saw the loftiest sentiments and the most ideal perfections. Why these three young ladies were obliged to speak French and English every day; why they had to take turns in playing for hours at a time on the piano, the sounds of which floated up to their brother's room, where the young students were at work; why professors of French literature, of music, of drawing, of dancing, came to give them lessons; why the three young ladies, at a certain hour, accompanied by Mlle. Linon, drove out in their carriage to the Tverskoï Boulevard, wearing satin shubkas, Dolly's very long, Natalie's

of half length, and Kitty's very short, showing her shapely ankles and close-fitting red stockings; and why when they went to the Tverskoï Boulevard they had to be accompanied by a lackey with a gilt cockade on his hat, — all these things and many others were absolutely incomprehensible to him. But he felt that all that took place in this mysterious sphere was beautiful, and he was in love especially with this mystery of accomplishment.

While he was a student he almost fell in love with Dolly, the eldest; but she soon married Oblonsky; then he began to be in love with the second. It was as if he felt it to be a necessity to love one of the three, only he could not decide which one he liked the best. But Natalie entered society, and soon married the diplomat, Lvof. Kitty was only a child when Levin left the university. Young Shcherbatsky joined the fleet, and was drowned in the Baltic; and Levin's relations with the family became more distant, in spite of his friendship with Oblonsky. At the beginning of the winter, however, after a year's absence in the country, he had met the Shcherbatskys again, and learned for the first time which of the three he was destined really to love.

It would seem as if there could be nothing simpler for a young man of thirty-two, of good family, possessed of a fair fortune, and likely to be regarded as an eligible suitor, than to ask the young Princess Shcherbatskaya in marriage, and probably Levin would have been accepted as an excellent match. But he was in love, and consequently it seemed to him Kitty was a creature so accomplished, her superiority was so above everything earthly, and he himself was such an earthly insignificant being, that he was unwilling to admit, even in thought, that others or Kitty herself would regard him as worthy of her.

Having spent two months in Moscow, as in a dream, meeting Kitty almost every day in society, which he allowed himself to frequent on account of her, he suddenly concluded that this alliance was impossible, and took his departure for the country. Levin's conclusion that it

was impossible was reached by reasoning that in her parents' eyes he was not a suitor sufficiently advantageous or suitable for the beautiful Kitty, and that Kitty herself could not love him. In her parents' eyes, he was engaged in no definite line of activity, and at his age had no position in the world, while his comrades were colonels or staff-officers, distinguished professors, bank directors, railway officials, presidents of tribunals like Oblonsky; but he — and he knew very well how he was regarded by his friends — was only a pomyeshchik, or country proprietor, busy with breeding of cows, hunting woodcock, and building farmhouses: in other words, he was an incapable youth who had accomplished nothing, and who, in the eyes of society, was doing just what men do who have made a failure.

Surely, the mysterious, charming Kitty could not love a man so ill-favored, dull, and good-for-nothing as he felt that he was. Moreover, his former relations with her, consequent upon his friendship with her brother, were those of a grown man with a child, and seemed to him only an additional obstacle to love.

It was possible, he thought, for a girl to have a friendship for a good, homely man, such as he considered himself to be; but if he is to be loved with a love such as he felt for Kitty, he must be good-looking, and above all, a man of distinction.

He had heard that women often fall in love with ill-favored, stupid men, but he did not believe that such would be his own experience, just as he felt that it would be impossible for him to love a woman who was not beautiful, brilliant, and poetic.

But, having spent two months in the solitude of the country, he became convinced that this was not one of his youthful passions, that the state of his feelings allowed him not a moment of rest, and that he could not live without settling this mighty question — whether she would, or would not, be his wife; that his despair arose wholly from his imagination, and that he had no absolute certainty that she would refuse him.

He had now returned to Moscow with the firm inten-

tion of offering himself and of marrying her if she would accept him. If not.... he could not think what would become of him.

CHAPTER VII

Coming to Moscow by the morning train, Levin had stopped at the house of his half-brother, Koznuishef. After making his toilet, he went to the library with the intention of telling him why he had come, and asking his advice; but his brother was not alone. He was talking with a famous professor of philosophy who had come up from Kharkof expressly to settle a vexed question which had arisen between them on some very important philosophical subject. The professor was waging a bitter war on materialists, and Sergeï Koznuishef followed his argument with interest; and, having read the professor's latest article, he had written him a letter expressing some objections. He blamed the professor for having made too large concessions to the materialists, and the professor had come on purpose to explain what he meant. The conversation turned on the question then fashionable: Is there a dividing line between the psychical and the physiological phenomena of man's action? and where is it to be found?

Sergeï Ivanovitch welcomed his brother with the same coldly benevolent smile which he bestowed on all, and, after introducing him to the professor, continued the discussion.

The professor, a small man with spectacles, and narrow forehead, stopped long enough to return Levin's bow, and then continued without noticing him further. Levin sat down to wait till the professor should go, but soon began to feel interested in the discussion.

He had read in the reviews articles on this subject, but he had read them with only that general interest which a man who has studied the natural sciences at the university is likely to take in their development; but he had never appreciated the connection that exists between these learned questions of the origin of man, of reflex

action, of biology, of sociology, and those touching the significance of life and of death for himself, which had of late been more and more engaging his attention.

As he listened to the discussion between his brother and the professor, he noticed that they agreed to a certain kinship between scientific and psychological questions, that several times they almost took up this subject; but each time that they came near what seemed to him the most important question of all, they instantly took pains to avoid it, and sought refuge in the domain of subtile distinctions, explanations, citations, references to authorities, and he found it hard to understand what they were talking about.

"I cannot accept the theory of Keis," said Serge'ĭ Ivanovitch in his characteristically elegant and correct diction and expression, "and I cannot at all admit that my whole conception of the exterior world is derived from my sensations. The most fundamental concept of being does not arise from the senses, nor is there any special organ by which this conception is produced."

"Yes; but Wurst and Knaust and Pripasof will reply that your consciousness of existence is derived from an accumulation of all sensations, that it is only the result of sensations. Wurst himself says explicitly that where sensation does not exist, there is no consciousness of existence."

"I will say, on the other hand ...." began Serge'ĭ Ivanovitch. ....

But here Levin noticed that, just as they were about to touch the root of the whole matter, they again steered clear of it, and he determined to put the following question to the professor.

"Suppose my sensations ceased, if my body were dead, would further existence be possible?"

The professor, with some vexation, and, as it were, intellectual anger at this interruption, looked at the strange questioner as if he took him for a clown rather than a philosopher, and turned his eyes to Serge'ĭ Ivanovitch as if to ask, "What does this man mean?"

But Serge˘ Ivanovitch, who was not nearly so one-sided and zealous a partisan as the professor, and who had sufficient health of mind both to answer the professor and to see the simple and natural point of view from which the question was asked, smiled and said: —

"We have not yet gained the right to answer that question."....

"Our capacities are not sufficient," continued the professor, taking up the thread of his argument. "No, I insist upon this, that if, as Pripasof says plainly, sensations are based upon impressions, we cannot too closely distinguish between the two notions."

Levin did not listen any longer, and waited until the professor took his departure.

CHAPTER VIII

When the professor was gone, Serge˘ Ivanovitch turned to his brother.

"I am very glad to see you. Shall you stay long? How are things on the estate?"

Levin knew that his elder brother took little interest in the affairs of the estate, and only asked out of courtesy; and so in reply he merely spoke of the sale of wheat, and the money he had received.

It had been his intention to speak with his brother about his marriage project, and to ask his advice; but, after the conversation with the professor, and in consequence of the involuntarily patronizing tone in which his brother had asked about their affairs, — for their real estate had never been divided and Levin managed it as a whole, — he felt that he could not begin to talk about his project of marriage. He had an instinctive feeling that his brother would not look upon it as he should wish him to.

"How is it with the zemstvo?" asked Serge˘ Ivanovitch, who took a lively interest in these provincial assemblies, to which he attributed great importance.

"Fact is, I don't know...."

"What! are n't you a member of the assembly?"

"No, I am no longer a member: I have not been going and don't intend to go any more," said Levin.

"It's too bad," murmured Sergeï Ivanovitch, frowning.

Levin, in justification, described what had taken place at the meetings of his district assembly.

"But it is forever thus," exclaimed Sergeï Ivanovitch, interrupting. "We Russians are always like this. Possibly it is one of our good traits that we are willing to see our faults, but we exaggerate them; we take delight in irony, which comes natural to our language. If such rights as we have, if our provincial institutions, were given to any other people in Europe, — Germans or English, — I tell you, they would derive liberty from them; but we only turn them into sport."

"But what is to be done?" asked Levin, penitently. "It was my last attempt. I tried with all my heart; I cannot do it. I am helpless."

"Not helpless!" said Sergeï Ivanovitch; "you did not look at the matter in the right light."

"Perhaps not," replied Levin, in a melancholy tone.

"Do you know, brother Nikolaï has been in town again?"

Nikolaï was Konstantin Levin's own brother, and Sergeï Ivanovitch's half-brother, standing between them in age. He was a ruined man, who had wasted the larger part of his fortune, had mingled with the strangest and most disgraceful society, and had quarreled with his brothers.

"What did you say?" cried Levin, startled. "How did you know?"

"Prokofi saw him in the street."

"Here in Moscow? Where is he?" and Levin stood up, as if with the intention of instantly going to find him.

"I am sorry that I told you this," said Sergeï Ivanovitch, shaking his head when he saw his younger brother's emotion. "I sent out to find where he was staying; and I sent him his letter of credit on Trubin, the amount of which I paid. This is what he wrote me

in reply," and Sergeï Ivanovitch handed his brother a note which he took from a letter-press.

Levin read the letter, which was written in the strange hand which he knew so well:—

I humbly beg to be left in peace. It is all that I ask from my dear brothers.

NIKOLAÏ LEVIN.

Konstantin, without lifting his head, stood motionless before his brother with the letter in his hand.

The desire arose in his heart now to forget his unfortunate brother, and the consciousness that it would be wrong.

"He evidently wants to insult me," continued Sergeï Ivanovitch; "but that is impossible. I wish with all my soul that I might help him, and yet I know that I shall not succeed."

"Yes, yes," replied Levin. "I understand, and I appreciate your treatment of him; but I am going to him."

"Go, by all means, if it will give you any pleasure," said Sergeï Ivanovitch; "but I would not advise it. Not on my account, because I fear that he might make a quarrel between us, but, on your own account, I advise you not to go. He can't be helped. However, do as you think best."

"Perhaps he can't be helped, but I feel especially at this moment .... this is quite another reason. .... I feel that I could not be contented...."

"Well, I don't understand you," said Sergeï Ivanovitch; "but one thing I do understand," he added: "this is a lesson in humility. Since brother Nikolaï has become the man he is, I look with greater indulgence on what people call 'abjectness.' .... Do you know what he has done?" ....

"Akh! it is terrible, terrible," replied Levin.

Having obtained from his brother's servant Nikolaï's address, Levin set out to find him, but on second thought changed his mind, and postponed his visit till evening. Before all, he must decide the question that had brought

him to Moscow, in order that his mind might be free. He had therefore gone directly to Oblonsky; and, having learned where he could find the Shcherbatskys, he went where he was told that he would meet Kitty.

CHAPTER IX

About four o'clock Levin dismissed his izvoshchik at the entrance of the Zoölogical Garden, and with beating heart followed the path that led to the ice-mountains and the skating-pond, for he knew that he should find Kitty there, having seen the Shcherbatskys' carriage at the gate.

It was a clear frosty day. At the entrance of the garden were drawn up rows of carriages and sleighs; hired drivers and policemen stood on the watch. Hosts of fashionable people, with their hats gayly glancing in the bright sunlight, were gathered around the doors and on the paths cleared of snow, among the pretty Russian cottages with their carved balconies. The ancient birch trees of the garden, their thick branches all laden with snow, seemed clothed in new and solemn chasubles.

Levin followed the foot-path, saying to himself: —

"Be calm! there is no reason for being agitated! What do you desire? what ails you? Be quiet, you fool!"

Thus Levin addressed his heart. And the more he endeavored to calm his agitation, the more he was overcome by it, till at last he could hardly breathe. An acquaintance spoke to him as he passed, but Levin did not even notice who it was. He drew near the ice-mountains, on which creaked the ropes that let down the sledges and drew them up again. The sleds flew with a rush down the slopes, and there was a tumult of happy voices.

He went a few steps farther, and before him spread the skating-ground; and among the skaters he soon discovered *her*. He knew that he was near her from the joy and terror that seized his heart. She was

standing at the opposite end of the pond engaged in conversation with a lady; and nothing either in her toilet or in her position was remarkable, but for Levin she stood out from the rest like a rose-bush among nettles. Everything was made radiant by her. She was the smile that lightened the whole place.

"Do I dare to go and meet her on the ice?" he asked himself. The place where she was seemed like an unapproachable sanctuary, and for a moment he almost turned to go away again, so full of awe it was. He had to master himself by a supreme effort to think that, as she was surrounded by people of every sort, he had as much right as the rest to go on there and skate. So he went down on the ice, not letting himself look long at her, as if she were the sun; but he saw her, as he saw the sun, even though he did not look at her.

On this day and at this hour, the ice formed a common meeting-ground for people of one clique, all of whom were well acquainted. There were also masters in the art of skating, who came to show off their skill; others were learning to skate by holding on chairs, and making awkward and distressing gestures; there were young lads and old men, who skated as a gymnastic exercise: all seemed to Levin to be the happy children of fortune because they were near Kitty.

And all these skaters, with apparently perfect unconcern, glided around her, came close to her, even spoke to her, and with absolute indifference to her enjoyed themselves, making the most of the good skating and splendid weather.

Nikolaï Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, in short jacket and knickerbockers, was seated on a bench with his skates on, and seeing Levin, he cried: —

"Ah! the best skater in Russia! Have you been here long? The ice is first-rate! Put on your skates quick!"

"I have not my skates with me," replied Levin, surprised at this freedom and audacity in her presence, and

not losing her out of his sight a single instant, although he did not look at her. He felt that the sun was shining nearer to him. She was at one corner and came gliding toward him, putting together her slender feet in high boots, and evidently feeling a little timid. A boy in Russian costume was clumsily trying to get ahead of her, desperately waving his arms and bending far forward. Kitty herself did not skate with much confidence. She had taken her hands out of her little muff, suspended by a ribbon, and held them ready to grasp the first object that came in her way. Looking at Levin, whom she had recognized, she smiled at him and at her own timidity. As soon as this evolution was finished, she struck out with her elastic little foot, and skated up to Shcherbatsky, seized him by the arm, and gave Levin a friendly welcome. She was more charming even than he had imagined her to be.

Whenever he thought of her, he could easily recall her whole appearance, but especially the charm of her small blond head, set so gracefully on her pretty shoulders, and her expression of childlike frankness and goodness. The combination of childlike grace and delicate beauty of form was her special charm, and Levin thoroughly appreciated it. But what struck him like something always new and unexpected was the look in her sweet eyes, her calm and sincere face, and her smile, which transported him to a world of enchantment, where he felt at peace and at rest, as he remembered occasionally feeling in the days of his early childhood.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, giving him her hand.

"Thank you," she added, as he picked up her handkerchief, which had dropped out of her muff.

"I? No, not long; I came yesterday .... that is, today," answered Levin, so agitated that at first he did not get the drift of her question. "I wanted to call upon you," said he; and when he remembered what his errand was, he grew red, and was more distressed than ever. "I did not know that you skated, and so well."

She looked at him closely, as if trying to divine the reason of his embarrassment.

"Your praise is precious. A tradition that you are the best of skaters is still floating about," said she, brushing off with her little hand, in its black glove, the pine needles that had fallen on her muff.

"Yes, I used to be passionately fond of skating. I had the ambition to reach perfection."

"It seems to me that you do all things passionately," said she, with a smile. "I should like to see you skate. Put on your skates, and we will skate together."

"Skate together?" he thought, as he looked at her. "Is it possible?"

"I will go and put them right on," he said; and he hastened to find a pair of skates.

"It is a long time, sir, since you have been with us," said the katalshchik, as he lifted his foot to fit the heel to it. "Since your day, we have not had any one who deserved to be called a master in the art. Are they going to suit you?" he asked, as he tightened the strap.

"Excellent, excellent; only please make haste," said Levin, unable to hide the smile of joy which, in spite of him, irradiated his face. "Yes," said he to himself, "this is life, this is happiness. '*We will skate together*,' she said. Shall I speak to her now? But I am afraid to speak, because I am happy, happy only in the hope.... Yet when?.... But it must be, it must, it must. Down with weakness!"

Levin stood up, took off his cloak, and, after making his way across the rough ice around the little house, he skated out on the glare surface without effort, hastening, shortening, and directing his pace as if by the mere effort of his will. He felt timid about coming up to her, but again her smile assured him.

She gave him her hand, and they skated side by side, gradually increasing speed; and the faster they went, the closer she held his hand.

"I should learn very quickly with you," she said. "I somehow feel confidence in you."

"I am confident in myself when you cling to my

hand," he answered, and immediately he was startled at what he had said, and grew red in the face. In fact, he had scarcely uttered the words, when, just as the sun goes under a cloud, her face lost all its kindliness, and Levin became aware of the well-remembered play of her face indicating the force of her thoughts; a slight frown wrinkled her smooth brow!

"Has anything disagreeable happened to you? but I have no right to ask," he added quickly.

"Why so? No, nothing disagreeable has happened to me," she said coolly, and immediately continued, "Have you seen Mlle. Linon yet?"

"Not yet."

"Go to see her; she is so fond of you."

"What does this mean? I have offended her! Lord! have pity upon me!" thought Levin, and skated swiftly toward the old French governess, with little gray curls, who was watching them from a bench. She received him like an old friend, smiling, and showing her false teeth.

"Yes, but how we have grown up," she said, indicating Kitty with her eyes; "and how demure we are! *Tiny bear* has grown large," continued the old governess, still smiling; and she recalled his jest about the three young ladies whom he had named after the three bears in the English story.... "Do you remember that you used to call them so?"

He had entirely forgotten it, but she had laughed at this pleasantry for ten years, and still enjoyed it.

"Now go, go and skate. Does n't our Kitty take to it beautifully?"

When Levin rejoined Kitty, her face was no longer severe; her eyes had regained their frank and kindly expression; but it seemed to him that her very kindliness had a peculiar premeditated tone of serenity, and he felt troubled. After speaking of the old governess and her eccentricities, she asked him about his own life. "Is n't it a bore living in the country in the winter?" she asked.

"No, it is not a bore; I am very busy," he replied,

conscious that she was bringing him into the atmosphere of serene friendliness from which he could not escape now, any more than he could at the beginning of the winter.

"Shall you stay long?" asked Kitty.

"I do not know," he answered, without regard to what he was saying. The thought that, if he fell back into that tone of calm friendship, he might return home without reaching any decision, occurred to him, and he resolved to rebel against it.

"Why don't you know?"

"I don't know why. It depends on you," he said, and instantly he was horrified at his own words.

She either did not understand his words, or did not want to understand them, for, seeming to stumble once or twice, catching her foot, she hurriedly skated away from him; and, having spoken to Mlle. Linon, she went to the little house, where her skates were removed by the waiting-women.

"My God! what have I done? O Lord God! have pity upon me, and come to my aid!" was Levin's secret prayer; and, feeling the need of taking some violent exercise, he began to describe outer and inner curves on the ice.

At this instant a young man, the best among the recent skaters, came out of the *café* with his skates on, and a cigarette in his mouth; with one spring he slid down, slipping and leaping from step to step, and, without even changing the easy position of his arms, skated down and out upon the ice.

"Ah, that is a new trick," said Levin to himself, and he climbed up to the top of the bank to try the new trick.

"Don't you kill yourself! it needs practice," shouted Nikolai Shcherbatsky.

Levin went up to the platform, got as good a start as he could, and then flew down the steps preserving his balance with his arms; but at the last step he stumbled, made a violent effort to recover himself, regained his equilibrium, and with a laugh glided out upon the ice.

"Charming, glorious fellow," thought Kitty, at this

moment coming out of the little house with Mlle. Linon, and looking at him with a gentle, affectionate smile, as if he were a beloved brother. "Is it my fault? Have I done anything very bad? People say, 'Coquetry.' I know that I don't love him, but it is pleasant to be with him, and he is such a splendid fellow. But what made him say that?"....

Seeing Kitty departing with her mother, who had come for her, Levin, flushed with his violent exercise, stopped and pondered. Then he took off his skates, and joined the mother and daughter at the gate.

"Very glad to see you," said the princess; "we receive on Thursdays, as usual."

"To-day, then?"

"We shall be very glad to see you," she answered coolly.

This coolness troubled Kitty, and she could not restrain her desire to temper her mother's chilling manner. She turned her head, and said, with a smile, "We shall see you, I hope."[1]

At this moment Stepan Arkadyevitch, with hat on one side, with animated face and bright eyes, entered the garden. But as he came up to his wife's mother, he assumed a melancholy and humiliated expression, and replied to the questions which she asked about Dolly's health. When he had finished speaking in a low and broken voice with his mother-in-law, he straightened himself up, and took Levin's arm.

"Now, then, shall we go? I have been thinking of you all the time, and I am very glad that you came," he said, with a significant look into his eyes.

"Come on, come on," replied the happy Levin, who did not cease to hear the sound of a voice saying, "*We shall see you, I hope*," or to recall the smile that accompanied the words.

"At the Anglia, or at the Hermitage?"

"It's all the same to me."

"At the Anglia, then," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, making this choice because he owed more there than at

[1] Simply *da svidanya*, equivalent to *au revoir*.

the Hermitage, and it seemed unworthy of him, so to speak, to avoid this restaurant. "You have an izvoshchik? So much the better, for I sent off my carriage."

While they were on the way, the friends did not exchange a word. Levin was pondering on the meaning of the change in the expression of Kitty's face, and at one moment persuaded himself that there was hope, and at the next plunged into despair, and he saw clearly that his hope was unreasonable. Nevertheless, he felt that he was another man since he had heard those words, "We shall see you, I hope," and seen her smile.

Stepan Arkadyevitch was meantime making out the *menu* for their dinner.

"You like turbot, don't you?" were his first words on entering the restaurant.

"What?" exclaimed Levin..... "Turbot? Yes, I am excessively fond of turbot."

CHAPTER X

Levin could not help noticing, as they entered the restaurant, how Stepan Arkadyevitch's face and whole person seemed to shine with restrained happiness. Oblonsky took off his overcoat, and, with hat over one ear, marched toward the dining-room, giving, as he went, his orders to the Tatars who in swallow-tails and with napkins came hurrying to meet him. Bowing right and left to his acquaintances, who here as everywhere seemed delighted to see him, he went directly to the bar and took some vodka and a little fish, and said something comical to the barmaid, a pretty, curly-haired French girl, painted, and covered with ribbons and lace, so that she burst into a peal of laughter. But Levin would not drink any vodka simply because the sight of this French creature, all made up, apparently, of false hair, rice-powder, and *vinaigre de toilette* was revolting to him. He turned away from her quickly, with disgust, as from some horrid place. His whole soul was filled with

memories of Kitty, and his eyes shone with triumph and happiness.

"This way, your excellency; come this way, and your excellency will not be disturbed," said a specially obsequious old Tatar, whose monstrous hips made the tails of his coat stick out behind. "Will you come this way, your excellency?" said he to Levin, as a sign of respect for Stepan Arkadyevitch, whose guest he was. In a twinkling he had spread a fresh cloth on the round table, which, already covered, stood under the bronze chandelier; then, bringing two velvet chairs, he stood waiting for Stepan Arkadyevitch's orders, holding in one hand his napkin, and his order-card in the other.

"If your excellency would like to have a private room, one will be at your service in a few moments. .... Prince Galitsuin and a lady. We have just received fresh oysters."

"Ah, oysters!"

Stepan Arkadyevitch reflected. "Supposing we change our plan, Levin," said he, with his finger on the bill of fare. His face showed serious hesitation.

"But are the oysters good? Pay attention!"

"They are from Flensburg, your excellency; there are none from Ostend."

"Flensburg oysters are well enough, but are they fresh?"

"They came yesterday."

"Very good! What do you say?— to begin with oysters, and then to make a complete change in our *menu?* What say you?"

"It's all the same to me. I'd like best of all some *shchi*[1] and *kasha*,[2] but you can't get them here."

"*Kasha à la russe*, if you would like to order it," said the Tatar, bending over toward Levin as a nurse bends toward a child.

"No. Jesting aside, whatever you wish is good. I have been skating and should like something to eat. Don't imagine," he added, as he saw an expression of disappointment on Oblonsky's face, "that I do not

[1] Cabbage soup. [2] Wheat gruel.

appreciate your selection. I can eat a good dinner with pleasure."

"It should be more than that! You should say that it is one of the pleasures of life," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "In this case, little brother mine, give us two, or.... no, that's not enough, three dozen oysters, vegetable soup...."

"*Printanière*," suggested the Tatar.

But Stepan Arkadyevitch did not allow him the pleasure of enumerating the dishes in French, and continued:—

"Vegetable soup, you understand; then turbot, with thick sauce; then roast beef, but see to it that it's all right. Yes, some capon, and lastly, some preserve."

The Tatar, remembering Stepan Arkadyevitch's caprice of not calling the dishes by their French names, instead of repeating them after him, waited till he had finished; then he gave himself the pleasure of repeating the order according to the bill of fare:—

"*Potage printanière, turbot, sauce Beaumarchais, poularde à l'estragon, macédoine de fruits.*"

Then instantly, as if moved by a spring, he substituted for the bill of fare the wine-list, which he presented to Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"What shall we drink?"

"Whatever you please, only not much.... champagne," suggested Levin.

"What! at the very beginning? But you may be right; why not? Do you like the white seal?

"*Cachet blanc*," repeated the Tatar.

"Well, then, give us that brand with the oysters. Then we'll see."

"It shall be done, sir. And what table wine shall I bring you?"

"Some *Nuits;* no, hold on — give us some classic *Chablis*."

"It shall be done, sir; and will you order some of *your* cheese?"

"Yes, some *parmesan*. Or do you prefer some other kind?"

"No, it's all the same to me," replied Levin, who could not keep from smiling.

The Tatar disappeared on the trot, with his coat tails flying out behind him. Five minutes later he came with a platter of oysters opened and on the shell, and with a bottle in his hand. Stepan Arkadyevitch crumpled up his well-starched napkin, tucked it into his waistcoat, calmly stretched out his hands, and began to attack the oysters.

"Not bad at all," he said, as he lifted the succulent oysters from their shells with a silver fork, and swallowed them one by one. "Not at all bad," he repeated, looking from Levin to the Tatar, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

Levin also ate his oysters, although he would have preferred white bread and cheese; but he could not help admiring Oblonsky. Even the Tatar, after uncorking the bottle and pouring the sparkling wine into wide, delicate glass cups, looked at Stepan Arkadyevitch with a noticeable smile of satisfaction while he adjusted his white necktie.

"You are not very fond of oysters, are you?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, draining his glass. "Or you are preoccupied? Hey?"

He wanted Levin to be in good spirits, but Levin was anxious, if he was not downcast. His heart being so full, he found himself out of his element in this restaurant, amid the confusion of guests coming and going, surrounded by the private rooms where men and women were dining together; everything was repugnant to his feelings, — the whole outfit of bronzes and mirrors, the gas and the Tatars. He feared that the sentiment that occupied his soul would be defiled.

"I? Yes, I am a little absent-minded; but besides, everything here confuses me. You can't imagine," he said, "how strange all these surroundings seem to a countryman like myself. It's like the finger-nails of that gentleman whom I met at your office." ....

"Yes, I noticed that poor Grinevitch's finger-nails interested you greatly," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laughing.

"It is of no use," replied Levin. "Suppose you come to me and try the standpoint of a man accustomed to living in the country. We in the country try to have hands suitable to work with; therefore we cut off our finger-nails, and oftentimes we even turn back our sleeves. But here men let their nails grow as long as possible, and so as to be sure of not being able to do any work with their hands, they fasten their sleeves with plates for buttons."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled gayly: —

"That is a sign that he has no need of manual labor; it is brain-work...."

"Perhaps so. Yet it seems strange to me, no less than this that we are doing here. In the country we make haste to get through our meals so as to be at work again; but here you and I are doing our best to eat as long as possible without getting satisfied, and so we are eating oysters."....

"Well, there's something in that," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch; "but the aim of civilization is to translate everything into enjoyment."

"If that is its aim, I should prefer to be untamed."

"And you are untamed! All you Levins are untamed."

Levin sighed. He thought of his brother Nikolaï, and felt mortified and saddened, and his face grew dark; but Oblonsky introduced a topic which had the immediate effect of diverting him.

"Very well, come this evening to our house. I mean to the Shcherbatskys'," said he, pushing away the empty oyster-shells, drawing the cheese toward him, and flashing his eyes significantly.

"Yes, I will surely come," replied Levin; "though it did not seem that the princess was very cordial in her invitation."

"What rubbish! It was only her manner.... Come, friend, bring us the soup.... It was only her *grande dame* manner," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "I shall come there immediately after a rehearsal at the Countess Bonina's.... How can we help calling you untamed?

How can you explain your flight from Moscow? The Shcherbatskys have kept asking me about you, as if I were likely to know! I only know one thing, that you are always likely to do things that no one else did."

"Yes," replied Levin, slowly, and with emotion; "you are right, I am untamed; yet it was not that I went, but that I have come back proves me so! I have come now...."

"Oh, what a lucky fellow you are!" interrupted Oblonsky, looking into Levin's eyes.

"Why?"

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and I know young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, dramatically; "everything is before you!"

"And yourself, — is everything behind you?"

"No, not altogether, but you have the future; and I have the present, and this present is between the devil and the deep sea!"

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing good. But I don't want to talk about myself, especially as I cannot explain the circumstances," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "What did you come to Moscow for?.... Here! clear off the things!" he cried to the Tatar.

"Can't you imagine?" answered Levin, not taking his glowing eyes from Oblonsky's face.

"I can imagine, but it is not for me to be the first to speak about it. By this you can tell whether I am right in my conjecture," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, looking at Levin with a sly smile.

"Well, what have you to tell me?" asked Levin, with a trembling voice, and feeling all the muscles of his face quiver. "How do you look at this?"

Stepan Arkadyevitch slowly drank his glass of *Chablis* while he looked steadily at Levin.

"I?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "There is nothing that I should like so much — nothing. It is the best thing that could possibly be!"

"But are n't you mistaken? Do you know what we

are talking about?" murmured Levin, with his eyes fixed on his companion. "Do you believe that this is possible?"

"I think it is possible. Why should n't it be?"

"No, do you really think that it is possible? No! tell me what you really think. If .... if she should refuse me .... and I am almost certain that ...."

"Why should you be?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling at this emotion.

"It is my intuition. It would be terrible for me and for her."

"Oh! in any case, I can't see that it would be very terrible for her; a young girl is always flattered to be asked in marriage."

"Young girls in general, perhaps, not she."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled; he perfectly understood Levin's feeling, knew that for him all the young girls in the universe were divided into two categories: in the one, all the young girls in existence except her — and these girls had all the faults common to humanity, in other words, ordinary girls; in the other, she alone, without any faults, and placed above the rest of humanity.

"Hold on! take some gravy," said he, stopping Levin's hand, who was pushing away the gravy.

Levin took the gravy in all humility, but he did not give Oblonsky a chance to eat.

"No, just wait, wait," said he; "you understand this is for me a question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one else about it, and I cannot speak to any one else but you. I know we are very different from each other, have different tastes, views, everything; but I know also that you love me, and that you understand me, and that 's the reason I am so fond of you. Now, for God's sake, be perfectly sincere with me."

"I will tell you what I think," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling. "But I will tell you more: my wife — a most extraordinary woman" — and Stepan Arkadyevitch sighed, as he remembered his relations with his wife — then after a moment's silence he proceeded

—"she has a gift of second sight, and sees through people, but that is nothing! she knows what is going to happen, especially when there is a question of marriage. Thus, she predicted that Brenteln would marry Shakhovskaya; no one would believe it, and yet it came to pass. Well, my wife is on your side."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that she likes you; she says that Kitty will be your wife."

As he heard these words, Levin's face suddenly lighted up with a smile which was near to tears of emotion.

"She said that!" he cried. "I always said that your wife was charming. But enough, enough of this sort of talk," he added, and rose from the table.

"Good! but sit a little while longer."

But Levin could not sit down. He strode two or three times up and down the little square room, winking his eyes to hide the tears, and then he sat down again at the table.

"Understand me," he said; "this is not love. I have been in love, but this is not the same thing. This is more than a sentiment; it is an inward power that controls me. You see, I went away because I had made up my mind that such happiness could not exist, that such good fortune could not be on earth. But after a struggle with myself, I find that I cannot live without this. This question must be decided...."

"But why did you go away?"

"Akh! wait! Akh! so many things to think about! so much to ask! Listen, you cannot imagine what your words have done for me! I am so happy that I have already grown detestable! I am forgetting everything; and yet this very day I heard that my brother Nikolaï — you know — he is here, and I had entirely forgotten him. It seems to me that he, too, ought to be happy. But this is like a fit of madness. But one thing seems terrible to me.... You are married; you ought to know this feeling. It is terrible that we who are already getting old.... with a past behind us.... not of love but of wickedness.... suddenly

come into close relations with a pure and innocent being. This is disgusting, and so I cannot help feeling that I am unworthy."

"Well! you have not much wickedness to answer for!"

"Akh!" said Levin; "and yet, '*as I look with disgust on my life, I tremble and curse and mourn bitterly,*' .... yes!"

"But what can you do? the world is thus constituted," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"There is only one consolation, and that is in the prayer that I have always loved: '*Pardon me not according to my deserts, but according to Thy loving-kindness.*' Thus only can she forgive me."

CHAPTER XI

Levin drained his glass, and they were silent.

"I ought to tell you one thing, though. Do you know Vronsky?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"No, I don't know him; why do you ask?"

"Bring us another bottle," said Oblonsky to the Tatar, who was refilling their glasses and was hovering about them, especially when he was not needed. "You must know that Vronsky is one of your rivals."

"Who is this Vronsky?" asked Levin, and his face, a moment since beaming with the youthful enthusiasm which Oblonsky so much admired, suddenly took on a disagreeable expression of anger.

"Vronsky — he is one of Count Kirill Ivanovitch Vronsky's sons, and one of the finest examples of the gilded youth of Petersburg. I used to know him at Tver when I was on duty there; he came there for recruiting service. He is immensely rich, handsome, with excellent connections, one of the emperor's aides, and, moreover, a capital good fellow. From what I have seen of him, he is more than a 'good fellow'; he is well educated and bright, he is a rising man."

Levin scowled, and said nothing.

"Well, then! he put in an appearance soon after you left; and, as I understand, he fell over ears in love with Kitty. You understand that her mother...."

"Excuse me, but I don't understand at all," interrupted Levin, scowling still more fiercely. And suddenly he remembered his brother Nikolaï, and how ugly it was in him to forget him.

"Just wait, wait," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, laying his hand on Levin's arm with a smile. "I have told you all that I know; but I repeat, that, in my humble opinion, the chances in this delicate affair are on your side."

Levin leaned back in his chair; his face was pale.

"But I advise you to settle the matter as quickly as possible," suggested Oblonsky, filling up his glass.

"No, thank you: I cannot drink any more," said Levin, pushing away the glass. "I shall be tipsy.... Well, how are you feeling?" he added, desiring to change the conversation.

"One word more: in any case I advise you to settle the question quickly. I advise you to speak immediately," said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Go to-morrow morning, make your proposal in classic style, and God bless you."....

"Why haven't you ever come to hunt with me as you promised to do? Come this spring," said Levin.

He now repented with all his heart that he had entered upon this conversation with Stepan Arkadyevitch: his deepest feelings were wounded by what he had just learned of the pretensions of his rival, the young officer from Petersburg, as well as by the advice and insinuations of Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled. He perceived what was taking place in Levin's heart.

"I will come some day," he said. "Yes, brother, woman's the spring that moves everything. My own trouble is bad, very bad. And all on account of women. Give me your advice," said he, taking a cigar, and still holding his glass in his hand. "Tell me frankly what you think."

"But what about?"

"Listen: suppose you were married, that you loved your wife, but had been drawn away by another woman...."

"Excuse me. I really can't imagine any such thing. As it looks to me, it would be as if in coming out from dinner, I should steal a loaf of bread from a bakery."

Stepan Arkadyevitch's eyes sparkled more than usual. "Why not? Bread sometimes smells so good, that one cannot resist the temptation:—

"Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen
Meine irdische Begier:
Aber doch wenns's nicht gelungen,
Hätt' ich auch recht hübsch Plaisir."[1]

As he repeated these lines, Oblonsky smiled.

Levin could not refrain from smiling also.

"But a truce to pleasantries," continued Oblonsky. "Imagine a woman, a charming, modest, loving creature, poor, and alone in the world, who had sacrificed everything for you. Now, imagine, after the thing is done, is it necessary to give her up? We'll allow that it is necessary to break with her, so as not to disturb the peace of the family; but ought we not to pity her, to make provision for her, to soften the blow?"

"Pardon me; but you know that for me all women are divided into two classes, ... no, that is, ... there are women, and there are.... But I never yet have seen or expect to see beautiful fallen women, beautiful repentant Magdalens; and such women as that painted French creature at the bar, with her false curls, fill me with disgust, and all fallen women are the same!"

"But the woman in the New Testament?"

"Akh! hold your peace. Never would Christ have said those words if he had known to what bad use they would be put. Out of the whole Gospel, only those

[1] It was heavenly when I gained
What my heart desired on earth:
Yet if not all were attained,
Still I had my share of mirth.

words are taken. However, I don't say what I think, but what I feel. You feel a disgust for spiders and I for these reptiles. You see you did not have to study spiders, and you know nothing about their natures. So it is with me."

"It is well for you to say so; it is a very convenient way to do as the character in Dickens did, and throw all embarrassing questions over his right shoulder with his left hand. But to deny a fact is not to answer it. Now, what is to be done? tell me! what is to be done? Your wife grows old and you are full of life. Before you are aware of it you realize that you do not love your wife, however much you may respect her. And then suddenly you fall in love with some one and you fall, you fall!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a melancholy despair.

Levin laughed.

"Yes, you fall!" repeated Oblonsky. "Then what is to be done?"

"Don't steal fresh bread."

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst out laughing.

"O moralist! but please appreciate the situation. Here are two women: one insists only on her rights, and her rights mean your love which you cannot give; the other has sacrificed everything for you and demands nothing. What can one do? How can one proceed? Here is a terrible tragedy!"

"If you wish my judgment concerning this tragedy, I will tell you that I don't believe in this tragedy, and this is why. In my opinion, Love — the two Loves which Plato describes in his 'Symposium,' you remember, serve as the touchstone for men. Some people understand only one of them; others understand the other. Those who comprehend only the Platonic love have no right to speak of this tragedy now. In this sort of love there can be no tragedy. *I thank you humbly for the pleasure;* and therein consists the whole drama. But for Platonic love there can be no tragedy because it is bright and pure, and because...."

At this moment Levin remembered his own short-

comings and the inward struggles which he had undergone, and he unexpectedly added, "However, you may be right. It is quite possible .... I know nothing — absolutely nothing — about it."

"Do you see," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, "you are a very perfect man? Your great virtue is your only fault. You are a very perfect character and you desire that all the factors of life should also be perfect; but this cannot be. Here you scorn the service of the state, because, according to your idea, every action should correspond to an exact end; but this cannot be. You require also that the activity of every man should always have an object, that conjugal life and love be one and the same; but this cannot be. All the variety, all the charm, all the beauty, of life consists in lights and shades."

Levin sighed, and did not answer; he was absorbed in his own thoughts and did not even listen.

And suddenly both of them felt that, though they were good friends, though they had been dining together and drinking wine, yet each was thinking only of his own affairs and cared nothing for the affairs of the other. Oblonsky had more than once had this experience after dining with a friend, and he knew what had to be done when, instead of coming into closer sympathy, the distance between seemed widened.

"The account," he cried, and went into the next room, where he met an aide whom he knew, and with whom he began to talk about an actress and her lover. This conversation amused and rested Oblonsky after his conversation with Levin, who always kept his mind on too great an intellectual and moral strain.

When the Tatar brought the account, amounting to twenty-six rubles and odd kopeks, and something more for his fee, Levin, who at any other time, as a countryman, would have been shocked at the size of the bill, paid the fourteen rubles of his share without noticing, and went to his lodgings to dress for the reception at the Shcherbatskys', where his fate would be decided.

CHAPTER XII

The Princess Kitty Shcherbatskaya was eighteen years old. She was making her first appearance in society this winter, and her triumphs had been more brilliant than her elder sisters, more than even her mother, had expected. Not only were almost all the young men who danced at balls in Moscow in love with Kitty, but, moreover, there were two who, during this first winter, were serious aspirants to her hand, — Levin, and, soon after his departure, Count Vronsky.

Levin's appearance at the beginning of the winter, his frequent calls and his unconcealed love for Kitty, were the first subjects that gave cause for serious conversation between her father and mother in regard to her future and for disputes between the prince and princess. The prince was on Levin's side, and declared that he could not desire a better match for Kitty. But the princess, with the skill which women have for avoiding a question, insisted that Kitty was too young, that Levin did not seem to be serious in his attentions, and that she did not show great partiality for him; but she did not express what was in the bottom of her heart, — that she was ambitious for a more brilliant marriage, that Levin did not appeal to her sympathies, and that she did not understand him. And when Levin took a sudden leave she was glad and said, with an air of triumph, to her husband: —

"You see, I was right."

When Vronsky appeared on the scene, she was still more glad, being confirmed in her opinion that Kitty ought to make, not merely a good, but a brilliant match.

For the princess there was no comparison between Vronsky and Levin as suitors. The mother disliked Levin and his strange and harsh judgments, his awkwardness in society, which she attributed to his pride and what she called his savage life in the country, occupied with his cattle and peasants. Nor did she like it at all that Levin, though he was in love with her daughter, and

had been a frequent visitor at their house for six weeks, had appeared like a man who was hesitating, watching, and questioning whether, if he should offer himself, the honor which he conferred on them would not be too great, and that he did not seem to understand that when a man comes assiduously to a house where there is a marriageable daughter, it is proper for him to declare his intentions. And then he suddenly departed without any explanation!

"It is fortunate," the mother thought, "that he is so unattractive, and that Kitty has not fallen in love with him."

Vronsky satisfied all her requirements: he was very rich, intelligent, of good birth, with a brilliant career at court or in the army before him, and, moreover, he was charming. Nothing better could be desired. Vronsky was devoted to Kitty at the balls, danced with her, and called upon her parents; there could be no doubt that his intentions were serious. But, notwithstanding this, the mother had passed this whole winter full of doubts and perplexities.

The princess herself had been married thirty years before, through the match-making of an aunt. Her suitor, who was well known by reputation, came, saw the young lady, and was seen by the family; the aunt who served as intermediary gave and received the report of the impression produced on both sides; the impression was favorable. Then on a designated day the expected proposal was made on the parents, and granted. Everything had passed off very easily and simply. At least, so it seemed to the princess. But in the case of her own daughters, she learned by experience how difficult and complicated this apparently simple matter of getting girls married really was. How many fears she had to go through! How many things had to be thought over, how much money had to be lavished, how many collisions with her husband, when the time came for Darya and Natali to be married! And now that the youngest was in the matrimonial market, she was obliged to suffer from the same anxi-

eties, the same doubts, and even more bitter quarrels with her husband.

The old prince, like all fathers, was excessively punctilious about everything concerning the honor and purity of his daughters, he was distressingly jealous regarding them, especially Kitty, who was his favorite, and at every step he accused his wife of compromising his daughter. The princess had become accustomed to these scenes from the days of her elder daughters, but now she felt that her husband's strictness had more justification. She saw that in these later days many of the practices of society had undergone a change, so that the duties of mothers were becoming more and more difficult. She saw how Kitty's young girl friends formed a sort of clique, went to races, freely mingled with men, went out driving alone; that many of them no longer made courtesies; and, what was more serious, all of them were firmly convinced that the choice of husbands was their affair and not their parents'.

"Marriages are n't made as they used to be," thought and said all these young ladies, and even some of the older people.

"But how are marriages made nowadays?" This question the princess could not get any one to answer.

The French custom, where the parents decide the fate of their children, was not accepted, was even bitterly criticized. The English custom, which allows the girls absolute liberty, was also not accepted, and was not possible in Russian society. The Russian custom of employing a match-maker was regarded as bad form; every one ridiculed it, even the princess herself. But no one seemed to know what course to take in regard to courtship. Every one with whom the princess talked said the same thing.

"For goodness' sake, it is time for us to renounce those exploded notions; it is the young folks, and not their parents, who get married, and, therefore, it is for young folks to make their arrangements in accordance with their own ideas."

It was well enough for those without daughters to

say this; but the princess knew well that in this familiar intercourse her daughter might fall in love, and fall in love with some one who would not dream of marrying her, or would not make her a good husband. However earnestly they suggested to the princess that in our time young people ought to settle their own destinies, she found it impossible to agree with them any more than she could believe in the advisability of allowing the four-year-old children of our time to have loaded pistols as their favorite toys. And so the princess felt much more solicitude about Kitty than she had felt about either of her other daughters.

She feared now that Vronsky would content himself with playing the gallant. She saw that Kitty was already in love with him, but she consoled herself with the thought that he was a man of honor and would not do so; but, at the same time, she knew how easy it was, with the new freedom allowed in society, to turn a young girl's head, and how lightly men as a general thing regarded this.

The week before Kitty had told her mother of a conversation which she had held with Vronsky during a mazurka. This conversation had partially relieved the princess's mind, though it did not absolutely satisfy her. Vronsky told Kitty that he and his brother were both so used to letting their mother decide things for them, that they never undertook anything of importance without consulting her.

"And now I am looking for my mother's arrival from Petersburg as a great piece of good fortune," he had said.

Kitty reported these words without attaching any importance to them, but her mother understood them very differently. She knew that the old countess was expected from day to day; she knew that the old countess would be satisfied with her son's choice; and it was strange to her that he had not offered himself, as if he feared to offend his mother. However, she herself was so anxious for this match, and above all for relief from her anxieties, that she gave a favorable interpretation to these words. Bitterly as she felt the unhappiness of her

oldest daughter, Dolly, who was thinking of leaving her husband, agitation regarding the decision of her youngest daughter's fate completely absorbed her thoughts.

Levin's arrival to-day gave her a new anxiety. She feared lest her daughter, who, as she thought, had at one time felt drawn toward Levin, might, out of excessive delicacy, refuse Vronsky, and she feared more than anything else that his arrival would complicate everything and postpone a long-desired consummation.

"Has he been here long?" asked the princess of her daughter, when they reached home after their meeting with Levin.

"Since yesterday, *maman*."

"I have one thing that I want to say to you...." the princess began, and, at the sight of her serious and agitated face, Kitty knew what was coming.

"Mamma," said she, blushing, and turning quickly to her, "please, please don't speak about this. I know, I know all!"

She wished the same thing that her mother wished, but the motives of her mother's desires were repugnant to her.

"I only wish to say that as you have given hope to one...."

"Mamma, *galubchik*,[1] don't speak. It 's so terrible to speak about this."

"I will not," replied her mother, seeing the tears in her daughter's eyes; "only one word, *moya dusha*[2]: you have promised to have no secrets from me. Have you any?"

"Never, mamma, not one!" replied Kitty, looking her mother full in the face and blushing; "but I have nothing to tell now. I.... I.... even if I wanted to, I don't know what to say and how.... I don't know...."

"No, with those eyes she cannot speak a falsehood," said the mother to herself, smiling at her emotion and happiness. The princess smiled to think how momentous appeared to the poor girl what was passing in her heart.

[1] Little dove. [2] My soul.

CHAPTER XIII

After dinner, and during the first part of the evening, Kitty felt as a young man feels before a battle. Her heart beat violently, and she could not concentrate her thoughts.

She felt that this evening, when they two should meet for the first time, would decide her fate. She kept seeing them in her imagination, sometimes together, sometimes separately. When she thought of the past, pleasure, almost tenderness, filled her heart at the remembrance of her relations with Levin. The recollections of her childhood and of his friendship with her departed brother imparted a certain poetic charm to her relations with him. His love for her, of which she was certain, was flattering and agreeable to her, and she found it easy to think about Levin. In her thoughts about Vronsky there was something that made her uneasy, though he was a man to the highest degree polished and self-possessed; there seemed to be something false, not in him, — for he was very simple and good, — but in herself, while all was clear and simple in her relations with Levin. But while Vronsky seemed to offer her dazzling promises and a brilliant future, the future with Levin seemed enveloped in mist.

When she went up-stairs to dress for the evening and looked into the mirror, she noticed with delight that she was looking her loveliest, and that she was in full possession of all her powers, and what was most important on this occasion, that she felt at ease and entirely self-possessed.

At half-past seven, as she was going into the drawing-room, the lackey announced, "Konstantin Dmitritch Levin." The princess was still in her room; the prince had not yet come down. "It has come at last," thought Kitty, and all the blood rushed to her heart. As she glanced into a mirror, she was startled to see how pale she looked.

She knew now, for a certainty, that he had come early,

so as to find her alone and offer himself. And instantly the situation appeared to her for the first time in a new, strange light. Then only she realized that the question did not concern herself alone, nor who would make her happy, nor whom she loved, but that she should have to wound a man whom she liked, and to wound him cruelly .... why, why was it that such a charming man loved her? Why had he fallen in love with her? But it was too late to mend matters; it was fated to be so.

"Merciful Heaven! is it possible that I myself must tell him," she thought, — "I must tell him that I don't love him? That is not true! But what can I say? That I love another? No, that is impossible. I will run away, I will run away!"

She had already reached the door, when she heard his step. "No, it is not honorable. What have I to fear? I have done nothing wrong. Let come what will, I will tell the truth! I shall not be ill at ease with him. Ah, here he is!" she said to herself, as she saw his strong but timid countenance, with his brilliant eyes fixed upon her. She looked him full in the face, with an air which seemed to implore his protection, and extended her hand.

"I am rather early, too early, I am afraid," said he, casting a glance about the empty room; and when he saw that his hope was fulfilled, and that nothing would prevent him from speaking, his face grew solemn.

"Oh, no!" said Kitty, sitting down near a table.

"But it is exactly what I wanted, so that I might find you alone," he began, without sitting, and without looking at her, lest he should lose his courage.

"Mamma will be here in a moment. She was very tired to-day. To-day ...."

She spoke without knowing what her lips said, and did not take her imploring and gentle gaze from his face.

Levin gazed at her; she blushed, and stopped speaking.

"I told you to-day that I did not know how long I should stay .... that it depended on you ...."

Kitty drooped her head lower and lower, not knowing how she should reply to the words that he was going to speak.

"That it depended upon you," he repeated. "I meant .... I meant .... I came for this, that .... be my wife," he murmured, not knowing what he had said; but, feeling that he had got through the worst of the difficulty, he stopped and looked at her.

She felt almost suffocated; she did not raise her head. She felt a sort of ecstasy. Her heart was full of happiness. Never could she have believed that the declaration of his love would make such a deep impression upon her. But this impression lasted only a moment. She remembered Vronsky. She raised her sincere and liquid eyes to Levin, and, seeing his agitated face, said hastily: —

"This cannot be! .... Forgive me!"

How near to him, a moment since, she had been, and how necessary to his life! and now how far away and strange she suddenly seemed to be!

"It could not have been otherwise," he said, without looking at her.

He bowed and was about to leave the room.

CHAPTER XIV

At this instant the princess entered. Apprehension was pictured on her face when she saw their agitated faces and that they had been alone. Levin bowed low, and did not speak. Kitty was silent, and did not raise her eyes. "Thank God, she has refused him!" thought the mother; and her face lighted up with the smile with which she always received her Thursday guests. She sat down, and began to ask Levin questions about his life in the country. He also sat down, hoping to escape unobserved when the guests began to arrive.

Five minutes later, one of Kitty's friends, who had been married the winter before, was announced, — the

Countess Nordstone. She was a dried-up, sallow, nervous, sickly woman, with brilliant black eyes. She was fond of Kitty, and her affection, like that of every married woman for a young girl, was expressed by a keen desire to have her married in accordance with her own ideal of conjugal happiness. She wanted to marry her to Vronsky. Levin, whom she had often met at the Shcherbatskys' the first of the winter, was always distasteful to her, and her favorite occupation, after she had met him in society, was to make sport of him.

"I am enchanted," she said, "when he looks down on me from his loftiness; either he fails to honor me with his learned conversation because I am too silly for him, or else he treats me condescendingly. I like this; condescending to me! I am very glad that he cannot endure me."

She was right, because the fact was that Levin could not endure her, and he despised her for being proud of what she regarded as a merit, — her nervous temperament, her indifference and delicate scorn for all that seemed to her gross and material.

The relationship between Levin and the Countess Nordstone was such as is often met with in society where two persons, friends in outward appearance, despise each other to such a degree that they cannot hold a serious conversation, or even clash with each other.

The Countess Nordstone instantly addressed herself to Levin: —

"Ah, Konstantin Dmitrievitch! are you back again in our abominable Babylon?" said she, giving him her little yellow hand, and recalling his own words at the beginning of the winter when he said Moscow was a Babylon. "Is Babylon converted, or have you been corrupted?" she added, with a mocking smile in Kitty's direction.

"I am greatly flattered, countess, that you remember my words so well," replied Levin, who, having had time to collect his thoughts, instantly entered into the facetiously hostile tone peculiar to his relations with the

Countess Nordstone. "It seems that they have made a very deep impression on you."

"Akh! how so? But I always make notes. Well! how is it, Kitty, have you been skating to-day?"....

And she began to talk with her young friend.

Awkward as it was in him to take his departure now, Levin preferred to commit this breach of etiquette rather than remain through the evening, and to see Kitty, who occasionally looked at him, though she avoided his eyes. He attempted to get up; but the princess, noticing that he had nothing to say, addressed him directly:—

"Do you intend to remain long in Moscow? You are justice of the peace in your district, are you not? and I suppose that will prevent you from making a long stay."

"No, princess, I have resigned that office," he said. "I have come to stay several days."

"Something has happened to him," thought the Countess Nordstone, as she saw Levin's stern and serious face, "because he does not launch out into his usual tirades; but I 'll soon draw him out. Nothing amuses me more than to make him ridiculous before Kitty, and I 'll do it."

"Konstantin Dmitritch," she said to him, "explain to me, please, what this means, for you know all about it: at our estate in Kaluga all the muzhiks and their wives have drunk up everything they had, and don't pay what they owe us. You are always praising the muzhiks; what does this mean?"

At this moment another lady came in, and Levin arose.

"Excuse me, countess, I know nothing at all about it, and I cannot answer your question," said he, looking at an officer who entered at the same time with the lady.

"That must be Vronsky," he thought, and to confirm his surmise he glanced at Kitty. She had already had time to perceive Vronsky, and she was looking at Levin. When he saw the young girl's involuntarily brightening eyes, Levin saw that she loved that man, he saw it as

clearly as if she herself had confessed it to him. But what sort of a man was he?

Now — whether it was wise or foolish — Levin could not help remaining; he must find out for himself what sort of a man it was that she loved.

There are men who, on meeting a fortunate rival, are immediately disposed to deny that there is any good in him and see only evil in him; others, on the contrary, endeavor to discover nothing but the merits that have won him his success, and with sore hearts to attribute to him nothing but good. Levin belonged to the latter class. It was not hard for him to discover what amiable and attractive qualities Vronsky possessed. They were apparent at a glance. He was dark, of medium stature, and well proportioned; his face was handsome, calm, and friendly; everything about his person, from his black, short-cut hair, and his freshly shaven chin, to his new, well-fitting uniform, was simple and perfectly elegant. Vronsky allowed the lady to pass before him, then he approached the princess, and finally came to Kitty. As he drew near her, his beautiful eyes shone with deeper tenderness, and with a smile expressive of joy mingled with triumph, — so it seemed to Levin, — he bowed respectfully and with dignity and offered her his small, wide hand. After greeting them all and speaking a few words, he sat down without having seen Levin, who never once took his eyes from him.

"Allow me to make you acquainted," said the princess, turning to Levin: "Konstantin Dmitrievitch Levin, Count Alekseï Kirillovitch Vronsky."

Vronsky arose, and, with a friendly look into Levin's eyes, shook hands with him.

"It seems," said he, with his frank and pleasant smile, "that I was to have had the honor of dining with you this winter; but you went off unexpectedly to the country."

"Konstantin Dmitritch despises and shuns the city, and us, its denizens," said the Countess Nordstone.

"It must be that my words impress you deeply, since you remember them so well," said Levin; and, perceiv-

ing that he had already made this remark, he grew red in the face.

Vronsky looked at Levin and the countess, and smiled.

"So, then, you always live in the country?" he asked. "I should think it would be tiresome in winter."

"Not if one has enough to do; besides, one does not get tired of himself," said Levin, sharply.

"I like the country," said Vronsky, noticing Levin's tone and appearing not to notice it.

"But, count, I hope you would not consent to live always in the country," said the Countess Nordstone.

"I don't know; I never made a long stay, but I once felt a strange sensation," he added. "Never have I so eagerly longed for the country, the real Russian country with its bast shoes and its muzhiks, as during the winter that I spent at Nice with my mother. Nice, you know, is melancholy anyway; and Naples, Sorrento, are pleasant only for a short time. There it is that one remembers Russia most tenderly, and especially the country. They are almost as ...."

He spoke, now addressing Kitty, now Levin, turning his calm and friendly eyes from one to the other, and he evidently said whatever came into his head.

Noticing that the Countess Nordstone wanted to say something, he stopped, without finishing his phrase, and began to listen to her attentively.

The conversation did not languish a single instant, so that the old princess, who always had in reserve two heavy guns, in case there needed to be a change in the conversation, — namely, classic and scientific education, and the general compulsory conscription, — had no need to bring them out, and the Countess Nordstone did not even have a chance to rally Levin.

Levin wanted to join in the general conversation, but was unable. He kept saying to himself, "Now, I'll go;" and still he waited as if he expected something.

The conversation turned on table-tipping and spirits; and the Countess Nordstone, who was a believer in spiritism, began to relate the marvels that she had seen.

"Akh, countess! in the name of Heaven, take me to see them. I never yet saw anything extraordinary, anxious as I have always been," said Vronsky, smiling.

"Good; next Saturday," replied the countess. "But you, Konstantin Dmitritch, do you believe in it?" she asked of Levin.

"Why do you ask me? You know perfectly well what I shall say."

"Because I wanted to hear your opinion."

"My opinion is simply this," replied Levin: "that table-tipping proves that so-called cultivated society is scarcely more advanced than the muzhiks; they believe in the evil eye, in casting lots, in sorceries, while we...."

"That means that you don't believe in it?"

"I cannot believe in it, countess."

"But if I myself have seen these things?"

"The peasant women also say that they have seen the Domovoï.[1]

"Then, you think that I do not tell the truth?"

And she broke into an unpleasant laugh.

"But no, Masha. Konstantin Dmitritch simply says that he cannot believe in spiritism," said Kitty, blushing for Levin; and Levin understood her, and, growing still more irritated, was about to reply; but Vronsky instantly came to the rescue, and with a gentle smile brought back the conversation, which threatened to go beyond the bounds of politeness.

"Do not you admit at all the possibility of its being true?" he asked. "Why not? We willingly admit the existence of electricity, which we do not understand. Why should there not exist a new force, as yet unknown, which...."

"When electricity was discovered," interrupted Levin, eagerly, "only its phenomena had been seen, and it was not known what produced them, or whence they arose; and centuries passed before people dreamed of making application of it. Spiritualists, on the other hand, have

[1] The Domovoï is the house-spirit, like the latin *lar*, who lives behind the stove, and when propitiated by cream and colored eggs is beneficent, but if offended may play disagreeable tricks. — Tr.

begun by making tables write, and by summoning spirits to them, and it is only afterward they began to say it is an unknown force."

Vronsky listened attentively, as he always listened, and was evidently interested in Levin's words.

"Yes; but the spiritualists say, 'We do not yet know what this force is, but it is a force, and acts under certain conditions.' Let the scientists find out what it is. I don't see why it may not be a new force if it...."

"Because," interrupted Levin again, "every time you rub resin with wool, you produce a certain and invariable electrical phenomenon; while spiritism brings no such invariable result, and so it cannot be a natural phenomenon."

Vronsky, evidently perceiving that the conversation was growing too serious for a reception, made no reply; and, in order to make a diversion, smiled gayly, and addressing the ladies said: —

"Countess, let us make the experiment now?"

But Levin wanted to finish saying what was in his mind: —

"I think," he continued, "that the attempts made by spiritual mediums to explain their miracles by a new force is most abortive. They claim that it is a supernatural force, and yet they want to submit it to a material test."

All were waiting for him to come to an end, and he felt it.

"And I think that you would be a capital medium," said the Countess Nordstone. "There is something so enthusiastic about you!"

Levin opened his mouth to speak, but he said nothing, and turned red.

"Come, let us give the tables a trial," said Vronsky; "with your permission, princess." And Vronsky rose, and looked for a small table.

Kitty was standing by a table, and her eyes met Levin's. Her whole soul pitied him, because she felt that she was the cause of his pain. Her look said, "Forgive me, if you can, I am so happy."

And his look replied, "I hate the whole world, — you and myself." And he took up his hat.

But it was not his fate to go. The guests were just taking their places around the table, and he was on the point of starting, when the old prince entered, and, after greeting the ladies, went straight to Levin.

"Ah!" he cried joyfully. "What a stranger! I did not know that you were here. Very glad to see you!"

In speaking to Levin the prince sometimes used the familiar *tui*, thou, and sometimes the formal *vui*, you. He took him by the arm, and, while conversing with him, gave no notice to Vronsky, who stood waiting patiently for the prince to speak to him.

Kitty felt that her father's friendliness must be hard for Levin after what had happened. She also noticed how coldly her father at last acknowledged Vronsky's bow, and how Vronsky looked at her father, with good-humored perplexity striving in vain to make out what this icy reception meant, and she blushed.

"Prince, let us have Konstantin Dmitritch," said the Countess Nordstone. "We want to try an experiment."

"What sort of an experiment? table-tipping? Well! excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but, in my opinion, grace-hoops[1] would be a better game," said the prince, looking at Vronsky, whom he took to be the originator of this sport. "At least there's some sense in grace-hoops."

Vronsky, astonished, turned his steady eyes upon the old prince, and, slightly smiling, began to talk with the Countess Nordstone about the arrangements for a great ball to be given the following week.

"I hope that you will be there," said he, turning to Kitty.

As soon as the old prince turned from him Levin made his escape; and the last impression which he bore away from this reception was Kitty's happy, smiling face, answering Vronsky's question in regard to the ball.

[1] *Kaletchki.*

CHAPTER XV

After the guests had gone, Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levin; and, in spite of all the pain that she had caused him, the thought that he had asked her to marry him flattered her. She had no doubt that she had acted properly, but it was long before she could go to sleep. One memory constantly arose in her mind: it was Levin's face as, with contracted brow, he stood listening to her father, looking at her and Vronsky with his gloomy, melancholy, kind eyes. She felt so sorry for him that she could not keep back the tears. But, as she thought of him who had replaced Levin in her regards, she saw vividly his handsome, strong, and manly face, his aristocratic self-possession, his universal kindness to every one; she recalled his love for her, and how she loved him, and joy came back to her heart. She laid her head on the pillow, and smiled with happiness.

"It is too bad, too bad; but what can I do? It is not my fault," she said to herself, although an inward voice whispered the contrary. She did not know whether she ought to reproach herself for having been attracted to Levin, or for having refused him; but her happiness was not alloyed with doubts. "Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, have mercy upon me!" she repeated until she went to sleep.

Meantime, down-stairs, in the prince's little library, there was going on one of those scenes which frequently occurred between the parents in regard to their favorite daughter.

"What? This is what!" cried the prince, waving his arms and immediately wrapping around him his squirrel-skin khalat. "You have neither pride nor dignity; you are ruining your daughter with this low and ridiculous manner of husband-hunting."

"But in the name of Heaven, prince, what have I done?" said the princess, almost ready to cry.

She had come as usual to say good-night to her husband, feeling very happy and satisfied over her conversation with her daughter; and, though she had not ventured to breathe a word of Levin's proposal and Kitty's rejection of him, she allowed herself to hint to her husband that she thought the affair with Vronsky was settled, that it would be decided as soon as the countess should arrive. At these words the prince had fallen into a passion, and had addressed her with unpleasant reproaches: —

"What have you done? This is what: In the first place you have decoyed a husband for her; and all Moscow will say so, and with justice. If you want to give receptions, give them, by all means, but invite every one, and not suitors of your own choice. Invite all these mashers," — thus the prince called the young men of Moscow, — "have somebody to play and let 'em dance; but not like to-night, inviting only suitors! It seems to me shameful, shameful, the way you've pushed! You have turned the girl's head. Levin is a thousand times the better man. And as to this Petersburg dandy, he's one of those turned out by machinery, they are all on one pattern, and all trash! My daughter has no need of going out of her way, even for a prince of the blood."

"But what have I done?"

"Why, this...." cried the prince, angrily.

"I know well enough that, if I listen to you," interrupted the princess, "we shall never see our daughter married; and, in that case, we might just as well go into the country."

"We'd better go!"

"Now wait! Have I made any advances? No, I have not. But a young man, and a very handsome young man, is in love with her; and she, it seems...."

"Yes, so it seems to you. But suppose she should be in love with him, and he have as much intention of getting married as I myself? Okh! Have n't I eyes to see? 'Akh, spiritism! akh, Nice! akh, the ball!'"... Here the prince, attempting to imitate his

wife, made a courtesy at every word. "We shall be very proud when we have made our Kationka unhappy, and when she really takes it into her head...."

"But what makes you think so?"

"I don't think so, I know so; and that's why we have eyes, and you mothers have n't. I see a man who has serious intentions, — Levin; and I see a fine bird, like this good-for-nothing, who is merely amusing himself."

"Well! now you have taken it into your head...."

"You will remember what I have said, but too late, as you did with Dashenka."

"Very well, very well, we will not say anything more about it," said the princess, who was cut short by the remembrance of Dolly's unhappiness.

"So much the better, and good-night."

The husband and wife, as they separated, kissed each other good-night, making the sign of the cross, but with the consciousness that each remained unchanged in opinion.

The princess had at first been firmly convinced that Kitty's fate was decided by the events of the evening, and that there could be no doubt of Vronsky's designs; but her husband's words troubled her. On her return to her room, as she thought in terror of the unknown future, she did just as Kitty had done, and prayed from the bottom of her heart, "Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!"

CHAPTER XVI

Vronsky had never known anything of family life. His mother, in her youth, had been a very brilliant society woman, who, in her husband's lifetime and after his death, had engaged in many love-affairs that had made talk. Vronsky scarcely remembered his father, and he had been educated in the School of Pages.

Graduating very young and with brilliancy as an officer, he immediately began to follow the course of

wealthy military men of Petersburg. Though he occasionally went into general society, all his love-affairs were with a different class.

At Moscow, after the luxurious, dissipated life of Petersburg, he for the first time felt the charm of familiar intercourse with a lovely, innocent society girl, who was evidently in love with him. It never occurred to him that there might be anything wrong in his relations with Kitty. At balls he preferred to dance with her, he called on her, talked with her as people generally talk in society: all sorts of trifles, but trifles to which he involuntarily attributed a different meaning when spoken to her. Although he never said anything to her which he would not have said in the hearing of others, he was conscious that she kept growing more and more dependent on him; and, the more he felt this consciousness, the pleasanter it was to him, and his feeling toward her grew warmer and warmer. He did not know that his behavior toward Kitty had a definite name, that this way of leading on young girls without any intention of marriage is one of the most dishonorable tricks practised among the members of the brilliant circles of society in which he moved. He simply imagined that he had discovered a new pleasure, and he enjoyed his discovery.

Could he have heard the conversation between Kitty's parents that evening, could he have taken the family point of view and realized that Kitty would be made unhappy if he did not propose to her, he would have been amazed and would not have believed it. He would not have believed that what gave him and her such a great delight could be wrong, still less that it brought any obligation to marry.

He had never considered the possibility of his getting married. Not only was family life distasteful to him, but, from his view as a bachelor, the family, and especially the husband, belonged to a strange, hostile, and, worst of all, ridiculous world. But though Vronsky had not the slightest suspicion of the conversation of which he had been the subject, he left the Shcherbatskys' with

the feeling that the mysterious bond that attached him to Kitty was closer than ever, so close, indeed, that he felt that he must do something. But what he ought to do or could do he could not imagine.

"How charming!" he thought, as he went to his rooms, feeling, as he always felt when he left the Shcherbatskys', a deep impression of purity and freshness, arising partly from the fact that he had not smoked all the evening, and a new sensation of tenderness caused by her love for him. "How charming that, without either of us saying anything, we understand each other so perfectly through this mute language of glances and tones, so that to-day more than ever before she told me that she loves me! And how lovely, natural, and, above all, confidential, she was! I feel that I myself am better, purer. I feel that I have a heart, and that there is something good in me. Those gentle, lovely eyes! When she said.... Well! what did she say?.... Nothing much, but it was pleasant for me, and pleasant for her."

And he reflected how he could best finish up the evening. He passed in review the places where he might go: "The 'club,' a hand of bezique and some champagne with Ignatof? No, not there. The *Château des Fleurs*, to find Oblonsky, songs, and the *cancan?* No, it 's a bore. And this is just why I like the Shcherbatskys, — because I feel better for having been there. I 'll go home!"

He went to his room at Dusseaux's, ordered supper, and then, having undressed, he had scarcely touched his head to the pillow before he was sound asleep.

CHAPTER XVII

The next morning, about eleven o'clock, Vronsky went to the station to meet his mother on the Petersburg train; and the first person he saw on the grand staircase was Oblonsky, who was expecting his sister on the same train.

"Ah! your excellency," cried Oblonsky, "are you expecting some one?"

"My matushka," replied Vronsky, with the smile with which people always met Oblonsky. And, after shaking hands, they mounted the staircase side by side. "She was to come from Petersburg to-day."

"I waited for you till two o'clock this morning. Where did you go after leaving the Shcherbatskys'?"

"Home," replied Vronsky. "To tell the truth, after such a pleasant evening at the Shcherbatskys', I did not feel like going anywhere."

"I know fiery horses by their brand, and young people who are in love by their eyes," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, in the same dramatic tone in which he had spoken to Levin the afternoon before.

Vronsky smiled, as much as to say that he did not deny it; but he hastened to change the conversation.

"And whom have you to meet?" he asked.

"I? a very pretty woman," said Oblonsky.

"Ah! indeed!"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* My sister Anna!"

"Akh! Madame Karenina!" exclaimed Vronsky.

"Do you know her, then?"

"It seems to me that I do. Or, no .... the truth is, I don't think I do," replied Vronsky, somewhat confused. The name Karenin dimly brought to his mind a tiresome and conceited person.

"But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, my celebrated brother-in-law, you must know him! Every one knows him."

"That is, I know him by reputation, and by sight. I know that he is talented, learned, and rather adorable .... but you know that he is not .... *not in my line*," said Vronsky in English.

"Yes; he is a very remarkable man, somewhat conservative, but a splendid man," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "A splendid man."

"Well! so much the better for him," said Vronsky, smiling. "Ah! here you are," he cried, seeing his mother's old lackey standing at the door. "Come this way," he added.

Vronsky, besides experiencing the pleasure that everybody felt in seeing Stepan Arkadyevitch, had felt especially drawn to him, because, in a certain way, it brought him closer to Kitty.

"Well, now, what do you say to giving the diva a supper Sunday?" said he, with a smile, taking him by the arm.

"Certainly; I will pay my share. Oh, tell me, did you meet my friend Levin last evening?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Yes, but he went away very early."

"He is a glorious young fellow," said Oblonsky, "is n't he?"

"I don't know why it is," replied Vronsky, "but all the Muscovites, present company excepted," he added jestingly, "have something sharp about them. They all seem to be high-strung, fiery tempered, as if they all wanted to make you understand...."

"That is true enough; there is...." replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling pleasantly.

"Is the train on time?" asked Vronsky of an employee.

"It will be here directly," replied the employee.

The increasing bustle in the station, the coming and going of porters, the appearance of policemen and officials, the arrival of expectant friends, all indicated the approach of the train. Through the frosty steam, workmen could be seen passing in their soft blouses and felt boots amid the network of rails. The whistle of the coming engine was heard, and the approach of something heavy.

"No," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, who was anxious to inform Vronsky of Levin's intentions in regard to Kitty. "No, you are really unjust to my friend Levin. He is a very nervous man, and sometimes he can be disagreeable; but, on the other hand, he can be very charming. He is such an upright, genuine nature, true gold! Last evening there were special reasons," continued Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a significant smile, and entirely forgetting his genuine sympathy, which the even-

ing before he had felt for his old friend, and now experiencing the same sympathy for Vronsky. "Yes, there was a reason why he should have been either very happy or very unhappy."

Vronsky stopped short, and asked point-blank: —

"What was it? Do you mean that he proposed yesterday evening to your sister-in-law?"

"Possibly," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Something like that seemed probable last evening. Yes, if he went off so early, and was in such bad spirits, then it is so. .... He has been in love with her for so long, and I am very sorry for him."

"Ah, indeed! .... I thought that she might, however, have aspirations for a better match," said Vronsky, and, filling out his chest, he began to walk up and down again. Then he added: "However, I don't know him; yes, this promises to be a painful situation. That is why the majority of men prefer to consort with their Claras. There, lack of success shows that you haven't money enough; but here you stand on your own merits. But here is the train."

In fact, the engine was now whistling some distance away. But in a few minutes the platform shook, and the locomotive, puffing out the steam condensed by the cold air, came rolling into the station, with the lever of the central wheel slowly and rhythmically rising and falling, and the engineer well muffled and covered with frost. Next the tender came the baggage-car, still more violently shaking the platform; a dog in its cage was yelping piteously; finally appeared the passenger-cars, which jolted together as the train came to a stop.

The vigorous-looking conductor sprang down from the car and whistled; and behind him came the more impatient of the travelers, — an officer of the Guard, straight and imperious, a nimble little merchant, gayly smiling, with his gripsack, and a muzhik, with his bundle over his shoulder.

Vronsky, standing near Oblonsky, watched the cars and the passengers, and completely forgot his mother. What he had just heard about Kitty caused him emotion

and joy; he involuntarily straightened himself; his eyes glistened; he felt that he had won a victory.

"The Countess Vronskaya is in that compartment," said the vigorous conductor, approaching him. These words awoke him from his reverie, and brought his thoughts back to his mother and their approaching meeting. In his soul he did not respect his mother, and, without ever having confessed as much to himself, he did not love her. But his education and the usages of the society in which he lived did not allow him to admit that there could be in his relations with her the slightest want of consideration. But the more he exaggerated the bare outside forms, the less he felt in his heart that he respected or loved her.

CHAPTER XVIII

Vronsky followed the conductor, and, as he was about to enter the railway-carriage, he stood aside to allow a lady to pass him.

With the instant intuition of a man of the world, he saw, by a single glance at this lady's exterior, that she belonged to the very best society. Begging her pardon, he was about to enter the door, but involuntarily he turned to give another look at the lady, not because she was very beautiful, not because of that elegance and that unassuming grace which were expressed in her whole person, but because the expression of her lovely face, as she passed, seemed to him so gentle and sweet.

Just as he looked back at her, she also turned her head. Her brilliant gray eyes, looking almost black under the long lashes, rested on his face with a friendly, attentive look, as if she recognized him; and instantly she turned to seek some one in the throng.

Quick as this glance was, Vronsky had time to perceive the dignified vivacity which played in her face and fluttered between her shining eyes, and the scarcely perceptible smile parting her rosy lips. There seemed to be in her whole person such a superfluity of life

that, in spite of her will, it expressed itself now in the lightning of her eyes, now in her smile. She demurely veiled the light in her eyes, but it shone against her will in her scarcely perceptible smile.

Vronsky went into the carriage. His mother, a dried-up old lady with black eyes and little curls, screwed up her face as she looked at him with a slight smile on her thin lips. Getting up from her chair, and handing her bag to her maid, she extended her little thin hand to her son, and, pushing his head from her, kissed him on the brow.

"You received my telegram? You are well? Thank the Lord!"

"Did you have a comfortable journey?" said the son, sitting down near her, and yet involuntarily listening to a woman's voice just outside the door. He knew that it was the voice of the lady whom he had met.

"However, I don't agree with you," said the lady's voice.

"It is the Petersburg way of looking at it, madam."

"Not at all, but simply a woman's," was her reply.

"Well! allow me to kiss your hand."

"Good-by, Ivan Petrovitch. Now look and see if my brother is here, and send him to me," said the lady, at the very door, and reëntering the compartment.

"Have you found your brother?" asked the Countess Vronskaya, addressing the lady.

Vronsky now knew that it was Karenin's wife.

"Your brother is here," he said, rising. "Excuse me; I did not recognize you; but our acquaintance was so short," he added with a bow, "that you naturally did not remember me either."

"Oh, yes, I did!" she said. "I should have known you because your matushka and I have been talking about you all the way." And at last she permitted the animation which had been striving to break forth to express itself in a smile. "But my brother has not come yet."

"Go and call him, Alyosha," said the old countess.

Vronsky went out on the platform and called: —

"Oblonsky! here!"

But Karenin's wife did not wait for her brother; as soon as she saw him she ran lightly out of the carriage, went straight to him, and, with a gesture which struck Vronsky by its grace and energy, threw her left arm around his neck and kissed him affectionately.

Vronsky could not keep his eyes from her face, and smiled, without knowing why. But, remembering that his mother was waiting for him, he went back into the carriage.

"Very charming, is n't she?" said the countess, referring to Madame Karenina. "Her husband put her in my charge, and I was very glad. She and I talked together all the way. Well! and you? They say you are desperately in love. So much the better, my dear, so much the better."

"I don't know what you allude to, *maman*," replied the son, coldly. "Come, *maman*, let us go."

At this moment Madame Karenina came back to take leave of the countess.

"Well, countess! you have found your son, and I my brother," she said gayly; "and I have exhausted my whole fund of stories. I should n't have had anything more to talk about."

"Ah! not so," said the countess, taking her hand. "I should not object to travel round the world with you. You are one of those agreeable women with whom either speech or silence is pleasant. As to your son, I beg of you, don't think about him: we must have separations in this world."

Madame Karenina stood motionless, holding herself very erect, and her eyes smiled.

"Anna Arkadyevna has a little boy about eight years old," said the countess, in explanation to her son; "she has never been separated from him before, and it troubles her to leave him."

"Yes, we have talked about our children all the time, — the countess of her son, I of mine," said Madame Karenina, turning to Vronsky; and again the smile lighted up her face, the caressing smile which beamed upon him.

"That must have been very tiresome to you," said he, instantly catching on the rebound the ball of coquetry which she had tossed to him. But she evidently did not care to continue her conversation in the same tone, but turned to the old countess: —

"Thank you very much. I don't see where the time has gone. Good-by, countess."

"Farewell, my dear," replied the countess. "Let me kiss your pretty little face. I tell you frankly, as it is permitted an old lady, that I am in love with you."

Hackneyed as this expression was, Madame Karenina evidently believed thoroughly in its sincerity, and was pleased with it. She blushed, bowed slightly, and bent her face down to the old countess's lips. Then, straightening herself up, she gave her hand to Vronsky with the smile that seemed to belong as much to her eyes as to her lips. He pressed her little hand, and, as if it were something unusual, was delighted with the energetic firmness with which she frankly and fearlessly shook his hand.

Madame Karenina went out with light and rapid step, carrying her rather plump person with remarkable elasticity.

"Very charming," said the old lady again.

Her son was of the same opinion; and again his eyes followed her graceful figure till she was out of sight, and a smile rested on his face. Through the window he saw her join her brother, take his arm, and engage him in lively conversation, evidently about some subject with which Vronsky had no connection, and this seemed to him annoying.

"Well! are you enjoying perfectly good health, *maman?*" he asked, turning to his mother.

"Very well, indeed, splendid. Alexandre has been charming, and Marie has been very good. She is very interesting."

And again she began to speak of what was especially interesting to her heart, — the baptism of her grandson, for which she had come to Moscow, and the special favor shown her eldest son by the emperor.

"And here is Lavronty," said Vronsky, looking out of the window. "Now let us go, if you are ready."

The old steward who had come with the countess now appeared at the door to report that everything was ready, and she arose to go.

"Come, there are only a few people about now," said Vronsky.

The maid took the bag and the little dog; the steward and a porter carried the other luggage; Vronsky offered his mother his arm, but, just as they stepped down from the carriage, a number of men with frightened faces ran hastily by them. The station-master followed in his curiously colored *furazhka* or uniform-cap. Evidently something unusual had happened. The people who had left the train were coming back again.

"What is it?".... "What is it?".... "Where?".... "He was thrown down!".... "He was crushed to death!" were the exclamations heard among those hurrying by.

Stepan Arkadyevitch with his sister on his arm had returned with the others, and were standing with frightened faces near the train to avoid the crush.

The ladies went back into the carriage, and Vronsky with Stepan Arkadyevitch went with the crowd to learn the particulars of the accident.

A train-hand, either from drunkenness, or because he was too closely muffled against the intense cold, had not heard the noise of a train that was backing out, and had been crushed.

The ladies had already learned about the accident from the steward before Vronsky and Oblonsky came back. Both of them had seen the disfigured body. Oblonsky was deeply moved; he frowned, and seemed ready to shed tears.

"Akh, how horrible! Akh, Anna, if you had only seen it! Akh, how horrible!" he repeated.

Vronsky said nothing; his handsome face was serious, but perfectly calm.

"Akh, if you had only seen it, countess!" continued Stepan Arkadyevitch,—"and his wife is there.... It was terrible to see her .... she threw herself on his body.

They say that he was the only support of a large family. How terrible!"

"Could anything be done for her?" said Madame Karenina, in an agitated whisper.

Vronsky looked at her, and immediately left the carriage.

"I will be right back, *maman*," said he, turning round at the door.

When he came back, at the end of a few minutes, Stepan Arkadyevitch was talking with the countess about a new singer, and she was impatiently watching the door for her son.

"Now let us go," said Vronsky.

They all went out together, Vronsky walking ahead with his mother, Madame Karenina and her brother side by side. At the door the station-master overtook them, and said to Vronsky: —

"You have given my assistant two hundred rubles. Will you kindly indicate the disposition that we shall make of them?"

"For his widow," said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't see why you should have asked me."

"Did you give that?" asked Oblonsky; and, pressing his sister's arm, he said, "Very kind, very kind. Glorious fellow, is n't he? My best wishes, countess."

He and his sister delayed, looking for her maid. When they left the station, the Vronskys' carriage had already gone. People on all sides were talking about what had happened.

"What a horrible way of dying!" said a gentleman, passing near them. "They say he was cut in two."

"It seems to me, on the contrary," replied another, "that it was a very easy way; death was instantaneous."

"Why were n't there any precautions taken?" asked a third.

Madame Karenina sat down in the carriage; and Stepan Arkadyevitch noticed, with astonishment, that her lips trembled, and that she could hardly keep back the tears.

"What is the matter, Anna?" he asked, when they had gone a little distance.

"It is an evil omen," she answered.

"What nonsense!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch. "You have come .... that is the main thing. You cannot imagine how much I hope from your visit."

"Have you known Vronsky long?" she asked.

"Yes. You know we hope that he will marry Kitty."

"Really," said Anna, gently. "Well! now let us talk about yourself," she added, shaking her head as if she wanted to drive away something that troubled and pained her physically. "Let us speak about your affairs. I received your letter, and here I am."

"Yes, all my hope is in you," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

"Well, then! tell me all."

And Stepan Arkadyevitch began his story.

When they reached the house he helped his sister from the carriage, sighed, shook hands with her, and went to the court-house.

CHAPTER XIX

When Anna entered, Dolly was sitting in her little reception-room, with a plump light-haired lad, the image of his father, who was learning a lesson from a French reading-book. The boy was reading aloud, and at the same time twisting and trying to pull from his jacket a button which was hanging loose. His mother had many times reproved him, but the plump little hand kept returning to the button. At last she had to take the button off, and put it in her pocket.

"Keep your hands still, Grisha," said she, and again took up the bed-quilt on which she had been long at work, and which always came handy at trying moments. She worked nervously, jerking her fingers and counting the stitches. Though she had sent word to her husband, the day before, that his sister's arrival made no

difference to her, nevertheless, she was ready to receive her, and was waiting for her impatiently.

Dolly was absorbed by her woes, — absolutely swallowed up by them. But she did not forget that her sister-in-law, Anna, was the wife of one of the important personages of Petersburg, — a Petersburg *grande dame*. And, owing to this fact, she did not carry out what she had said to her husband; in other words, she did not forget that her sister was coming.

"After all, Anna is not to blame," she said to herself. "I know nothing about her that is not good, and our relations have always been good and friendly."

To be sure, as far as she could recall the impressions made on her by the Karenins, at Petersburg, their home did not seem to her entirely pleasant; there was something false in the whole manner of their family life.

"But why should I not receive her? Provided, only, that she does not take it into her head to console me," thought Dolly. "I know what these Christian exhortations, consolations, and justifications mean; I have gone over them all a thousand times, and they amount to nothing."

Dolly had spent these last days alone with her children. She did not care to speak to any one about her sorrow, and under the load of it she could not talk about indifferent matters. She knew that some way or other she should have to open her heart to Anna, and at one moment the thought that she could open her heart delighted her; and then again she was angry because she must speak of her humiliations before his sister, and listen to her ready-made phrases of exhortation and consolation.

She had been expecting every moment to see her sister-in-law appear, and had been watching the clock; but, as often happens in such cases, she became so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear the doorbell. Hearing light steps and the rustling of a gown, she looked up, and involuntarily her jaded face expressed, not pleasure, but surprise. She arose, and threw her arms round her sister-in-law.

"Why! have you come already?" she cried, kissing her.

"Dolly, how glad I am to see you!"

"And I am glad to see you," replied Dolly, with a faint smile, and trying to read, by the expression of Anna's face, how much she knew. "She knows all," was her thought, as she saw the look of compassion on her features. "Well! let us go up-stairs; I will show you to your room," she went on to say, trying to postpone, as long as possible, the time for explanations.

"Is this Grisha? Heavens! how he has grown!" said Anna, kissing him. Then, not taking her eyes from Dolly, she added, with a blush, "No, please let us not go yet."

She took off her handkerchief and her hat, and when it caught in the locks of her dark curly hair she shook her head and released it.

"How brilliantly happy and healthy you look," said Dolly, almost enviously.

"I?".... exclaimed Anna. "Ah!.... Heavens! Tania! is that you, the playmate of my little Serozha?" said she, speaking to a little girl who came running in. She took her by the hand, and kissed her. "What a charming little girl! Charming! But you must show them all to me."

She recalled not only the name, the year, and the month of each, but their characteristics and their little ailments, and Dolly could not help feeling touched.

"Come! let us go and see them," said she; "but Vasya is having her nap now; it's too bad."

After they had seen the children, they came back to the sitting-room alone for coffee. Anna drew the tray toward her, and then she pushed it away.

"Dolly," said she, "he has told me."

Dolly looked at Anna coldly. She now expected some expression of hypocritical sympathy, but Anna said nothing of the kind.

"Dolly, my dear," she said, "I do not intend to speak to you in defense of him, nor to console you; it is impossible. But, dushenka, dear heart, I am sorry, sorry for you with all my soul!"

Under her long lashes her brilliant eyes suddenly filled with tears. She drew closer, and with her energetic little hand seized the hand of her sister-in-law. Dolly did not repulse her, but her face still preserved its forlorn expression.

"It is impossible to console me. After what has happened, all is over for me, all is lost."

And she had hardly said these words ere her face suddenly softened a little. Anna lifted to her lips the thin, dry hand that she held, and kissed it.

"But, Dolly, what is to be done? what is to be done? What is the best way to act in this frightful condition of things? We must think about it."

"All is over! Nothing can be done!" Dolly replied. "And, what is worse than all, you must understand it, is that I cannot leave him! the children! I am chained to him! and I cannot live with him! It is torture to see him!"

"Dolly, galubchik, he has told me; but I should like to hear your side of the story. Tell me all."

Dolly looked at her with a questioning expression. Sympathy and the sincerest affection were depicted in Anna's face.

"I should like to," she suddenly said. "But I shall tell you everything from the very beginning. You know how I was married. With the education that *maman* gave me, I was not only innocent, I was stupid. I did not know anything. I know they said husbands told their wives all about their past lives; but *Stiva*," — she corrected herself, — "Stepan Arkadyevitch never told me anything. You would not believe it, but, up to the present time, I supposed that I was the only woman with whom he was acquainted. Thus I lived eight years. You see, I not only never suspected him of being unfaithful to me, but I believed such a thing to be impossible. And with such ideas, imagine how I suffered when I suddenly learned all this horror — all this dastardliness. .... Understand me. To believe absolutely in his honor".... continued Dolly, struggling to keep back her sobs, "and suddenly to find a letter .... a letter from him to

his mistress, to the governess of my children. No; this is too cruel!" She hastily took out her handkerchief, and hid her face in it. "I might have been able to admit a moment of temptation," she continued, after a moment's pause; "but this hypocrisy, this continual attempt to deceive me.... and for whom?.... To continue to be my husband, and yet have her.... It is frightful; you cannot comprehend...."

"Oh, yes! I comprehend; I comprehend, my dear Dolly," said Anna, squeezing her hand.

"And do you imagine that he appreciates all the horror of my situation?" continued Dolly. "Certainly not; he is happy and contented."

"Oh, no!" interrupted Anna, warmly. "He is thoroughly repentant; he is overwhelmed with remorse...."

"Is he capable of remorse?" demanded Dolly, scrutinizing her sister-in-law's face.

"Yes; I know him. I could not look at him without feeling sorry for him. We both of us know him. He is kind; but he is proud, and now he is so humiliated! What touched me most" — Anna knew well enough that this would touch Dolly also — "are the two things that pained him: In the first place, he was ashamed for the children; and secondly, because, loving you.... yes, yes, loving you more than any one else in the world," — she added vehemently, to prevent Dolly from interrupting her, — "he has wounded you grievously, has almost killed you. '*No, no, she will never forgive me!*' he keeps saying all the time."

Dolly looked straight beyond her sister as she listened.

"Yes, I understand that his position is terrible. The guilty suffers more than the innocent, — if he knows that he is the cause of all the unhappiness. But how can I forgive him? How can I be his wife again after she has.... For me to live with him henceforth would be torment all the more because I still love what I used to love in him...."

And the sobs prevented her from speaking.

But as if on purpose, each time, after she had become

a little calmer, she began again to speak of what hurt her most cruelly.

"She is young, you see, she is pretty," she went on to say. "Do you realize, Anna, for whom I have sacrificed my youth, my beauty? For him and his children! I have worn myself out in his service, I have given him the best that I had; and now, of course, some one younger and fresher than I am is more pleasing to him. They have, certainly, discussed me between them,— or, worse, have insulted me with their silence, do you understand?"

And again her jealousy flamed up in her eyes.

"And after this he will tell me.... What! could I believe it? No, never! it is all over, all that gave me recompense for my sufferings, for my sorrows..... Would you believe it? just now I was teaching Grisha. It used to be a pleasure to me; now it is a torment. Why should I take the trouble? Why have I children? It is terrible, because my whole soul is in revolt; instead of love, tenderness, I am filled with nothing but hate, yes, hate! I could kill him and...."

"Dushenka! Dolly! I understand you; but don't torment yourself so! You are too excited, too angry, to see things in their right light."

Dolly grew calmer, and for a few moments neither spoke.

"What is to be done, Anna? Consider and help me. I have thought of everything, but I cannot see any way out of it."

Anna herself did not see any, but her heart responded to every word, to every expression in her sister-in-law's face.

"I will tell you one thing," said she at last. "I am his sister; I know his character, his peculiarity of forgetting everything,"—she touched her forehead,—"this peculiarity of his which is so conducive to sudden temptation, but also to repentance. At the present moment, he does not understand how it was possible for him to have done what he did."

"Not so! He does understand and he did under-

stand," interrupted Dolly. "But I .... you forget me; .... does that make the pain less for me?"

"Wait! when he made his confession to me, I acknowledge that I did not appreciate the whole horror of your position. I saw only him and the fact that the family was broken up. I was sorry for him; but now that I have been talking with you, I, as a woman, look on it in a different light. I see your suffering, and I cannot tell you how sorry I am. But, Dolly, dushenka, while I fully appreciate your misfortune, there is one thing which I do not know: I do not know .... I do not know to what degree you still love him. You alone can tell whether you love him enough to forgive him. If you do, then forgive him."

"No," began Dolly; but Anna interrupted her, kissing her hand again.

"I know the world better than you do," she said. "I know how such men as Stiva look on these things. You say that *they* have discussed you between them. Don't you believe it. These men can be unfaithful to their marriage vows, but their homes and their wives remain no less sacred in their eyes. Between these women and their families, they draw a line of demarcation which is never crossed. I cannot understand how it can be, but so it is."

"Yes, but he has kissed her...."

"Wait, Dolly, dushenka! I saw Stiva when he was in love with you. I remember the time when he used to come to me and talk about you with tears in his eyes. I know to what a poetic height he raised you, and I know that the longer he lived with you the more he admired you. We always have smiled at his habit of saying at every opportunity, '*Dolly is an extraordinary woman.*' You have been, and you always will be, an object of adoration in his eyes, and this passion is not a defection of his heart ...."

"But supposing this defection should be repeated?"

"It is impossible, as I think ...."

"Yes, but would you have forgiven him?"

"I don't know; I can't say. .... Yes, I could," said

Anna, after a moment's thought, apprehending the gravity of the situation and weighing it in her mental scales. "I could, I could, I could! Yes, I could forgive him, but I should not be the same; but I should forgive him, and I should forgive him in such a way as to show that the past was forgotten, absolutely forgotten." ....

"Well! of course," interrupted Dolly, impetuously, as if she was saying what she had said many times to herself — "otherwise it would not be forgiveness. If you forgive, it must be absolutely, absolutely. — Well! let me show you to your room," said she, rising, and throwing her arm around her sister-in-law.

"My dear, how glad I am that you came. My heart is already lighter, much lighter."

CHAPTER XX

Anna spent the whole day at home, that is to say, at the Oblonskys', and refused to see any callers, although some of her friends, having learned of her arrival, came to see her. The whole morning was given to Dolly and the children. She sent a note to her brother that he must dine at home.

"Come, God is merciful," she wrote.

Oblonsky accordingly dined at home. The conversation was general, and his wife, when she spoke to him, called him *tui* (thou), which had not been the case before. The relations between husband and wife remained cool, but nothing more was said about a separation, and Stepan Arkadyevitch saw the possibility of a reconciliation.

Kitty came in soon after dinner. Her acquaintance with Anna Arkadyevna was very slight, and she was not without solicitude as to the welcome which she would receive from this great Petersburg lady, whose praise was in everybody's mouth. But she made a pleasing impression on Anna Arkadyevna; this she immediately realized. Anna evidently admired her

youth and beauty, and Kitty was not slow in realizing a sense of being, not only under her influence, but of being in love with her, and immediately fell in love with her, as young girls often fall in love with married women older than themselves. Anna was not like a society woman, or the mother of an eight-year-old son; but, by her vivacity of movement, by the freshness and animation of her face, expressed in her smile and in her eyes, she would have been taken rather for a young girl of twenty, had it not been for a serious and sometimes almost melancholy look, which struck and attracted Kitty.

Kitty felt that she was perfectly natural and sincere, but that there was something about her that suggested a whole world of complicated and poetic interests far beyond her comprehension.

After dinner, when Dolly had gone to her room, Anna went eagerly to her brother, who was smoking a cigar.

"Stiva," said she, giving him a joyous wink, making the sign of the cross, and glancing toward the door, "go, and God help you."

He understood her, and, throwing away his cigar, disappeared behind the door.

As soon as he had gone, Anna sat down upon a divan, surrounded by the children.

Either because they saw that their mamma loved this aunt, or because they themselves felt a special attraction toward her, the two eldest, and therefore the younger, as often happens with children, had taken possession of her even before dinner, and could not leave her alone. And now they were having something like a game, in which each tried to get next to her, to hold her little hand, to kiss her, to play with her rings, or even to cling to the flounces of her gown.

"There! there! let us sit as we were before," said Anna, sitting down in her place.

And Grisha, proud and delighted, thrust his head under his aunt's arm, and nestled up close to her.

"And when is the ball?" she asked of Kitty.

"Next week! it will be a lovely ball — one of those balls where one always has a good time."

"Then there are places where one always has a good time?" asked Anna, in a tone of gentle irony.

"Strange, but it is so. We always enjoy ourselves at the Bobrishchefs' and at the Nikitins', but at the Mezhkofs' it is always dull. Have n't you ever noticed that?"

"No, *dusha moya*, no ball could be amusing to me," said Anna; and again Kitty saw in her eyes that unknown world, which had not yet been revealed to her. "For me they are all more or less tiresome."

"How could *you* find a ball tiresome?"

"And why should *I not* find a ball tiresome?"

Kitty perceived that Anna foresaw what her answer would be: —

"Because you are always the loveliest of all!"

Anna blushed easily; she blushed now, and said: —

"In the first place, that is not true; and in the second, if it were, it would not make any difference."

"Won't you go to this ball?" asked Kitty.

"I think that I would rather not go. Here! take it," said she to Tanya, who was drawing off a loose ring from her delicate white finger.

"I should be delighted if you would go; I should so like to see you at a ball."

"Well, if I have to go, I shall console myself with the thought that I am making you happy..... Grisha, don't pull my hair down! it is disorderly enough now," said she, putting back the rebellious lock with which the lad was playing.

"I can imagine you at a ball dressed in violet."

"Why in violet?" asked Anna, smiling. "Now, children, run away, run away. Don't you hear? Miss Hull is calling you to tea," said she, freeing herself from the children, and sending them out to the dining-room.

"I know why you want me to go to the ball. You expect something wonderful to happen at this ball, and you are anxious for us all to be there so as to share in your happiness."

"How did you know? You are right!"

"Oh, what a lovely age is yours!" continued Anna. "I remember well, and know this purple haze like that which you see hanging over the mountains in Switzerland. This haze covers everything in that delicious time when childhood ends, and from out this immense circle, so joyous, so gay, grows a footpath ever narrower and narrower, and leads gayly and painfully into that labyrinth, and yet it seems so bright and so beautiful..... Who has not passed through it?"

Kitty listened and smiled. "How did she pass through it? How I should like to know the whole romance of her life!" thought Kitty, remembering the unpoetic appearance of her husband, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"I know a thing or two," continued Anna. "Stiva told me, and I congratulate you; *he* pleased me very much. I met Vronsky at the station."

"Akh! was he there?" asked Kitty, blushing. "What did Stiva tell you?"

"Stiva told me the whole story; and I should be delighted! I came from Petersburg with Vronsky's mother," she continued; "and his mother never ceased to speak of him. He is her favorite. I know how partial mothers are, but...."

"What did his mother tell you?"

"Akh! many things; and I know that he is her favorite. But still it is evident he has a chivalrous nature. —Well, for example, she told me how he wanted to give up his whole fortune to his brother; how he did something still more wonderful when he was a boy — saved a woman from drowning. In a word, he is a hero!" said Anna, smiling, and remembering the two hundred rubles which he had given at the station.

But she did not tell about the two hundred rubles. Somehow it was not pleasant for her to remember that. She felt that there was something in it that concerned herself too closely, and ought not to have been.

"The countess urged me to come to see her," continued Anna, "and I should be very happy to meet her again, and I will go to-morrow. — Thank the Lord,

Stiva remains a long time with Dolly in the library," she added, changing the subject, and, as Kitty perceived, looking a little annoyed.

"I'll be the first...." "No, I," cried the children, who had just finished their supper, and came running to their Aunt Anna.

"All together," she said, laughing, and running to meet them. She seized them and piled them in a heap, struggling and screaming with delight.

CHAPTER XXI

At tea-time Dolly came out of her room. Stepan Arkadyevitch was not with her; he had left his wife's chamber by the rear door.

"I am afraid you will be cold up-stairs," remarked Dolly, addressing Anna. "I should like to have you come down and be near me."

"Akh! please don't worry about me," replied Anna, trying to divine by Dolly's face if there had been a reconciliation.

"Perhaps it would be too light for you here," said her sister-in-law.

"I assure you, I sleep anywhere and everywhere as sound as a woodchuck."

"What is it?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, coming in from his library, and addressing his wife.

By the tone of his voice, both Kitty and Anna knew that the reconciliation had taken place.

"I wanted to install Anna down-stairs, but we should have to put up some curtains. No one knows how to do it, and so I must," said Dolly, in reply to her husband's question.

"God knows if they have wholly made it up," thought Anna, as she noticed Dolly's cold and even tone.

"Akh! don't, Dolly, don't make difficulties! Well! if you like, I will fix everything."....

"Yes," thought Anna, "they must have had a reconciliation."

"I know how you do everything," said Dolly; "you give Matve an order which it is impossible to carry out, and then you go away, and he gets everything into a tangle."

And her customary mocking smile wrinkled the corners of Dolly's lips as she said that.

"Complete, complete reconciliation, complete," thought Anna. "Thank God!" and, rejoicing that she had been the cause of it, she went to Dolly and kissed her.

"Not by any means. Why have you such scorn for Matve and me?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch to his wife, with an almost imperceptible smile.

Throughout the evening Dolly, as usual, was lightly ironical toward her husband, and Stepan Arkadyevitch was happy and gay, but within bounds, and as if he wanted to make it evident that though he had obtained pardon he had not forgotten his offense.

About half-past nine a particularly animated and pleasant confidential conversation, which was going on at the tea-table, was interrupted by an incident apparently of the slightest importance, but this simple incident seemed to each member of the family to be very strange.

They were talking about one of their Petersburg acquaintances when Anna suddenly arose:—

"I have her picture in my album," she said; "and at the same time I will show you my little Serozha," she added, with a smile of maternal pride.

It was usually about ten o'clock when she bade her son good-night. Often she herself put him to bed before she went out to parties, and now she felt a sensation of sadness to be so far from him. No matter what people were speaking about, her thoughts reverted always to her little curly-haired Serozha, and the desire seized her to go and look at his picture, and to talk about him. Using this first pretext, she, with her light, decided step, started to fetch her album. The stairs to her room started from the landing-place in the large staircase, which led from the heated hall. Just as she was leaving the drawing-room the front door-bell rang.

"Who can that be?" said Dolly.

"It is too early to come after me, and too late for a call," remarked Kitty.

"Doubtless somebody with papers for me," said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

As Anna was passing the staircase she saw the servant going up to announce a caller, but the caller stood in the light of the hall lamp, and was waiting. Anna glancing down saw that it was Vronsky, and a strange sensation of joy, mixed with terror, suddenly seized her heart. He was standing with his coat on, and was taking something out of his pocket. At the moment Anna reached the center of the staircase, he lifted his eyes, and saw her, and his face assumed an expression of humility and confusion. She bowed her head slightly in salutation; and as she went on her way she heard Stepan Arkadyevitch's loud voice calling him to come in, and then Vronsky's low, soft, and tranquil voice excusing himself.

When Anna reached the room with the album, he had gone, and Stepan Arkadyevitch was telling how he came to see about a dinner which they were going to give the next day in honor of some celebrity who was in town.

"And nothing would induce him to come in. What a queer fellow!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she alone understood what he had come for, and why he would not come in. "He must have been at our house," she thought, "and, not finding me, have supposed that I was here; but he did not come in because it was late and Anna here."

They all exchanged glances, but nothing was said, and they began to examine Anna's album.

There was nothing extraordinary or strange in a man calling at half-past nine o'clock in the evening to inquire of a friend about the details of a proposed dinner and not coming in; yet to everybody it seemed strange, and it seemed more strange and unpleasant to Anna than to any one else.

CHAPTER XXII

The ball was just beginning when Kitty and her mother mounted the grand staircase, brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers and with powdered lackeys in red kaftans. In the ball-rooms there was an incessant bustle of movement, which sounded like the humming of a beehive, and, as they stopped to give the last touches to their hair and gowns, before a mirror hung on the tree-decorated landing, they heard the scraping of violins as the orchestra was tuning up for the first waltz.

A little old man, a civilian, who was smoothing his white locks at another mirror, and who exhaled a penetrating odor of perfumes, brushed against them on the stairway and stood aside, evidently impressed by Kitty's youth and beauty. A beardless young man, such as the old Prince Shcherbatsky would have reckoned among the "mashers," wearing a very low-cut waistcoat and a white necktie which he adjusted as he walked, bowed to them, and after he had passed them turned back to ask Kitty for a quadrille. The first quadrille was already promised to Vronsky, and so she was obliged to content the young man with the second. An officer buttoning his gloves was standing near the door of the ball-room; he cast a glance of admiration at the blooming Kitty, and caressed his mustache.

Although Kitty had taken great pains and spent much labor on her toilet, her gown, and all the preparations for this ball, yet now she entered the ball-room, in her complicated robe of tulle with its rose-colored overdress, as easily and naturally as if all these rosettes and laces, all the requirements of her toilet, had not caused her or her people a moment's attention, as if she had been born in this lace-trimmed ball-dress, and with a rose and two ribbons placed on the top of her graceful head. When the old princess, her mother, just before they entered the ball-room, was about to readjust her broad sash-ribbon, Kitty gently declined. She felt that everything about her must surely be right and

graceful, and that to readjust anything about her was unnecessary.

Kitty was looking her prettiest. Her gown was not too tight anywhere; her lace fichu did not slip down, her rosettes did not crush, and did not pull off; her rose-colored slippers with their high heels did not pinch her, but were agreeable to her feet. The thick braids of her fair hair kept perfectly in place on her graceful little head. All the three buttons on her long gloves, which enveloped, without changing, the pretty shape of her hands, fastened easily, and did not tear. The black velvet ribbon, attached to a medallion, was thrown daintily about her neck. This ribbon was charming; and at home, as she saw it in her mirror, adorning her neck, Kitty felt that this ribbon spoke. Everything else might be dubious, but this ribbon was charming. Kitty smiled, even there at the ball, as she saw it in the mirror. In her bare shoulders and arms Kitty felt a sensation of marble coolness, a sensation which she especially enjoyed. Her eyes shone and her rosy lips could not refrain from smiling with the consciousness of how fascinating she was.

She had scarcely entered the ball-room and joined a group of tulle-, ribbon-, lace-, and flower-decorated ladies, who were waiting for partners, — Kitty never remained long in that category, — when she was invited to waltz with the best dancer, the principal cavalier in the whole hierarchy of the ball-room, the celebrated leader of the mazurka, the master of ceremonies, the handsome, elegant Yegorushka Korsunsky, a married man and a civilian. He had just left the Countess Bonina, with whom he had been taking the first turns of the waltz, and, while looking round over his domain, in other words, over the few couples who were venturing out on the floor, he perceived Kitty, made his way to her in that easy manner peculiar to leaders of the mazurka, bowed, and without even asking her permission put his arm around the young girl's slender waist. She looked for some one to whom to confide her fan; and the mistress of the mansion, smiling on her, took charge of it.

"How good of you to come early," said Korsunsky, as he put his arm around her waist. "I don't like the fashion of being late."

Kitty placed her left hand on her partner's shoulder, and her little feet, shod in rose-colored bashmaks, glided swiftly, lightly, and rhythmically over the polished floor.

"It is restful to dance with you," said he, as he fell into the slow measures of the waltz: "charming! such lightness! such *precision!*"

That was what he said to almost all his dancing acquaintances.

She smiled at his flattery, and continued to study the ball-room across her partner's shoulder. She was not such a novice in society as to find all faces blending in one magic sensation; she had not been so assiduous in her attendance at balls as to know every one present, and be tired of seeing them. But she was in that happy condition between these two extremes, she was exhilarated and at the same time she was sufficiently self-possessed to be able to look around and observe.

She noticed a group that had gathered in the left-hand corner of the ball-room, composed of the very flower of society. Korsunsky's wife, Lidi, a beauty in an extremely low-cut corsage, was there; the mistress of the mansion was there; there shone Krivin's bald head, always to be seen where the flower of society was gathered. Young men were looking at this group, and not venturing to join it. Then her eyes fell on Stiva, who was also there, and then she saw Anna's elegant figure dressed in black velvet. And *he* was there. Kitty had not seen him since the evening when she refused Levin. Kitty's keen eyes instantly recognized him across the room, and saw that he was looking at her.

"Shall we have one more turn? You are not fatigued?" asked Korsunsky, slightly out of breath.

"No, thank you."

"Where shall I leave you?"

"I think Madame Karenina is here;.... take me to her."

"Anywhere that you please."

And Korsunsky, still waltzing with Kitty but with a slower step, made his way toward the group on the left, saying as he went, "*Pardon, mesdames; pardon, pardon, mesdames;*" and steering skilfully through the sea of laces, tulle, and ribbons, without catching a feather, placed her in a chair after a final turn, which gave a glimpse of her slender ankles in dainty blue stockings, while her train spread out like a fan and covered Krivin's knees.

Korsunsky bowed, then straightened himself up, and offered Kitty his arm to conduct her to Anna Arkadyevna. Kitty, blushing a little, freed Krivin from the folds of her train, and, just a trifle dizzy, looked around in search of Anna. Anna was not dressed in violet, as Kitty had hoped, but in a low-cut black velvet gown, which showed her plump shoulders and bosom smooth as ivory, her beautiful round arms, and her delicate slender wrists. Her robe was adorned with Venetian guipure; on her head, gracefully set on her dark locks, was a little garland of heartsease[1]; and a similar bouquet was fastened in her black ribbon-belt in the midst of white lace. Her hair, which was all her own, was dressed very simply; there was nothing remarkable about it except the abundance of little natural curls, which strayed in fascinating disorder about her neck and temples. She wore a string of pearls about her firm round throat.

Kitty had seen Anna every day, and had fallen in love with her; but now that she saw her dressed in black, instead of the violet which she had expected, she was conscious that she had never before appreciated her full beauty. She saw her in a new and unexpected light. Now she realized that violet would not have been becoming to her, and that her charm consisted entirely in her independence of toilet; that her toilet was only an accessory, and her black gown with the magnificent laces was only an accessory, was only a frame for her, and nothing else was to be thought of but herself in all her simplicity, naturalness, elegance, and at the same time her gayety and animation.

[1] Viola tricolor, called in Russian *anyútini glázki*, or Anna's eyes.

When Kitty joined her she was standing in her usual erect attitude, talking with the master of the house, her head slightly bent toward him.

"No, I would not cast the first stone, though I don't understand about it," she was saying to him, slightly shrugging her shoulders; and then, perceiving Kitty, she turned to her with an affectionate and reassuring smile. With a woman's quick intuition she saw all the beauty of the young girl's toilet, and gave her an appreciative nod, which Kitty understood.

"You even dance into the ball-room," she said.

"She is the most faithful of my aids," said Korsunsky, addressing Anna Arkadyevna, whom he had not as yet seen. "The princess helps to make any ball-room gay and delightful. Anna Arkadyevna, will you take a turn?" he asked, with a bow.

"Ah! you are acquainted?" said the host.

"Who is it we don't know? My wife and I are like white wolves, — everybody knows us," replied Korsunsky. "A little waltz, Anna Arkadyevna?"

"I don't dance when I can help it," she replied.

"But you can't help it to-night," said Korsunsky. At this moment Vronsky joined them.

"Well! if I can't help dancing, let us dance," said she, placing her hand on Korsunsky's shoulder, and not replying to Vronsky's salutation.

"Why is she vexed with him?" thought Kitty, noticing that Anna purposely paid no attention to Vronsky's bow. Vronsky joined Kitty, reminded her that she was engaged to him for the first quadrille, and expressed regret that he had not seen her for so long. Kitty, while she was looking with admiration at Anna as she waltzed, listened to Vronsky. She expected that he would invite her; but he did nothing of the sort, and she looked at him with astonishment. A flush came into his face, and he hastily suggested that they should waltz; but he had scarcely put his arm around her slender waist and taken the first step, when suddenly the music stopped. Kitty looked into his face, which was close to her own, and for many a long day, even

after years had passed, the loving look which she gave him and which he did not return tore her heart with cruel shame.

"*Pardon! pardon!* A waltz! a waltz!" cried Korsunsky at the other end of the ball-room, and, seizing the first young lady at hand, he began once more to dance.

CHAPTER XXIII

Vronsky took a few turns with Kitty, then she joined her mother; but she had time for only a few words with the Countess Nordstone, ere Vronsky came back to get her for the first quadrille. During the quadrille nothing of importance was said: their conversation was first on Korsunsky and his wife, whom Vronsky described very amusingly as amiable children of forty years, then on some private theatricals; and only once did his words give her a keen pang, — when he asked if Levin were there, and added that he liked him very much.

But Kitty counted little on the quadrille: she waited for the mazurka with a violent beating of the heart. She had a feeling that during the mazurka all would surely be settled. The fact that Vronsky did not ask her during the quadrille did not disturb her. She felt sure that she should be selected as his partner for the mazurka as in all preceding balls, and she refused five invitations, saying that she was engaged.

This whole ball, even to the last quadrille, seemed to Kitty like a magical dream, full of flowers, of joyous sounds, of movement; she did not cease to dance until her strength began to fail, and then she begged to rest a moment. But in dancing the last quadrille with one of those tiresome men whom she found it impossible to refuse, she found herself in the same set with Vronsky and Anna. Kitty had not fallen in with Anna since the beginning of the ball, and now again she suddenly saw her in another new and unexpected light. She seemed laboring under an excitement such as Kitty herself had experienced — that of success. She saw that Anna

was excited and intoxicated with the wine of admiration. Kitty knew the sensation, knew the symptoms and recognized them in Anna — she saw the feverish brilliancy of her, and the smile of happiness and excitement involuntarily parting her lips, and the harmony, precision, and grace of her movements.

"Who has caused it?" she asked herself. "All, or one?"

She would not help her tormented partner in the conversation, the thread of which he had dropped and could not pick up again; and though she submitted with apparent good grace to the loud orders of Korsunsky, shouting "Ladies' chain" and "All hands around," she watched her closely, and her heart oppressed her more and more.

"No, it is not the approval of the crowd that has so intoxicated her, but the admiration of the *one.* And that one? — Can it be *he?*"

Every time Vronsky spoke to Anna, her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and a smile of happiness parted her rosy lips. She seemed to make an effort not to exhibit any signs of this joy, but nevertheless happiness was painted on her face.

"Can it be *he?*" thought Kitty.

She looked at him, and was horror-struck. The sentiments that were reflected on Anna's face as in a mirror were also visible on his. Where were his coolness, his calm dignity, the repose which always marked his face? Now, as he addressed his partner, his head bent as if he were ready to worship her, and his look expressed at once humility and passion, as if it said, '*I would not offend you. I would save myself, and how can I?*'

Such was the expression of his face, and she had never before seen it in him.

They talked about their mutual acquaintances, their conversation was made up of trifles, and yet Kitty felt that every word they spoke decided her fate. Strange as it might seem, although they really remarked how ridiculous Ivan Ivanuitch was in his efforts to speak

French, and how Miss Fletskaya might have found a better match, nevertheless these words had for them a peculiar meaning, and they understood it just as well as Kitty did.

In Kitty's mind, the whole ball, the whole evening, everything, seemed enveloped in mist. Only the stern school of her education, serving her well, sustained her, and enabled her to do what was required of her, that is to say, to dance, to answer questions, to talk, even to smile.

But even before the mazurka began, while they were arranging the chairs and a few couples were already starting to go from the smaller rooms into the great ball-room, a sudden attack of despair and terror seized her. She had refused five invitations, and now she had no partner; and now there was no hope at all that she would be invited again, for the very reason that her social success would make it unlikely to occur to any one that she would be without a partner. She would have to tell her mother that she was not feeling well, and go home, but even this seemed impossible. She felt overwhelmed.

She went into the farthest end of a small parlor, and threw herself into an arm-chair. The airy skirts of her robe enveloped her delicate figure as in a cloud. One bare arm, as yet a little thin, but pretty, fell without energy, and lay in the folds of her rose-colored skirt; with the other she held her fan, and with quick, sharp motions tried to cool her heated face. But while she looked like a lovely butterfly caught amid grasses, and ready to spread its rainbow-tinted wings, a horrible despair oppressed her heart.

"But perhaps I am mistaken: perhaps it is not so."

And again she recalled what she had seen.

"Kitty, what does this mean?" said the Countess Nordstone, coming to her with noiseless steps.

Kitty's lower lip quivered; she hastily arose.

"Kitty, are n't you dancing the mazurka?"

"No .... no," she replied, with trembling voice, almost in tears.

"I heard him invite her for the mazurka," said the countess, knowing that Kitty would know whom she meant. "She said, '*What! aren't you going to dance with the Princess Shcherbatskaya?*"

"Akh! it's all one to me," said Kitty.

No one besides herself realized her position. No one knew that she had refused a man whom perhaps she loved, — refused him because she preferred some one else.

The Countess Nordstone went in search of Korsunsky, who was her partner for the mazurka, and sent him to invite Kitty.

Kitty danced in the first figure, and fortunately was not required to talk, because Korsunsky was obliged to be ubiquitous, making his arrangements in his little kingdom. Vronsky and Anna were sitting nearly opposite to her: she saw them sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, as their turn brought them into the figures; and as she watched them, she felt more and more certain that her unhappiness was complete. She saw that they felt themselves alone even in the midst of the crowded ball-room; and on Vronsky's face, usually so impassive and calm, she remarked that mingled expression of humility and fear, which strikes one in an intelligent dog, conscious of having done wrong.

If Anna smiled, his smile replied; if she became thoughtful, he looked serious. An almost supernatural power seemed to attract Kitty's gaze to Anna's face. She was charming in her simple black velvet; charming were her round arms, clasped by bracelets; charming her firm neck, encircled with pearls; charming her dark, curly locks breaking from restraint; charming the slow and graceful movements of her small feet and hands; charming her lovely face, full of animation; but in all this charm there was something terrible and cruel.

Kitty admired her more than ever, and ever more and more her pain increased. She felt crushed, and her face told the story. When Vronsky passed her, in some figure of the mazurka, he hardly knew her, so much had she changed.

"Lovely ball," he said, so as to say something.

"Yes," was her reply.

Toward the middle of the mazurka, in going through a complicated figure recently invented by Korsunsky, Anna went to the center of the circle, and called out two gentlemen and two ladies; Kitty was one. As she approached Anna, she looked at her in dismay. Anna, half shutting her eyes, looked at her with a smile, and pressed her hand; then noticing that Kitty's face, replying to her smile, wore an expression of despair and amazement, she turned from her and began to talk to the other lady in animated tones.

"Yes, there is some terrible, almost infernal attraction about her," said Kitty to herself.

Anna did not wish to remain to supper, but the host insisted.

"Do stay, Anna Arkadyevna," said Korsunsky, as she stood with her bare arm resting on the sleeve of his coat. "Such a cotillion I have in mind! *Un bijou!*"

And the master of the house, looking on with a smile, encouraged his efforts to detain her.

"No, I cannot stay," said Anna, also smiling; but in spite of her smile the two men understood by the determination in her voice that she would not stay.

"No, for I have danced here in Moscow at this single ball more than all winter in Petersburg," said she, looking at Vronsky, who was standing near her; "one must rest before a journey."

"And so you are really going back to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes; I think so," replied Anna, as if surprised at the boldness of his question. But as she said this to him, the brilliancy of her eyes and of her smile set his heart on fire.

Anna Arkadyevna did not stay for supper, but took her departure.

CHAPTER XXIV

"YES, there must be something repellent, even repulsive, about me," thought Levin, as he left the Shcherbatskys', and went on foot in search of his brother. "I am not popular with men. They say it is pride. No, I am not proud; if I had been proud, I should not have put myself in my present situation."

And he imagined himself Vronsky, happy, popular, calm, witty, who had apparently never put himself in such a terrible position as he was in on that evening.

"Yes, she naturally chose him, and I have no right to complain about any one or any thing. I myself am to blame. What right had I to think that she would ever unite her life with mine? Who am I? and what am I? A man useful to no one — a good-for-nothing."

Then the memory of his brother Nikolaï came back to him.

"Was he not right in saying that everything in the world was miserable and wretched? Have we been, and are we, just in our judgment of brother Nikolaï? Of course, from the point of view of Prokofi, who saw him drunk and in ragged clothes, he is a miserable creature; but I judge him differently. I know his heart, and I know that we are alike. And I, instead of going to find him, have been out dining, and to this reception!"

Levin went to a street-lamp and read his brother's address, which was written on a slip of paper, and called an izvoshchik. All the long way he vividly recalled one by one the well-known incidents of his brother Nikolaï's life. He remembered how at the university, and for a year after his graduation, he had lived like a monk notwithstanding the ridicule of his comrades, strictly devoted to all forms of religion, services, fasts, turning his back on all pleasures, and especially women; and then how he had suddenly turned around, and fallen into the company of people of the lowest lives, and entered upon a course of dissipation and debauchery. He remembered his conduct toward a lad whom he

had taken from the country to bring up, and whom he whipped so severely in a fit of anger that he narrowly escaped being transported for mayhem. He remembered his conduct toward a swindler to whom he owed a gambling debt and in payment of it had given him his note, and whom he had caused to be arrested on the charge of cheating him; this was, in fact, money that Sergeï Ivanuitch had just paid. Then he remembered the night spent by Nikolaï at the station-house on account of a spree. He remembered the scandalous lawsuit against his brother Sergeï Ivanuitch, because Sergeï had refused to pay his share of their mother's estate; and finally he recalled his last adventure, when, after he had gone to take a position at the Western frontier, he was dismissed for assaulting a superior. ....

All this was detestable, but it did not seem nearly so odious to Levin as it would have been to those who did not know Nikolaï, did not know his history, did not know his heart.

Levin remembered how at the time when Nikolaï was occupied with his devotions, his fastings, his priests, his ecclesiastical observances, when he was seeking to curb his passionate nature by religion, no one had aided him, but, on the contrary, every one, even himself, had made sport of him; they had mocked him, nicknamed him Noah, the monk! Then, when he had fallen, no one had helped him, but all had turned from him with horror and disgust. Levin felt that his brother Nikolaï at the bottom of his heart, in spite of all the deformity of his life, was not so very much worse than those who despised him. He was not to blame for having been born with his unrestrainable character and his peculiarities of intellect. He had always had good impulses.

"I will tell him everything, and I will make him tell me everything, and show him that I love him and therefore understand him," said Levin to himself, and about eleven o'clock in the evening he bade the driver take him to the hotel indicated on the address.

"Upstairs, No. 12 and 13," said the Swiss, in reply to Levin's question.

"Is he at home?"

"Probably."

The door of No. 12 was half open, and from the room came the dense fumes of cheap, poor tobacco, and a voice unknown to Levin was heard speaking; but Levin instantly knew his brother was there; he recognized his cough.

When he reached the door, the unknown voice was saying: —

"All depends on whether the affair is conducted in a proper and rational manner."

Konstantin Levin glanced through the doorway, and saw that the speaker was a young man, in a peasant's sleeveless coat, and with an enormous mop of hair on his head. On the divan was sitting a young woman, with pock-marked face, and dressed in a woolen gown without collar or cuffs. His brother was not to be seen. A pain shot through Konstantin's heart to think of the strange people with whom his brother associated. No one heard him; and, while he was removing his galoshes, he listened to what the man in the sleeveless coat was saying. He was speaking of some enterprise.

"Well! the Devil take the privileged classes!" said his brother's voice, after a fit of coughing. "Masha, see if you can't get us something to eat, and bring some wine if there's any left; if not, go for some."

The woman arose, and as she came out from behind the screen she saw Konstantin.

"A gentleman here, Nikolaï Dmitritch," she cried.

"What is wanted?" said the voice of Nikolaï Levin, angrily.

"It's I," replied Konstantin, appearing at the door.

"Who's *I?*" repeated Nikolaï's voice, still more angrily.

Then he was heard quickly rising and stumbling against something, and Konstantin saw before him at the door his brother's well-known figure, still remarkable by reason of his shyness and ill health — infirm, tall, thin, and bent, with great startled eyes.

He was still thinner than when Konstantin had last

seen him, three years before. He wore a short overcoat. His hands and his bony frame seemed to him more colossal than ever. His hair had grown thinner, but the same stiff mustaches hid his lips, the same eyes glared at his visitor uncannily and naïvely.

"Ah, Kostia!" he suddenly cried, recognizing his brother, and his eyes shone with joy. But the same instant he fixed his eyes on the younger man, and made a quick, convulsive motion of his head and neck, as if his cravat choked him, a gesture well known to Konstantin; and an entirely different expression, wild, and bitter, and expressive of martyrdom, came into his sunken face.

"I wrote both to you and to Sergeï Ivanuitch that I do not know you, nor wish to know you. What do you want; what does either of you want?"

He was not at all as Konstantin had imagined him. The hardest and vilest elements of his character, which had made any relations with him difficult, had faded from Konstantin Levin's memory whenever he thought about him; and now, when he saw his face and the characteristic convulsive motions of his head, he remembered it all.

"But I wanted nothing of you except to see you," he replied timidly. "I only came to see you."

His brother's diffidence apparently disarmed Nikolaï. His lips relaxed.

"Ah! did you?" said he. "Well! come in, sit down. Do you want some supper? Masha, bring enough for three. No, hold on! Do you know who this is?" he asked his brother, pointing to the young man in the peasant's coat. "This gentleman is Mr. Kritsky, a friend of mine from Kief, a very remarkable man. It seems the police are after him, because he is not a coward."

And he looked, as his habit was, at all who were in the room. Then, seeing that the woman, who stood at the door, was about to leave, he shouted:—

"Wait, I tell you."

Then, in his extravagant, incoherent manner of

speech, which Konstantin knew so well, he began to tell his brother the whole story of Kritsky's life; how he had been driven from the university, because he had tried to found an aid society and Sunday-schools among the students; how afterwards he had been appointed teacher in one of the public schools, only to be dismissed; and how finally he had been tried for something or other.

"Were you at the University of Kief?" asked Konstantin of Kritsky, in order to break the awkward silence that followed.

"Yes, I was at Kief," replied Kritsky, curtly, with a frown.

"And this woman," cried Nikolaï Levin, pointing to the girl, "is the companion of my life, Marya Nikolayevna. I took her from a house," — he said, stretching out his neck, — "but I love her, and I esteem her; and all who want to know me," he added, raising his voice and scowling, "must love her and esteem her. She is just the same as my wife, just the same. So now you know with whom you have to do. And if you think that you lower yourself, there 's the door!"[1] And again his eyes looked at them all questioningly.

"I do not understand how I should lower myself."

"All right, Masha, bring us up enough for three, — some vodka and wine. .... No, wait; .... no matter, though; .... go!"

CHAPTER XXV

"As you see," continued Nikolaï Levin, frowning, and speaking with effort. It was evidently hard for him to make up his mind what to do or say. "But do you see?" .... and he pointed to the corner of the room, where lay some iron bars attached to straps. "Do you see that? That is the beginning of a new work which

[1] He quotes the riming phrase: *Tak vot Bog a vot porog* (or, *vot tebye Bog, a vot tebye porog*) which expanded may mean, "Stay if you like and God be with you, but yonder is the threshold!"

we are undertaking. This work belongs to a productive labor association." ....

Konstantin scarcely listened: he was looking at his brother's sick, consumptive face, and he grew more and more sorry for him, and he could not compel himself to listen to what his brother was saying about the labor association. He saw that the labor association was only an anchor of safety to keep him from absolute self-abasement. Nikolaï went on to say: —

"You know that capital is crushing the laborer: with us the laboring classes, the muzhiks, bear the whole weight of toil; and no matter how they exert themselves, they can never get above their cattle-like condition. All the profits created by their productive labor, by which they could better their lot and procure for themselves leisure, and therefore instruction, all their superfluous profits are swallowed up by the capitalists. And society is so constituted that, the harder they work, the more the proprietors and the merchants fatten at their expense, while they remain beasts of burden still. And this order of things must be changed," said he, in conclusion, and looked questioningly at his brother.

"Yes, of course," replied Konstantin, looking at the pink spots which burned in his brother's hollow cheeks.

"And now we are organizing an *artel* of locksmiths where all will be in common, — work, profits, and even the tools."

"Where will this *artel* be situated?" asked Konstantin.

"In the village of Vozdremo, government of Kazan."

"Yes; but why in a village? In the villages, it seems to me, there is plenty of work: why associated locksmiths in a village?"

"Because the muzhiks are serfs, just as much as they ever were, and you and Sergeï Ivanuitch don't like it because we want to free them from this slavery," replied Nikolaï, vexed by his brother's question.

While he spoke, Konstantin was looking about the melancholy, dirty room; he sighed, and his sigh seemed to make Nikolaï still more angry.

"I know the aristocratic prejudices of such men as you and Sergeï Ivanuitch. I know that he is spending all the strength of his mind in defense of the evils that crush us."

"No! but why do you speak of Sergeï Ivanuitch?" asked Levin, smiling.

"Sergeï Ivanuitch? This is why!" cried Nikolaï, at the mention of Sergeï Ivanuitch — "this is why!.... yet what is the good? tell me this — what did you come here for? You despise all this; very good! Go away, for God's sake," he cried, rising from his chair, — "go away! go away!"

"I don't despise anything," said Konstantin, gently; "I only refrain from discussing."

At this moment Marya Nikolayevna came in. Nikolaï looked at her angrily, but she quickly stepped up to him and whispered a few words in his ear.

"I am not well, I easily become irritable," he explained, growing calmer, and breathing with difficulty, "and you just spoke to me about Sergeï Ivanuitch and his article. It is so rubbishy, so idle, so full of error. How can a man, who knows nothing about justice, write about it? Have you read his article?" said he, turning to Kritsky, and then, going to the table, he brushed off the half-rolled cigarettes so as to clear away a little space.

"I have not read it," replied Kritsky, gloomily, evidently not wishing to take part in the conversation.

"Why?" cried Nikolaï, irritably, still addressing Kritsky.

"Because I don't consider it necessary to waste my time on it."

"That is, excuse me — how do you know that it would be a waste of time? For many people this article is inaccessible, because it is above them. But I find it different; I see the thoughts through and through, and know wherein it is weak."

No one replied. Kritsky slowly arose, and took his hat.

"Won't you take some lunch? Well, good-by! Come to-morrow with the locksmith."

Kritsky had hardly left the room, when Nikolaï smiled and winked.

"He is to be pitied; but I see...."

Just at that instant Kritsky, calling at the door, interrupted him.

"What do you want?" he asked, joining him in the corridor.

Left alone with Marya Nikolayevna, Levin said to her:—

"Have you been long with my brother?"

"This is the second year. His health has become very feeble; he drinks a great deal," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"He drinks vodka, and it is bad for him."

"Does he drink too much?"

"Yes," said she, looking timidly toward the door where Nikolaï Levin was just entering.

"What were you talking about?" he demanded, with a scowl, and looking from one to the other with angry eyes. "Tell me."

"Oh! nothing," replied Konstantin, in confusion.

"You don't want to answer? all right! don't. But you have no business to be talking with her; she is a girl, you a gentleman," he shouted, craning out his neck. "I see that you have understood everything, and judged everything, and that you look with grief on the errors of my ways."

He went on speaking, raising his voice.

"Nikolaï Dmitritch! Nikolaï Dmitritch!" whispered Marya Nikolayevna, coming close to him.

"Well! very good, very good.... Supper, then? ah! here it is," he said, seeing a servant entering with a platter.

"Here! put it here!" he said crossly; then, taking the vodka, he poured out a glass, and drank it eagerly.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked his brother, immediately growing lively.

"Well! no more about Sergeï Ivanuitch! I am very glad to see you. No matter what people say, we are no longer strangers. Come now! drink! Tell me what

you are doing," he said, greedily munching a piece of bread, and pouring out a second glass. "How are you living?"

"I live alone in the country, as I always have, and busy myself with farming," replied Konstantin, looking with terror at the eagerness with which his brother ate and drank, and trying to hide his impressions.

"Why don't you get married?"

"I have not come to that yet," replied Konstantin, turning red.

"Why so? For me — it's all over! I have wasted my life! This I have said, and always shall say, that, if they had given me my share of the estate when I needed it, my whole life would have been different."

Konstantin hastened to change the conversation.

"Did you know that your *Vanyushka*[1] is with me at Pokrovskoye as book-keeper?" he said.

Nikolaï craned out his neck and wondered.

"Yes, tell me what is doing at Pokrovskoye. Is the house just the same? and the birch trees and our study-room? Is Filipp, the gardener, still alive? How I remember the summer-house and the divan!.... Just look here! don't let anything in the house be changed, but hurry up and get married and begin to live as you used to. Then I will come to visit you if your wife will be kind."

"Then come back with me now," said Konstantin. "How well we should get on together!"

"I would come if I knew I should not meet Sergeï Ivanuitch."

"You would not meet him; I live absolutely independent of him."

"Yes; but, whatever you say, you must choose between him and me," said Nikolaï, looking timorously in his brother's eyes.

This timidity touched Konstantin.

"If you want to hear my whole confession as to this matter, I will tell you that I take sides neither with you nor with him in your quarrel. You are both in the

[1] Vanyushka is the diminutive of Ivan, as Jack is of John.

wrong; but in your case the wrong is external, while in his the wrong is inward."

"Ha, ha! Do you understand it? do you understand it?" cried Nikolaï, with an expression of joy.

"But if you would like to know, personally I value your friendship higher because...."

"Why? why?"

Konstantin could not say that it was because Nikolaï was wretched, and needed his friendship; but Nikolaï understood that that was the very thing he meant, and, frowning darkly, he betook himself to the vodka.

"Enough, Nikolaï Dmitritch!" cried Marya Nikolayevna, laying her great pudgy hand on the decanter.

"Let me alone! don't bother me, or I'll strike you," he cried.

Marya Nikolayevna smiled with her gentle and good-natured smile, which pacified Nikolaï, and she took the vodka.

"There! Do you think that she does not understand things?" said Nikolaï. "She understands this thing better than all of you. Is n't there something about her good and gentle?"

"Have n't you ever been in Moscow before?" said Konstantin, in order to say something to her.

"There now, don't say *vui* [you] to her. It frightens her. No one said vui to her except the justice of the peace, when they had her up because she wanted to escape from the house of ill-fame where she was. My God! how senseless everything is in this world!" he suddenly exclaimed. "These new institutions, these justices of the peace, the zemstro, what abominations!"

And he began to relate his experiences with the new institutions.

Konstantin listened to him; and the criticisms on the absurdity of the new institutions, which he had himself often expressed, now that he heard them from his brother's lips, seemed disagreeable to him.

"We shall understand it all in the next world," he said jestingly.

"In the next world? Och! I don't like your next

world; I don't like it," he repeated, fixing his timid, haggard eyes on his brother's face. "And yet it would seem good to go from these abominations, these entanglements, from this unnatural state of things, from myself; but I am afraid of death, horribly afraid of death!" He shuddered. "There! drink something! Would you like some champagne? or would you rather go out somewhere? Let 's go and see the gipsies. You know I am very fond of gipsies and Russian songs."

His speech had begun to grow thick, and he hurried from one subject to another. Konstantin, with Masha's aid, persuaded him to stay at home; and they put him on his bed completely drunk.

Masha promised to write Konstantin in case of need, and to persuade Nikolaï Levin to come and live with his brother.

CHAPTER XXVI

The next forenoon Levin left Moscow, and toward evening was at home. On the journey he talked with those near him in the train about politics, about the new railroads; and, just as in Moscow, he was overcome by the chaos of conflicting opinions, self-dissatisfaction, and a sense of shame. But when he got out at his station, and perceived his one-eyed coachman, Ignat, with his kaftan collar turned up; when he saw, in the dim light that fell through the station windows, his covered sledge and his horses with their tied-up tails, and their harness with its rings and fringes; when Ignat, as he was tucking in the robes, told him all the news of the village, about the coming of the contractor, and how Pava the cow had calved, — then it seemed to him that the chaos resolved itself a little, and his shame and dissatisfaction passed away. This he felt at the very sight of Ignat and his horses; but, as soon as he had put on his sheepskin tulup, which he found in the sleigh, and took his seat in the sleigh comfortably wrapped up, and drove off thinking what arrangement he should have to make

in the village, and at the same time examining the off horse, Donskaya, which used to be his saddle-horse, a jaded but mettlesome steed, he began to view his experiences in an absolutely different light.

He felt himself again, and no longer wished to be a different person. He only wished to be better than he had ever been before. In the first place, he resolved from that day forth that he would never expect extraordinary joys, such as marriage had promised to bring to him, and therefore he would never again despise the present; and, in the second place, he would never allow himself to be led away by low passion, the remembrances of which so tortured him while he was deciding to make his proposal. And lastly, as he thought of his brother Nikolaï, he resolved that he would never again forget him, but that he would keep track of him and not let him out of sight, so that he might be in readiness to aid him whenever the evil moment arrived, and that seemed likely to be very soon.

Then the conversation about communism, which he had so lightly treated with his brother, came back to him, and made him reflect. A reform of economic conditions seemed to him nonsense, but he always felt the unfair difference between his own superfluity and the poverty of the people, and in order that he might feel perfectly right, he now vowed that though hitherto he had worked hard, and lived economically, he would in the future work still harder, and permit himself even less luxury than ever. And all this seemed to him so easy to accomplish that, throughout the drive from the station, he was the subject of the pleasantest illusions. With a hearty feeling of hope for a new and better life, he reached home just as the clock was striking ten.

From the windows of the room occupied by his old nurse, Agafya Mikhaïlovna, who fulfilled the functions of housekeeper, the light fell on the snow-covered walk before his house. She was not yet asleep. Kuzma, wakened by her, hurried down, barefooted and sleepy, to open the door. Laska, the setter, almost knocking Kuzma down in her desire to get ahead of him, ran to

meet her master, and jumped upon him, trying to place her fore paws on his breast.

"You are back very soon, batyushka," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna.

"I was bored, Agafya Mikhaïlovna; 't is good to go visiting, but it 's better at home," said he. And he went into his library.

The library slowly grew light as the candle that was brought burnt up. The familiar details little by little came into sight — the great antlers, the shelves lined with books, the mirror, the stove with a hole which ought long ago to have been repaired, the ancestral divan, the great table, and on the table an open book, a broken ash-tray, a note-book filled with his writing.

As he saw all these things, for a moment the doubt arose in his mind if it would be possible to bring about this new life which he had dreamed of during his journey. All these signs of his past seemed to say to him, 'No, thou shalt not leave us! thou shalt not become another; but thou shalt still be as thou hast always been, — with thy doubts, thy everlasting self-dissatisfaction, thy idle efforts at reform, thy failures, and thy perpetual striving for a happiness which will never be thine.'

But while these external objects spoke to him thus, a different voice whispered to his soul, bidding him cease to be a slave to his past, and declaring that a man has every possibility within him. And, listening to this voice, he went to one side of the room, where he found two forty-pound dumb-bells. And he began to practise his gymnastic exercises with them, endeavoring to bring himself into a condition of vigor. At the door there was a noise of steps. He hastily put down the dumb-bells.

The intendant[1] came in and said that, thanks to God, everything was all right, but he confessed that the buckwheat in the new drying-room had got burnt. This provoked Levin. This new drying-room he had himself built, and partially invented. But the intendant had been entirely opposed to it, and now he announced with ill-concealed triumph that the buckwheat

[1] *Prikashchik.*

was burnt. Levin was sure that it was because he had neglected the precautions a hundred times suggested. He grew angry, and reprimanded the intendant.

But there was one fortunate and important event: Pava, his best, his most beautiful cow, which he had bought at the cattle-show, had calved.

"Kuzma, give me my tulup. And you," said he to the intendant, "get a lantern. I will go and see her."

The stable for the cattle was immediately behind the house. Crossing the courtyard, where the snow was heaped under the lilac bushes, he stepped up to the stable. As he opened the frosty door, he was met by the warm fumes of manure, and the cows, astonished at the unwonted light of the lantern, stirred on their fresh straw. The light fell on the broad black back of his piebald Holland cow. Berkut, the bull, with a ring in his nose, tried to get to his feet, but changed his mind, and only snorted as they passed by.

The beautiful Pava, huge as a hippopotamus, was lying near her calf, snuffing at it, and protecting it against those who would come too close.

Levin entered the stall, examined Pava, and lifted the calf, spotted with red and white, on its long, awkward legs. Pava began to low with anxiety, but was reassured when the calf was restored to her, and began to lick it with her rough tongue. The calf hid its nose under its mother's side, and frisked its tail.

"Bring the light this way, Feodor, this way," said Levin, examining the calf. "Like its mother, but its color is like the sire's, very pretty! long hair and prettily spotted. Vasili Feodorovitch, is n't it a beauty?" he said, turning to his intendant, forgetting, in his joy over the new-born calf, the grief caused by the burning of his wheat.

"Why should it be homely? But Semyon the contractor was here the day after you left. It will be necessary to come to terms with him, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the intendant. "I have already spoken to you about the machine."

This single phrase brought Levin back to all the de-

tails of his enterprise, which was great and complicated; and from the stable he went directly to the office, and after a long conversation with the intendant and Semyon the contractor, he went back to the house, and marched straight up into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXVII

Levin's house was old and large, but, though he lived there alone, he occupied and warmed the whole of it. He knew that this was ridiculous; he knew that it was bad, and contrary to his new plans; but this house was a world in itself to him. It was a world where his father and mother had lived and died. They had lived a life which, for Levin, seemed the ideal of all perfection, and which he dreamed of renewing with his own wife, with his own family.

Levin scarcely remembered his mother. But this remembrance was sacred; and his future wife, as he imagined her, was to be the counterpart of the ideally charming and adorable woman, his mother. For him, love for a woman could not exist outside of marriage; but he imagined the family relationship first, and only afterwards the woman who would be the center of the family. His ideas about marriage were therefore essentially different from those held by the majority of his friends, for whom it was only one of innumerable social affairs; for Levin it was the most important act of his life, whereon all his happiness depended, and now he must renounce it!

When he entered the little parlor where he always took tea, and threw himself into his arm-chair with a book, while Agafya Mikhaïlovna brought him his cup, and sat down near the window, saying as usual, "Well, I 'll sit down, batyushka," — then he felt, strangely enough, that he had not renounced his day-dreams, and that he could not live without them. Were it Kitty or another, still it would be. He read his book, had his mind on what he was reading, pausing occasionally to

listen to Agafya Mikhaĭlovna's unceasing prattle, but his imagination was all the time filled with those varied pictures of family happiness which hovered before him. He felt that in the depths of his soul some change, some modification, some crystallization, was taking place.

He listened while Agafya Mikhaĭlovna told how Prokhor had forgotten God, and, instead of buying a horse with the money which Levin had given him, had taken it and gone on a spree, and beaten his wife almost to death; and while he listened he read his book, and again caught the thread of his thoughts, awakened by his reading. It was a book by Tyndall, on heat. He remembered his criticisms on Tyndall's self-satisfaction in the cleverness of his management of his experiments and on his lack of philosophical views, and suddenly a happy thought crossed his mind: —

"In two years I shall have two Holland cows; perhaps Pava herself will still be alive, and possibly a dozen of Berkut's daughters will have been added to the herd, just from these three! Splendid!"

And again he picked up his book.

"Well! very good: electricity and heat are one and the same thing; but could one quantity take the place of the other in the equations used to settle this problem? No. What then? The bond between all the forces of nature is felt, like instinct. .... When *Pava's* daughter grows into a cow with red and white spots, what a herd I shall have with those three! Admirable! And my wife and I will go out with our guests to see the herd come in; .... and my wife will say, 'Kostia and I have brought this calf up just like a child.' — 'How can this interest you so?' the guests will say. 'All that interests him interests me also.'.... But who will *she* be?" and he began to think of what had happened in Moscow. — "Well! What is to be done about it? .... I am not to blame. But now everything will be different. It is foolishness to let one's past life dominate the present. One must struggle to live better — much better."....

He raised his head, and sank into thought. Old Laska, who had not yet got over her delight at her

master's return, had been barking up and down the courtyard. She came into the room, wagging her tail, and bringing the freshness of the open air, and thrust her head under his hand, and begged for a caress, whining plaintively.

"She almost talks," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna; "she is only a dog, but she knows just as well that her master has come home, and is sad."

"Why sad?"

"Da! don't I see it, batyushka? It's time I knew how to read my masters. Grew up with my masters since they were children! No matter, batyushka; your health is good and your conscience pure."

Levin looked at her earnestly, in astonishment that she so divined his thoughts.

"And shall I give you some more tea?" said she; and taking the cup, she went out.

Laska continued to nestle her head in her master's hand. He caressed her, and then she curled herself up around his feet, like a ring, laying her head on one of her hind paws; and, as a proof that all was arranged to suit her, she opened her mouth a little, let her tongue slip out between her aged teeth, and, with a gentle puffing of her lips, gave herself up to beatific repose. Levin followed all of her movements.

"So will I!" he said to himself; "so will I! no matter! all will be well!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

Early on the morning after the ball, Anna Arkadyevna sent her husband a telegram, announcing that she was going to leave Moscow that day.

"No, I must, I must go," she said to her sister-in-law, in explanation of her change of plan, and her tone signified that she had just remembered something that demanded her instant attention. "No, it would be much better if I could go this morning."

Stepan Arkadyevitch did not dine at home, but he

agreed to be back at seven o'clock to escort his sister to the train.

Kitty did not put in an appearance, but sent word that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and the English governess. Either the children were fickle or they were very sensitive and felt that Anna was not at all as she had been on the day when they had taken so kindly to her, that she no longer cared for them, for they suddenly ceased playing with their aunt, seemed to lose their affection for her, and cared very little that she was going away.

Anna spent the whole morning in making the preparations for her departure. She wrote a few notes to her Moscow acquaintances, settled her accounts, and packed. To Dolly especially it seemed that she was not in a happy frame of mind, but in that state of mental agitation which Dolly knew from experience arose, not without excellent reason, from dissatisfaction with herself.

After dinner Anna went to her room to dress, and Dolly followed her.

"How strange you are to-day!" said Dolly.

"I? Do you think so? I am not strange, but I am cross. This is common with me. I should like to have a good cry. It is very silly, but it will pass away," said Anna, speaking quickly, and hiding her blushing face in a little bag where she was packing her toilet articles and her handkerchiefs. Her eyes shone with tears which she could hardly keep back. "I was so loath to come away from Petersburg, and now I don't want to go back!"

"You came here and you did a lovely thing," said Dolly, attentively observing her.

Anna looked at her with eyes wet with tears.

"Don't say that, Dolly. I have done nothing, and could do nothing. I often ask myself why people say things to spoil me. What have I done? What could I do? You found that your heart had enough love left to forgive." ....

"Without you, God knows what would have been! How fortunate you are, Anna!" said Dolly. "All is serene and pure in your soul."

"Every one has a *skeleton* in his closet, as the English say."

"What *skeleton* have you, pray? In you everything is so serene."

"I have mine!" cried Anna, suddenly; and an unexpected, crafty, mocking smile hovered over her lips in spite of her tears.

"Well! in your case the *skeleton* must be a droll one, and not grievous," replied Dolly, with a smile.

"No; it is grievous! Do you know why I go to-day, and not to-morrow? This is a confession which weighs me down, but I wish to make it," said Anna, decidedly, sitting down in an arm-chair, and looking Dolly straight in the eyes.

And to her astonishment she saw that Anna was blushing, even to her ears, even to the dark curls that played about the back of her neck.

"Yes!" Anna proceeded. "Do you know why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I spoiled .... it was through me that the ball last night was a torment and not a joy to her. But truly, truly, I was not to blame, — or not much to blame," said she, with a special accent on the word *nemnozhko* — not much.

"Oh, how exactly you said that like Stiva!" remarked Dolly, laughing.

Anna was vexed.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I am not like Stiva," said she, frowning. "I have told you this simply because I do not allow myself, for an instant, to doubt myself."

But the very moment that she said these words, she perceived how untrue they were; she not only doubted herself, but she felt such emotion at the thought of Vronsky that she took her departure sooner than she otherwise would, so that she might not meet him again.

"Yes, Stiva told me that you danced the mazurka with him, and that he...."

"You cannot imagine how ridiculously it turned out. I thought only to help along the match, and suddenly it went exactly opposite. Perhaps against my will, I...."

She blushed, and did not finish her sentence.

"Oh! these things are felt instantly," said Dolly.

"I should be in despair if I felt that there was anything serious on his part," interrupted Anna; "but I am convinced that all this will be quickly forgotten, and that Kitty will not long be angry with me."

"In the first place, Anna, to tell the truth, I should not be very sorry if this marriage fell through. It would be vastly better for it to stop right here if Vronsky can fall in love with you in a single day."

"Oh heavens! that would be so idiotic!" said Anna, and again an intense blush of satisfaction overspread her face at hearing the thought that occupied her expressed in words. "And that is why I go away, after making an enemy of Kitty, whom I loved so dearly. Akh! how sweet she is! But you will arrange that, Dolly? Won't you?"

Dolly could hardly refrain from smiling. She loved Anna, but it was pleasant to her to discover that she also had her weaknesses.

"An enemy? That cannot be!"

"And I should have been so glad to have you all love me as I love you; but now I love you all more than ever," said Anna, with tears in her eyes. "Akh! how absurd I am to-day!"

She passed her handkerchief over her eyes, and began to get ready.

At the very moment of her departure came Stepan Arkadyevitch with rosy, happy face, and an odor of wine and cigars.

Anna's tender-heartedness had communicated itself to Dolly, and, when she kissed her for the last time, she whispered: —

"Think, Anna! what you have done for me! I shall never forget. And remember that I love you, and always shall love you as my best friend!"

"I don't understand why," replied Anna, kissing her, and struggling with her tears.

"You have understood me, and you do understand me. Farewell, my dearest!"[1]

[1] *Proshchaï, moya prelest!*

CHAPTER XXIX

"Well! all is over, and thank the Lord!" was Anna's first thought after she had said good-by to her brother, who had blocked up the entrance to the railway-carriage, even after the third bell had rung. She sat down on the divanchik next Annushka, her maid, and began to examine the feebly lighted compartment. "Thank the Lord! to-morrow I shall see Serozha and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and my good and commonplace life will begin again as of old."

With the same mental preoccupation that had possessed her all that day, Anna found a satisfaction in attending minutely to the arrangements for the journey. With her skilful little hands she opened her red bag, and took out a cushion, placed it on her knees, wrapped her feet warmly, and composed herself comfortably.

A lady, who seemed to be an invalid, had already gone to sleep. Two other ladies entered into conversation with Anna; and a fat, elderly dame, well wrapped up, expressed her opinion on the temperature. Anna exchanged a few words with the ladies, but, not taking any interest in their conversation, asked Annushka for her traveling-lamp, placed it on the back of her seat, and took from her bag a paper-cutter and an English novel. At first she could not read; the going and coming and the general bustle disturbed her; when once the train had started, she could not help listening to the noises: the snow striking against the window, and sticking to the glass; the conductor, as he passed with the snowflakes melting on his coat; the remarks about the terrible storm, — all distracted her attention.

Afterwards it became more monotonous: always the same jolting and jarring, the same snow on the window, the same sudden changes from warmth to cold, and back to warmth again, the same faces in the dim light, and the same voices. And Anna began to read, and to follow what she was reading.

Annushka was already asleep, holding the little red

bag on her knees with great, clumsy hands, clad in gloves, one of which was torn.

Anna read, and understood what she read; but it was not pleasant to her to read, in other words to enter into the lives of other people. She had too keen a desire to live herself. If she read how the heroine of her story took care of the sick, she would have liked to go with noiseless steps into the sick-room. If she read how a member of Parliament made a speech, she would have liked to make that speech. If she read how Lady Mary rode after the hounds, and made sport of her sister-in-law, and astonished every one by her audacity, she would have liked to do the same. But she could do nothing; and with her little hands she clutched the paper-cutter, and forced herself to read calmly.

The hero of her novel had reached the summit of his English ambition, — a baronetcy and an estate; and Anna felt a desire to go with him to this estate, when suddenly it seemed to her that he ought to feel a sense of shame, and that she ought to share it. But why should he feel ashamed? "Why should I feel ashamed?" she asked herself with astonishment and discontent. She closed the book, and, leaning back against the chair, held the paper-cutter tightly in both hands.

There was nothing to be ashamed of: she reviewed all her memories of her visit to Moscow; they were all pleasant and good. She remembered the ball, she remembered Vronsky and his humble and passionate face, she recalled all her relations with him; there was nothing to be ashamed of. But at the same time in these reminiscences the sense of shame kept growing stronger and stronger; and it seemed to her that inward voice, whenever she thought of Vronsky, seemed to say, "Warmly, very warmly, passionately." ....

"Well! what is this?" she asked herself resolutely, as she changed her position in the seat. "What does this mean? Am I afraid to face these memories? Well! what is it? Is there, can there be, any relationship between that boy-officer and me beyond what exists between all acquaintances?"

She smiled disdainfully, and again took up her book; but now she really could not any longer comprehend what she was reading. She rubbed her paper-cutter over the pane, and then pressed its cool, smooth surface to her cheek, and then she almost laughed out loud with the joy that unreasonably took possession of her. She felt her nerves grow more and more tense like the strings on some musical instrument screwed up to the last degree; she felt her eyes open wider and wider, her fingers and her toes twitched nervously, something seemed to choke her, and all objects and sounds in the wavering semi-darkness surprised her by their exaggerated proportions. She kept having moments of doubt as to whether they were going backwards or forwards, or if the train had come to a stop. Was it Annushka there, sitting next her, or was it a stranger?

"What is that on the hook?—my fur shuba or an animal? And what am I doing here? Am I myself, or some one else?"

It was terrible to her to yield to these hallucinations; but something kept attracting her to them and she could by her own will either yield to them or withdraw from them. In order to regain possession of herself, Anna arose, took off her plaid and laid aside her pelerine of thick cloth. For a moment she thought that she had conquered herself, for when a tall, thin muzhik, dressed in a long nankeen overcoat, which lacked a button, came in, she recognized in him the stove-tender. She saw him look at the thermometer, and noticed how the wind and the snow came blowing in as he opened the door; and then everything became confused again.

The tall peasant began to draw fantastic figures on the wall; the old lady seemed to stretch out her legs, and fill the whole carriage as with a black cloud; then she thought she heard a terrible thumping and rapping, a noise like something tearing; then a red and blinding fire flashed in her eyes, and then all vanished in darkness. Anna felt as if she was falling. But this was not at all alarming, but rather pleasant.

The voice of a man all wrapped up, and covered with

snow, shouted something in her ear. She started up, recovered her wits, and perceived that they were approaching a station, and the man was the conductor. She bade Annushka give her the pelerine which she had laid aside and her handkerchief, and, having put them on, she went to the door.

"Do you wish to go out?" asked Annushka.

"Yes; I want to get a breath of fresh air. It is very hot here."

And she opened the door. The snow-storm and the wind rushed in to meet her and disputed the door with her. And this seemed to her very jolly. The storm seemed to be waiting for her, it gayly whistled and was eager to carry her away; but she clung to the cold railing with one hand, and, holding her dress, she stepped out on the platform, and left the car. The wind was fierce on the steps, but on the platform, under the shelter of the station, it was calmer, and she found a genuine pleasure in filling her lungs with the frosty air. Standing near the car she watched the platform and the station gleaming with lights.

CHAPTER XXX

A FURIOUS snow-storm was raging, and whistling among the wheels of the carriages, around the columns, and into the corners of the station. The carriages, the pillars, the people, everything visible, were covered on one side with snow, and it was increasing momently. Once in a while there would be a lull, but then again it blew with such gusts that it seemed impossible to make way against it. Meantime a few people were running hither and thither, talking gayly, opening and shutting the great doors of the station, and making the platform planks creak under their feet. The flitting shadow of a man passed rapidly by her feet, and she heard the blows of a hammer falling on the iron.

"Send off the telegram," cried an angry voice on the

other side of the track in the midst of the drifting storm.

"This way, please, No. 28," cried other voices, and several people covered with snow hurried by. Two gentlemen, with lighted cigarettes in their mouths, passed near Anna. She was just about to reënter the carriage, after getting one more breath of fresh air, and had already taken her hand from her muff, to lay hold of the railing, when the flickering light from the reflector was cut off by a man in a military coat, who came close to her. She looked up, and that instant recognized Vronsky's face.

Raising his hand to his vizor he bowed low, and asked if she needed anything, if he might not be of service to her.

She looked at him for a considerable time without replying, and although he was in the shadow, she saw, or thought she saw, the expression of his face and even of his eyes. It was a repetition of that respectful admiration which had so impressed her on the evening of the ball. More than once that day she had said to herself that Vronsky, for her, was only one of the hundred young men whom one meets in society, that she would never permit herself to give him a second thought! but now, on the first instant of seeing him again, a sensation of pride and joy seized her. She had no need to ask why he was there. She knew, as truly as if he had told her, that he was there so as to be where she was.

"I did not know that you were going to Petersburg. Why are you going?" said she, letting her hand fall from the railing. A joy which she could not restrain shone in her face.

"Why am I going?" he repeated, looking straight into her eyes. "You know that I came simply for this, — to be where you are," he said. "I could not do otherwise."

And at this instant the wind, as if it had conquered every obstacle, blew the snow from the roofs of the carriages, and whirled away a piece of sheet-iron

which it had torn off, and at the same time the deep whistle of the locomotive gave a melancholy, mournful cry. Never had the horror of a tempest appeared to her more beautiful than now. He had said what her heart longed to hear but what her better judgment condemned. She made no reply, but he perceived by her face how she fought against herself.

"Forgive me if what I said displeases you," he murmured humbly.

He spoke respectfully, courteously, but in such a resolute, decided tone, that for some time she was unable to reply.

"What you said was wrong; and I beg of you, if you are a gentleman, to forget it, as I shall forget it," said she at last.

"I shall never forget, and I shall never be able to forget any of your words, any of your gestures...."

"Enough, enough!" she cried, vainly endeavoring to give an expression of severity to her face, at which Vronsky was passionately gazing. And grasping the cold railing she mounted the steps, and quickly entered the vestibule of the carriage. But she stopped in the little vestibule, and tried to recall to her imagination what had taken place. But though she found it impossible to remember either her own words or his, she instinctively felt that this brief conversation had brought them frightfully close together, and she was at once alarmed and delighted. After she had stood there a few seconds, she went back into the carriage and sat down in her place.

The nervous strain which had been tormenting her not only returned, but became more intense, until she began to fear every moment that something would snap her brain. She did not sleep all night; but in this nervous tension, and in the fantasies which filled her imagination, there was nothing disagreeable or painful; on the contrary, it was joyous, burning excitement.

Toward morning, Anna dozed as she sat in her armchair; and when she awoke it was broad daylight, and the train was approaching Petersburg. Instantly the

thought of her home, her husband, her son, and all the labors of the day and the coming days, filled her mind.

The train had hardly reached the station at Petersburg, when Anna stepped out on the platform; and the first person that she saw was her husband waiting for her.

"Oh, good heavens! Why do his ears stand out so!" she thought, as she looked at his reserved and portly figure and especially at his stiff cartilaginous ears, which, as they propped up the rim of his round hat, struck her for the first time. When he saw her, he came to meet her at the carriage, compressing his lips into his habitual smile of irony, looking straight at her with his great, weary eyes. A disagreeable thought made her heart sink when she saw his stubborn, weary look; she felt that she had expected to find him different. Especially was she astounded by the feeling of self-dissatisfaction which she experienced on meeting him. This feeling was associated with her home, akin to the state of hypocrisy which she recognized in her relations with her husband. This feeling was not novel; she had felt it before without heeding it, but now she realized it clearly and painfully.

"There! you see, I'm a tender husband, tender as the first year of our marriage; I was burning with desire to see you," said he, in his slow, deliberate voice, and with the light tone of raillery that he generally used in speaking to her, a tone of ridicule of any one who should really say such things.

"Is Serozha well?" she asked.

"And is this all the reward," he said, "for my ardor? He is well, very well." ....

CHAPTER XXXI

Vronsky also had not even attempted to sleep all that night. He sat in his arm-chair, now gazing straight forward, now looking at those who came in and went out, and if before he had impressed strangers and irritated

them by his imperturbable dignity, now he would have seemed to them far more haughty and self-contained. He looked at men as if they were things. A nervous young man, employed in the district court, was sitting opposite him in the carriage, and came to hate him on account of this aspect. The young man asked for a light, and spoke to him, and even touched him, in order to make him perceive that he was not a thing but a man; yet Vronsky looked at him exactly as he looked at the carriage-lamp. And the young man made a grimace, feeling that he should lose command of himself to be so scorned by a man.

Vronsky saw nothing, saw no one. He felt as if he were a tsar, not because he believed that he had made an impression upon Anna, — he did not fully realize that, as yet, — but because the impression which she had made on him filled him with happiness and pride.

What would be the outcome of all this he did not know, and did not even consider; but he felt that all his hitherto dissipated and scattered powers were now concentrating and converging with frightful rapidity toward one beatific focus. And he was happy in this thought. He knew only that he had told her the truth when he said he was going where she was, that all the happiness of life, the sole significance of life, he found now in seeing and hearing her. And when he left his compartment at Bologovo to get a glass of seltzer, and he saw Anna, involuntarily his first word told her what he thought. And he was glad that he had spoken as he did; glad that she knew all now, and was thinking about it. He did not sleep all night. Returning to his carriage he did not cease recalling all his memories of her, the words that she had spoken, and in his imagination glowed the pictures of a possible future which overwhelmed his heart.

When, on reaching Petersburg, he left the carriage, after his sleepless night he felt as fresh and vigorous as if he had just had a cold bath. He stood near his carriage, waiting to see her pass. "Once more I shall see her," he said to himself, with a smile. "I shall see her

graceful bearing, her face; she will speak a word to me, will turn her head, will look at me, perhaps she will smile on me."

But it was her husband whom first he saw, politely escorted through the crowd by the station-master.

"Oh, yes! the husband!"

And then Vronsky for the first time clearly realized that the husband was an important factor in Anna's life. He knew that she had a husband, but he had not realized his existence, and he now fully realized it only as he saw his head and shoulders, and his legs clothed in black trowsers, and especially when he saw this husband unconcernedly take her hand with an air of proprietorship.

When he saw Alekseï Aleksandrovitch with his Petersburgish-fresh face, and his solid, self-confident figure, his round hat, and his slightly stooping shoulders, he began to believe in his existence, and he experienced an unpleasant sensation such as a man tormented by thirst might experience, who should discover a fountain, but find that a dog, a sheep, or a pig has been drinking and fouling the water.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's stiff and heavy gait was exceedingly distasteful to Vronsky. He would not acknowledge that any one besides himself had the right to love Anna. But she was still the same and the sight of her had still the same effect on him, physically kindling him, stirring him, and filling his heart with joy. He ordered his German body-servant, who came hurrying up to him from the second-class carriage, to see to the baggage and to go home; and he himself went to her. Thus he witnessed the first meeting between husband and wife, and with a lover's intuition, perceived the shade of constraint with which Anna spoke to her husband.

"No, she does not love him, and she cannot love him," was his mental judgment.

Even as he came up to Anna Arkadyevna from behind, he noticed with joy that she felt him near her and looked round, and having recognized him, she went on talking with her husband.

"Did you pass a good night?" he inquired, bowing to her and her husband and allowing Alekseï Aleksandrovitch the opportunity to accept the honor of the salutation and recognize him or not recognize him as it might seem good to him.

"Thank you, very good," she replied.

Her face expressed weariness, lacked that spark of animation which was generally hovering now in her eyes, now in her smile; but, for a single instant, at the sight of Vronsky, something flashed into her eyes, and, notwithstanding the fact that the fire instantly died away, he was overjoyed even at this. She raised her eyes to her husband, to see whether he knew Vronsky. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch looked at him with displeasure, vaguely remembering who he was. Vronsky's calm self-assurance struck upon Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's cool superciliousness as a scythe strikes a rock.

"Count Vronsky," said Anna.

"Ah! We have met before, it seems to me," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch with indifference, extending his hand. "Went with the mother, and came home with the son," said he, speaking with precision, as if his words were worth a ruble apiece. "I presume you are returning from a furlough?" And without waiting for an answer, he turned to his wife, in his ironical tone, "Did they shed many tears in Moscow on your leaving them?"

By thus addressing his wife he intended to give Vronsky to understand that he desired to be left alone, and again bowing to him he touched his hat; but Vronsky had one more word to say to Anna.

"I hope to have the honor of calling on you," said he.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, with weary eyes, looked at Vronsky.

"Very happy," he said coldly; "we receive on Mondays."

Then, leaving Vronsky entirely, he said to his wife, still in a jesting tone:—

"And how fortunate that I happened to have a spare

half-hour to come to meet you, and show you my affection."

"You emphasize your affection too much for me to appreciate it," she replied, in the same spirit of raillery, involuntarily listening to Vronsky's steps behind them. "But what is that to me?" she asked herself in thought. Then she began to ask her husband how Serozha had got along during her absence.

"Oh! excellently. Mariette says that he has been very good, and.... I am sorry to mortify you.... he did not seem to miss you — not so much as your husband did. But again, *merci*, my dear, that you came a day earlier. Our dear *Samovar* will be delighted."

He called the celebrated Countess Lidya Ivanovna by the nickname of the *Samovar*, because, like a tea-urn, she was always and everywhere bubbling and boiling. "She has kept asking after you; and do you know, if I make bold to advise you, you would do well to go to see her to-day. You see, her heart is always sore about something. At present, besides her usual cares, she is greatly concerned about the reconciliation of the Oblonskys."

The Countess Lidya Ivanovna was a friend of Anna's husband, and the center of a certain clique in Petersburg society, to which Anna on her husband's account, rather than for any other reason, belonged.

"Yes! But did n't I write her?"

"She must have all the details. Go to her, my love, if you are not too tired. Well! Kondratu will call your carriage, and I am going to a committee-meeting. I shall not have to dine alone to-day," continued Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, not in jest this time. "You cannot imagine how used I am to...."

And with a peculiar smile, giving her a long pressure of the hand, he conducted her to the carriage.

CHAPTER XXXII

The first person to meet Anna when she reached home was her son. He darted down-stairs, in spite of his governess's reproof, and with wild delight cried, "Mamma! mamma!" Rushing up to her he threw his arms round her neck.

"I told you it was mamma!" he shouted to the governess. "I knew it was!"

But the son, no less than the husband, awakened in Anna a feeling like disillusion. She imagined him better than he was in reality. She was obliged to descend to the reality in order to look on him as he was. But in fact, he was lovely, with his fair curls, his blue eyes, and his pretty plump legs in their neatly fitting stockings. She felt an almost physical satisfaction in feeling him near her, and in his caresses, and a moral calm in looking into his tender, confiding, loving eyes, and in hearing his innocent questions. She unpacked the gifts sent him by Dolly's children, and told him how there was a little girl in Moscow, named Tanya, and how this Tanya knew how to read, and was teaching the other children to read.

"Am I not as good as she?" asked Serozha.

"For me, you are worth all the rest of the world."

"I know it," said Serozha, smiling.

Anna had not finished drinking her coffee, when the Countess Lidya Ivanovna was announced. The Countess Lidya Ivanovna was a tall, stout woman, with an unhealthy, sallow complexion, and handsome, dreamy black eyes. Anna liked her, but to-day, as if for the first time, she saw her with all her faults.

"Well! my dear, did you carry the olive-branch?" demanded the Countess Lidya Ivanovna, as she entered the room.

"Yes, it is all made up," replied Anna; "but it was not so bad as we thought. As a general thing, my sister-in-law is too peremptory."

But the Countess Lidya, who was interested in every-

thing that did not specially concern herself, had the habit of sometimes not heeding what did interest her. She interrupted Anna: —

"Well! This world is full of woes and tribulations, and I am all worn out to-day."

"What is it?" asked Anna, striving to repress a smile.

"I am beginning to weary of the ineffectual attempts to get at the truth, and sometimes I am utterly discouraged. The work of the Little Sisters" — this was a philanthropic and religiously patriotic institution — "used to get along splendidly, but there is nothing to be done with these men," added the Countess Lidya Ivanovna, with an air of ironical resignation to fate. "They got hold of the idea, they mutilated it, and then they judge it so meanly, so wretchedly. Two or three men, your husband among them, understand all the significance of this work; but the others only discredit it. Yesterday I had a letter from Pravdin ...."

Pravdin was a famous Panslavist, who lived abroad, and the Countess Lidya Ivanovna related what he had said in his letter.

Then she went on to describe the troubles and snares that blocked the work of uniting the churches, and finally departed in haste, because it was the day for her to be present at the meeting of some society or other, and at the sitting of the Slavonic Committee.

"All this is just as it has been, but why did I never notice it before?" said Anna to herself. "Was she very irritable to-day? But at any rate, it is ridiculous: her aims are charitable, she is a Christian, and yet she is angry with every one, and every one is her enemy; and yet all her enemies are working for Christianity and charity."

After the departure of the Countess Lidya Ivanovna, came a friend, the wife of a director, who told her all the news of the city. At three o'clock she went out, promising to be back in time for dinner. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was at the meeting of the ministry. The hour before dinner, which Anna spent alone, she em-

ployed sitting with her son, — who had his dinner by himself, — in arranging her things, and in reading and answering the letters and notes heaped up on her writing-table.

The sensation of causeless shame, and the agitation from which she had suffered so strangely during her journey, now completely disappeared. Under the conditions of her ordinary every-day life, she felt calm, and free from reproach, and she was filled with wonder as she recalled her condition of the night before.

"What was it? Nothing. Vronsky said a foolish thing; it is easy to put an end to such nonsense, and I answered him exactly right. To speak of it to my husband is unnecessary and impossible. To speak about it would seem to attach importance to what has none."

And she recalled how, when a young subordinate of her husband's in Petersburg had almost made her a declaration and she had told him about it, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch answered that as she went into society, she, like all society women, might expect such experiences, but that he had perfect confidence in her tact, and never would permit himself to humiliate her or him by jealousy. "Why tell, then? Besides, thank God, there is nothing to tell."

CHAPTER XXXIII

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch returned from the ministry about four o'clock; but, as often happened, he found no time to speak to Anna. He went directly to his private room to give audience to some petitioners who were waiting for him, and to sign some papers brought him by his chief secretary.

The Karenins always had at least three visitors to dine with them; and that day there came an old lady, a cousin of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's, a department director with his wife, and a young man recommended to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch for employment. Anna came to the drawing-room to receive them at five o'clock pre-

cisely. The great bronze clock, of the time of Peter the Great, had not yet finished its fifth stroke, when Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, in white cravat, and with two decorations on his dress-coat, left his dressing-room; he had an engagement immediately after dinner. Every moment of Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch's life was counted and occupied; and in order to accomplish what he had to do every day, he was forced to use the strictest punctuality. "Without haste, and without rest," was his motto. He entered the dining-room, bowed to his guests, and, giving his wife a smile, hastily sat down.

"Yes, my solitude is over! You can't believe how irksome," — he laid a special stress on the word *nelovko*, irksome, — "it is to dine alone!"

During the dinner he talked with his wife about matters in Moscow, and, with his mocking smile, inquired especially about Stepan Arkadyevitch; but the conversation dwelt for the most part on common subjects, about official and social matters in Petersburg. After dinner he spent a half-hour with his guests, and then, giving his wife another smile, and pressing her hand, he left the room and went to the council.

Anna did not go out that evening either to the Princess Betsy Tverskaya's, who, having heard of her arrival, had sent her an invitation; or to the theater, where she just now had a box. She did not go out principally because the gown on which she had counted was not finished. After the departure of her guests, Anna took a general survey of her wardrobe, and was very angry. She was extremely clever in dressing at small expense, and just before she went to Moscow she had given three gowns to her dressmaker to make over. These gowns required to be made over in such a way that no one would recognize them, and they should have been ready three days before. Two of the gowns proved to be absolutely unfinished, and one was not made over in a way which Anna liked. The dressmaker sought to explain what she had done, declaring that her way was best; and Anna reprimanded her so severely that afterwards she felt ashamed of herself. To calm her

agitation, she went to the nursery, and spent the whole evening with her son, put him to bed herself, made the sign of the cross over him, and tucked the quilt about him. She was glad that she had not gone out, and that she had spent such a happy evening. It was so quiet and restful, and now she saw clearly that all that had seemed so important during her railway journey was only one of the ordinary insignificant events of social life, — that she had nothing of which to be ashamed, either in her own eyes, or in the eyes of others. She sat down in front of the fireplace with her English novel, and waited for her husband. At half-past ten exactly his ring was heard at the door, and he came into the room.

"Here you are, at last," she said, giving him her hand. He kissed her hand, and sat down near her.

"Your journey, I see, was on the whole very successful," said he.

"Yes, very," she replied; and she began to relate all the details from the beginning — her journey with the Countess Vronskaya, her arrival, the accident at the station, the pity which she had felt, first for her brother, and afterwards for Dolly.

"I do not see how it is possible to pardon such a man, even though he is your brother," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, severely.

Anna smiled. She appreciated that he said this to show that not even kinship could bend him from the strictness of his honest judgment. She knew this trait in her husband's character, and liked it.

"I am glad that all ended so satisfactorily, and that you have come home again," he continued. "Well! what do they say there about the new measures that I introduced in the council?"

Anna had heard nothing said about this new measure, and she was confused because she had so easily forgotten something which to him was so important.

"Here, on the contrary, it has made a great sensation," said he, with a self-satisfied smile.

She saw that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch wanted to tell

her something very flattering to himself about this affair, and, by means of questions, she led him up to the story. And he, with the same self-satisfied smile, began to tell her of the congratulations which he had received on account of this measure, which had been passed.

"I was very, very glad. This proves that at last reasonable and serious views about this question are beginning to be formed among us."

After he had taken his second glass of tea, with cream and bread, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch arose to go to his library.

"But you did not go out; was it very tiresome for you?" he said.

"Oh, no!" she replied, rising with her husband, and going with him through the hall to the library.

"What are you reading now?" she asked.

"Just now I am reading the Duc de Lille — *Poésie des enfers*," he replied, "a very remarkable book."

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the weaknesses of those we love, and, passing her arm through her husband's, accompanied him to the library door. She knew that his habit of reading in the evening had become inexorable, and that, notwithstanding his absorbing duties, which took so much of his time at the council, he felt it his duty to follow all that seemed remarkable in the sphere of literature. She also knew that while he felt a special interest in works on political economy, philosophy, and religion, art was quite foreign to his nature; and notwithstanding this, or better, for that very reason, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch allowed nothing that was attracting attention in that field to escape his notice, but considered it his duty to read everything. She knew that in the province of political economy, philosophy, religion, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had doubts, and tried to solve them; but in questions of art or poetry, particularly in music, the comprehension of which was utterly beyond him, he had the most precise and definite opinions. He loved to talk of Shakespeare, Raphael, and Beethoven; of the importance of the new school

of music and poetry, — all of whom were classed by him according to the most rigorous logic.

"Well! God be with you," she said, as they reached the door of the library. Near her husband's arm-chair were standing, as usual, the shade-lamp already lighted, and a carafe with water. "And I am going to write to Moscow."

Again he pressed her hand, and kissed it.

"Taken all in all, he is a good man; upright, excellent, remarkable in his sphere," said Anna to herself, on her way to her room, as if she was defending him from some one who accused him of not being lovable.

"But why do his ears stick out so? Or does he cut his hair too short?"

It was just midnight, and Anna was still sitting at her writing-table finishing a letter to Dolly, when measured steps in slippers were heard; and Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, who had washed his face and brushed his hair, came in with his book under his arm.

"Late, late," said he, with his usual smile, and passed on to his sleeping-room.

"And what right had he to look at him so?" thought Anna, recalling Vronsky's expression when he saw Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. Having undressed, she went to her room; but in her face there was none of that animation that shone in her eyes and in her smile at Moscow. On the contrary, the fire had either died away, or was somewhere far away and out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXIV

On leaving Petersburg, Vronsky had installed his beloved friend and comrade, Petritsky, in his ample quarters on the Morskaya.

Petritsky was a young lieutenant, not particularly distinguished, and not only not rich, but over ears in debt. Every evening he came home tipsy, and he spent much of his time at the police courts, in search of strange

or amusing or scandalous stories; but in spite of all he was a favorite with his comrades and his chiefs.

About eleven o'clock in the morning, when Vronsky reached his rooms after his journey, he saw at the entrance an izvoshchik's carriage, which he knew very well. From the door, when he rang, he heard men's laughter and the lisping of a woman's voice, and Petritsky shouting: —

"If it 's any of those villains, don't let 'em in."

Vronsky, not allowing his denshchik to announce his presence, quietly entered the anteroom. The Baroness Shilton, a friend of Petritsky's, shining in a lilac satin robe, and with her little pink face, was making coffee before a round table, and, like a canary-bird, was filling the room with her Parisian slang. Petritsky in his overcoat, and Captain Kamerovsky in full uniform, apparently just from duty, were sitting near her.

"Bravo, Vronsky!" cried Petritsky, leaping up and overturning the chair. "The master himself. Baroness, coffee for him from the new coffee-pot! We did not expect you. I hope that you are pleased with the new ornament in your library," he said, pointing to the baroness. "You are acquainted, are n't you?"

"I should think so!" said Vronsky, smiling gayly, and squeezing the baroness's dainty little hand. "We 're old friends."

"Are you back from a journey?" asked the baroness. "Then I 'm off. Akh! I am going this minute if I am in the way."

"You are at home wherever you are, baroness," said Vronsky. "How are you, Kamerovsky?" coolly shaking hands with the captain.

"There now! you would never think of saying such lovely things as that," said the baroness to Petritsky.

"No? Why not? After dinner I could say better things!"

"Yes, after dinner there 's no more merit in them. Well! I will make your coffee while you go and wash your hands and brush off the dust," said the baroness, again sitting down, and industriously turning the screw

of the new coffee-pot. "Pierre, bring some more coffee," said she to Petritsky, whom she called Pierre, after his family name, making no concealment of her intimacy with him. "I will add it."

"You will spoil it."

"No! I won't spoil it. Well! and your wife?" said the baroness, suddenly interrupting Vronsky's remarks to his companions. "We have been marrying you off. Did you bring your wife?"

"No, baroness. I was born a Bohemian, and I shall die a Bohemian."

"So much the better, so much the better; give us your hand!"

And the baroness, without letting him go, began to talk with him, developing her various plans of life, and asking his advice with many jests.

"He will never be willing to let me have a divorce. Well! what am I to do? [*He* was her husband.] I now mean to institute a lawsuit. What should you think of it?.... Kamerovsky, just watch the coffee! It 's boiling over. .... You see how well I understand business! I mean to begin a lawsuit to get control of my fortune. Do you understand this nonsense? Under the pretext that I have been unfaithful," said she, in a scornful tone, "he means to get possession of my estate."

Vronsky listened with amusement to this gay prattle of the pretty woman, approved of what she said, gave her half-jesting advice, and assumed the tone he usually affected with women of her character. In his Petersburg world, humanity was divided into two absolutely distinct categories, — the one of a low order, trivial, stupid, and above all ridiculous people, who declared that one husband ought to live with one wedded wife, that girls should be virtuous, women chaste, men brave, temperate, and upright, occupied in bringing up their children decently, in earning their bread, and paying their debts, and other such absurdities. People of this kind were old-fashioned and ridiculous.

But there was another and vastly superior class, to which he and his friends belonged, and in this the chief

requirement was that its members should be elegant, generous, bold, gay, unblushingly given over to every passion, and scornful of all the rest.

Only for the first moment was Vronsky bewildered under the impressions which he had brought back from Moscow, of an entirely different world. But soon, and as naturally as one puts on old slippers, he got into the spirit of his former gay and jovial life.

The coffee was never served; it boiled over, spattered them all, and wet a costly table-cloth and the baroness's dress; but it served the end that was desired, for it gave rise to many jests and merry peals of laughter.

"Well, now, good-by, for you will never get dressed, and I shall have on my conscience the worst crime that a decent man can commit, — that of not taking a bath. .... So you advise me to put the knife to his throat?"

"By all means, and in such a way that your little hand will come near his lips. He will kiss your little hand, and all will end to everybody's satisfaction," said Vronsky.

"This evening at the *Théâtre Français*," and she took her departure with her rustling train.

Kamerovsky likewise arose, but Vronsky, without waiting for him to go, shook hands with him, and went to his dressing-room. While he was taking his bath, Petritsky sketched for him in a few lines his situation, and how it had changed during Vronsky's absence, — no money at all; his father declaring that he would not give him any more, or pay a single debt. One tailor determined to have him arrested, and a second no less determined. His colonel insisted that, if these scandals continued, he should leave the regiment. The baroness was as annoying to him as a bitter radish, principally because she was always wanting to squander money; "but she is a daisy, a charmer," he assured Vronsky, "in the strict Oriental style, — *your servant Rebecca* kind, you know." He had been having a quarrel with Berkoshef, and he wanted to send him his seconds, but he imagined nothing would come of it. As for the rest, everything was getting along particularly jolly.

And then, without leaving Vronsky time to realize the minutiæ of his situation, Petritsky began to retail the news of the day. As he listened to Petritsky's well-known gossip, in the familiar environment of his quarters where he had lived for three years, Vronsky experienced the pleasant sensation of his return to his gay and idle Petersburg life.

"It cannot be!" he cried, as he turned the faucet of his wash-stand and let the water stream over his red, healthy neck; "it cannot be!" he cried, referring to the report that Laura had taken up with Mileef and thrown Fertinghof over. "And is he as stupid and as conceited as ever?.... Well, and how about Buzulukof?"

"Akh! Buzulukof! here's a good story, fascinating!" said Petritsky. "You know his passion, — balls; and he never misses one at court. At the last one he went in a new helmet. Have you seen the new helmets? Very handsome,.... light. Well, he was standing.... No; but listen."

"Yes, I am listening," replied Vronsky, rubbing his face with a towel.

"The grand duchess was just going by on the arm of some foreign ambassador or other, and unfortunately for him their conversation turned on the new helmets. The grand duchess wanted to point out one of the new helmets, and, seeing our galubchik standing there," — here Petritsky showed how he stood in his helmet, — "she begged him to show her his helmet. He did not budge. What does it mean? The fellows wink at him, make signs, scowl at him. 'Give it to her.'.... He does not stir. He is like a dead man. You can imagine the scene!.... Now.... as he.... then they attempt to take it off.... He won't let it go!.... At last he himself takes it off, and hands it to the grand duchess.

"'Here, this is the new kind,' said the grand duchess. But, as she turned it over, — you can imagine it — out came, bukh! pears, *bonbons*,.... two pounds of *bonbons!*.... He had been to market, galubchik!"

Vronsky burst out laughing; and long afterwards,

even when speaking of other things, the memory of the unfortunate helmet caused him to break out into a good-natured laugh which showed his handsome, regular teeth.

Having learned all the news, Vronsky donned his uniform with the aid of his valet, and went out to report himself. After he had reported, he determined to go to his brother's, to Betsy's, and to make a few calls, so as to secure an entry into the society where he should be likely to see Madame Karenina; and in accordance with the usual custom at Petersburg, he left his rooms, expecting to return only when it was very late at night.

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

TOWARD the end of the winter the Shcherbatskys held a consultation of physicians in order to find out what was the state of Kitty's health, and what measures were to be taken to restore her strength; she was ill, and the approach of spring only increased her ailment. The family doctor had ordered cod-liver oil, then iron, and last of all, nitrate of silver; but as none of these remedies did any good, and as he advised them to take her abroad, it was then resolved to consult a celebrated specialist.

This celebrated doctor, still a young man, and very neat in his appearance, insisted on a careful investigation of the trouble. He with especial satisfaction, as it seemed, insisted that maidenly modesty is only a relic of barbarism, and that nothing is more natural than that a young man should make examination of a girl in undress. He found this natural because he did it every day, and he was conscious of no impropriety in it, as far as he could see; and, therefore, any sense of shame on the part of the girl he considered not only a relic of barbarism, but also an insult to himself.

It was necessary to submit, since, notwithstanding the fact that all the other doctors were taught in the same school and studied the same books, and notwithstanding the fact that certain persons declared that this celebrated doctor was a bad doctor, yet in the princess's house and in her circle of friends it was admitted somehow that this celebrated doctor was the only one known who had the special knowledge, and was the only one who could save Kitty's life. After a careful examination and a prolonged thumping on the lungs of the poor sick girl,

trembling with mortification, the celebrated physician carefully washed his hands, and returned to the drawing-room, and gave his report to the prince.

The prince, with a little cough, listened to what he had to say, and frowned. He was a man of experience and brains, was in good health, and he had no faith in medicine. He was all the more angry at this comedy, because possibly he alone understood what ailed his daughter.

"A regular humbug,"[1] thought the old prince, as he listened to the doctor's loquacity concerning the symptoms of his daughter's illness, mentally applying to the celebrated doctor a term from the vocabulary of hunting.

The doctor, on his part, with difficulty disguised his disdain, with difficulty stooped to the low level of his intelligence, for this old gentleman. It seemed to him scarcely necessary to speak to the old man, since, in his eyes, the head of the house was the princess. He was ready to pour out before her all the floods of his eloquence. At this moment she came in with the family doctor. The prince left the room, so as not to show too clearly how ridiculous this whole comedy seemed to him. The princess was troubled, and did not know what course to take. She felt a little guilty in regard to Kitty.

"Well! Doctor, decide on our fate," said the princess; "tell me all."

She wanted to say, "Is there any hope?" but her lips trembled, and she could not put this question to him. "Well, doctor?"

"In a moment, princess, I shall be at your service, after I have conferred with my colleague. I shall then have the honor of giving you my opinion."

"Do you wish to be alone?"

"Just as you please."

The princess sighed, and left the room.

When the doctors were left alone, the family physician began timidly to express his opinion about her

[1] *Pustobrekh*, empty barker, signifying one who has had no luck, but comes home with large stories. — Tr.

condition, and gave his reasons for thinking that it was the beginning of tubercular disease, but....

The celebrated physician listened, and in the midst of his diagnosis took out his great gold watch.

"Yes," said he, "but...."

The family physician stopped respectfully.

"You know that we can hardly decide when tubercular disease first begins. In the present case, apparently there is as yet no decided lesion. We can only surmise. And the symptoms are: indigestion, nervousness, and others. The question, therefore, stands thus: What is to be done, granting that a tubercular development is to be feared, in order to superinduce improved alimentation?"

"But you know well, in such cases there are always some moral or spiritual causes," said the family doctor, with a cunning smile.

"Of course," replied the celebrated doctor, looking at his watch again. "Excuse me, but do you know whether the bridge over the Yausa is finished yet, or whether one has to go around? Oh, it is finished, is it? Well! Then I have twenty minutes left.— We were just saying that the question remains thus: to improve the digestion, and strengthen the nerves; the one is connected with the other, and it is necessary to act on both halves of the circle."

"But the journey abroad?"

"I am opposed to these journeys abroad. I beg you to follow my reasoning. If tubercular development has already set in, which we are not yet in a condition to prove, then a journey abroad would do no good. The main thing is to discover a means of promoting good digestion."

And the celebrated doctor began to develop his plan for a cure by means of Soden water, the principal merits of which were, in his eyes, their absolutely inoffensive character.

The family doctor listened with attention and respect.

"But I should urge in favor of a journey abroad the

change of her habits and dissociation from the conditions that serve to recall unhappy thoughts. And finally, her mother wants her to go."

"Ah, well, in that case let them go, provided always that those German charlatans do not aggravate her disease..... They must follow..... Yes! let them travel."

And again he looked at his watch.

"It is time for me to go;" and he started for the door.

The celebrated doctor explained to the princess that he wished to see the invalid once more — a sense of propriety dictated this.

"What! have another examination?" cried the princess, with horror.

"Oh, no! only a few minor points, princess."

"Then come in, I beg of you."

And the mother ushered the doctor into the drawing-room where Kitty was. Emaciated and flushed, with a peculiar gleam in her eyes, the result of the mortification she had borne, Kitty was standing in the middle of the room. When the doctor came in her eyes filled with tears, and she turned crimson. Her whole illness and the medical treatment seemed to her such stupid, even ridiculous nonsense. The medical treatment of her case seemed to her as absurd as to gather up the fragments of a broken vase. Her heart was broken, and could it be healed by pills and powders? But it was impossible to wound her mother's feelings, the more because her mother felt that she had been to blame.

"Will you sit down, princess?" said the celebrated doctor.

With a smile he sat down in front of her, felt her pulse, and with a smile began a series of wearisome questions. At first she replied to them, then suddenly arose impatiently.

"Excuse me, doctor; but, indeed, this all leads to nothing. This is the third time that you have asked me the same question."

The celebrated doctor took no offense.

"It is her nervous irritability," he remarked to the

princess when Kitty had gone from the room. "However, I had finished." ....

And the celebrated doctor explained the young princess's condition to her mother, treating her as a woman of remarkable intelligence, and concluded with directions how to drink those waters which were valueless.

On the question, "Is it best to take her abroad?" the doctor pondered deeply, as if he were deciding a difficult problem. The decision was at last expressed: 'Go, but put no faith in charlatans, and consult him in everything.'

After the doctor's departure, everybody felt as if something jolly had happened. The mother, in much better spirits, rejoined her daughter, and Kitty declared that she was better already. Often, almost all the time, of late, she felt obliged to pretend.

"Truly, I am well, *maman*, but if you desire it, let us go," said she; and in her endeavor to show that she was interested in the journey, she began to speak of their preparations.

CHAPTER II

Shortly after the doctor went, Dolly came. She knew that the consultation was to take place that day; and though she was as yet scarcely able to go out, having had a little daughter toward the end of the winter, and although she had many trials and cares of her own, she left her nursing baby and one of the little girls who was ailing, and came to learn what Kitty's fate should be.

"Well! how is it?" she said, as she came into the drawing-room with her hat on. "You are all happy! Then all is well?"

They endeavored to tell her what the doctor had said; but it seemed that, although the doctor had spoken very fluently and lengthily, no one was able to tell what he had said. The only interesting point was the decision in regard to the journey abroad.

Dolly sighed involuntarily. Her sister, her best

friend, was going away; and life for her was not joyous. Her relations with Stepan Arkadyevitch since the reconciliation had become humiliating; the union brought about by Anna had not been of long duration, and the family concord had broken down in the same place. There was nothing definite, but Stepan Arkadyevitch was scarcely ever at home, there was scarcely ever any money in the house, and suspicions of his unfaithfulness constantly tormented Dolly, but she kept driving them away in terror of the unhappiness which jealousy caused her. The first explosion of jealousy, having been lived down, could not indeed be experienced again; and even the discovery of his unfaithfulness could not have such an effect on her as it had the first time. Such a discovery now would only break up the family, and she preferred to shut her eyes to his deception, despising him, and above all herself, because of this weakness. Moreover, the cares of a numerous family constantly annoyed her; first the nursing of her baby was unsatisfactory, then the nurse went off, and now one of the children was ill.

"And how are the children?" asked the princess.

"Akh, *maman!* we have so many tribulations. Lili is ill in bed, and I am afraid it is the scarlatina. I came out now to see how you were, for there'll be no getting out for me after this, if it is scarlatina — which God forbid!"

The old prince also, after the doctor's departure, came out from his library, presented his cheek to Dolly, exchanged a few words with her, and then turned to his wife: —

"What decision have you come to? Shall you go? Well! and what are you going to do with me?"

"I think, Aleksandr, that you had better stay at home."

"Just as you please."

"*Maman*, why does n't papa come with us?" said Kitty. "It would be gayer for him and for us."

The old prince got up and smoothed Kitty's hair with his hand; she raised her head, and with an effort smiled

as she looked at him; it always seemed to her that he understood her better than any one else in the family, though he did not say much. She was the youngest, and therefore her father's favorite daughter, and it seemed to her that his love made him clairvoyant. When she saw his kind blue eyes steadily fixed on her, it seemed to her that he read her very soul, and saw all the evil that was working there. She blushed, and bent toward him, expecting a kiss; but he only pulled her hair, saying:—

"These stupid *chignons!* one never gets down to the real daughter, but you caress the hair of departed females. Well! Dolinka," turning to his eldest daughter, "what is that trump of yours doing?"

"Nothing, papa," said Dolly, perceiving that her father referred to her husband; "he is always away from home, and I scarcely ever see him," she could not refrain from adding, with an ironical smile.

"Has he not gone yet to the country to sell his wood?"

"No; he is always putting it off."

"Truly," said the old prince, "is he taking after me? —I hear you," he said in reply to his wife, and sitting down. "And as for you, Katya," he said, addressing his youngest daughter, "do you know what you ought to do? Sometime, some fine morning, wake up and say, 'There! I am perfectly well and happy, papa, and we must go for our early morning walk in the cold,' ha?"

What her father said seemed very simple, but at his words Kitty felt confused and disconcerted like a convicted criminal. "Yes, he knows all, he understands all, and these words mean that I ought to overcome my humiliation, however great it has been."

She could not summon up the courage to reply. She began to say something, but suddenly burst into tears, and ran from the room.

"Just like your tricks!" said the princess to her husband, angrily. "You always...." and she began one of her tirades.

The prince listened for some time to her reproaches,

and made no reply, but his face kept growing darker and darker.

"She is so sensitive, poor little thing, so sensitive! and you don't understand how she suffers at the slightest allusion to the cause of her suffering. Akh! how mistaken we are in people!" said the princess.

And by the change in the inflection of her voice, Dolly and the prince perceived that she had reference to Vronsky.

"I don't understand why there are not any laws to punish such vile, such ignoble men."

"Akh! do hear her," said the prince with a frown, getting up from his chair and evidently anxious to make his escape, but halting on the threshold:—

"There are laws, matushka; and if you force me to this, I will tell you who is to blame in all this trouble. You, you alone! There are laws against such young fops, and there always will be; and if things had not been as they ought never to have been, old man that I am, I should have put that dandy on the fence. Yes, and now to cure her, you bring in these quacks."

The prince would have had still more to say, but as soon as the princess heard his tone she immediately became humble and repentant, as always happened when important questions came up.

"Alexandre! Alexandre!" she murmured, going up to him, and weeping.

The prince held his peace when he saw her tears. He went to meet her:—

"Well, let it go, let it go. I know that it is hard for you also. What is to be done? There is no great harm. God is merciful..... Thank you!" said he, not knowing what he said, and replying to the princess's damp kiss which he felt on his hand. Then the prince left the room.

As soon as Kitty, weeping, had left the room, Dolly, with her maternal domestic instinct, perceived that this was an affair which required a woman's management, and she was preparing to follow her. She took her hat and morally tucking up her sleeves, prepared to act.

But when her mother began to attack her father, she tried to restrain her, as far as her filial respect allowed. When the prince's outburst occurred, she said nothing; she was ashamed for her mother and she felt a deep affection because of the instant return of his good-nature; but when he went out, she determined to do the chief thing that was necessary — to go to Kitty and calm her.

"I have long wanted to tell you, *maman;* did you know that when Levin was here the last time, he intended to offer himself to Kitty? He told Stiva."

"What is that? I do not understand...."

"Then perhaps Kitty refused him?.... Did n't she tell you?"

"No, she did not say anything to me about either of them; she is too proud. But I know that all this comes from...."

"Yes; but think, if she refused Levin. I know that she would not have done so if it had not been for the other one.... and then he deceived her so abominably."

It was terrible to the princess to think how blameworthy she had been toward her daughter, and she grew angry.

"Akh! I don't know anything about it. Nowadays every girl wants to live as she pleases, and not to say anything to her mother, and so it comes that...."

"*Maman,* I am going to see her."

"Go! I will not prevent you," said her mother.

CHAPTER III

As she entered Kitty's pretty little rosy *boudoir*, with figurines in *vieux saxe*, a room as youthful, as rosy, as gay as Kitty herself had been two months before, Dolly remembered with what pleasure and interest the two had decorated it the year before; how happy and gay they were then! She felt a chill at her heart as she saw her sister sitting on a low chair near the door,

her motionless eyes fixed on a corner of the carpet. Kitty glanced up at her sister, but the cold and rather stern expression of her face underwent no change.

"I am going now, and I may be confined at home, and it will be impossible for you to see me," said Darya Aleksandrovna, sitting down near her sister; "I wanted to have a little talk with you."

"What about?" asked Kitty, quickly raising her head in alarm.

"What else than about your sorrow?"

"I have no sorrow."

"That 'll do, Kitty. "Do you really imagine that I don't know? I know everything; and believe me, this is such a trifle.... All of us have been through this."

Kitty said nothing, and her face resumed its severe expression.

"He is not worth the trouble that you have given yourself because of him," continued Darya Aleksandrovna, coming right to the point.

"Yes! because he jilted me!" murmured Kitty, with trembling voice. "Don't speak of it, please don't speak of it!"

"But who said that to you? No one said such a thing! I am sure that he was in love with you, — that he is still in love with you; but...."

"Ah! nothing exasperates me so as compassion," cried Kitty, in a sudden rage. She turned around in her chair, flushed scarlet, and moved her belt-buckle back and forth from one hand to the other, clutching it in her fingers.

Dolly well knew this habit of her sister when she was provoked. She knew that she was capable of forgetting herself, and saying harsh and cruel things in moments of petulance, and she tried to calm her; but it was too late.

"What, what do you wish me to understand? what is it?" cried Kitty, talking fast: — "that I was in love with a man who did not care for me, and that I am dying of love for him? And it is my sister who says this to me! — my sister who thinks that.... that.... that.... she

is showing me her sympathy!.... I hate such sympathy and such hypocrisy!"

"Kitty, you are unjust."

"Why do you torment me?"

"Why, on the contrary .... I saw that you were sad...."

Kitty in her anger did not heed her.

"I have nothing to break my heart over, and need no consolation. I am too proud ever to love a man who does not love me."

"Well! I do not say .... I say only one thing .... Tell me the truth," added Darya Aleksandrovna, taking her hand. "Tell me, did Levin speak to you?"....

At the name of Levin, Kitty lost all control of herself; she sprang up from her chair, threw the buckle on the floor, and with quick, indignant gestures cried: —

"Why do you speak to me of Levin? I don't see why you need to torment me. I have already said, and I repeat it, that I am proud, and never, *never* would I do what you have done, — go back to a man who had been false to me, who had made love to another woman. I do not understand this; you can, but I cannot!"

As she said these words, she looked at her sister, and seeing that Dolly bent her head sadly without answering, she sat down near the door again, and hid her face in her handkerchief instead of leaving the room as she had intended to do.

The silence lasted several minutes. Dolly was thinking of herself. Her humiliation, of which she was always conscious, appeared to her more cruel than ever, thus recalled by her sister. She did not expect such bitterness from her sister, and it made her angry. But suddenly she heard the rustling of a dress, a broken sob, and some one's arms were thrown around her neck. Kitty was on her knees before her.

"Dolinka, I am so unhappy!" she murmured in exculpation; and her pretty face, wet with tears, was hid in Dolly's skirt.

Those tears were evidently the indispensable lubricant without which the machinery of mutual communion between the two sisters could not work. At all events,

after a good cry, they spoke no more on the subject which interested them both, but even while they were talking about irrelevant topics they understood each other. Kitty knew that the cruel words that she had uttered in her anger, about the husband's unfaithfulness — the unfaithfulness of Dolly's husband — and her humiliation, struck deep into her poor sister's heart, but that she forgave her. Dolly, on her side, knew all that she wanted to know, she was convinced that her suspicions were correct, that the pain Kitty felt, the irremediable pain, lay in the fact that Levin had offered himself to her, and that she had refused him, and that Vronsky had played her false, and that she was ready to love Levin and to hate Vronsky. Kitty said not a word about this; she spoke only of the general state of her soul.

"I have no sorrow," she said, regaining her calmness a little; "but you cannot imagine how wretched, disgusting, and vulgar everything seems to me — above all myself. You cannot imagine what evil thoughts come into my mind."

"Yes, but what evil thoughts can you have?" asked Dolly, with a smile.

"The most abominable, the most repulsive. I cannot describe them to you. It is not melancholy, and it is not *ennui*. It is much worse. It is as if all the good that was in me had disappeared, and only the evil was left. Now how can that be, I tell you?" she asked, looking in perplexity into her sister's eyes. "Papa began to say something to me a few minutes ago.... It seems to me he thinks that all I need is a husband. Mamma takes me to the ball. It seems to me that she takes me there for the sole purpose of getting rid of me, of getting me married as soon as possible. I know that it is not true, and yet I cannot drive away these ideas. So-called marriageable young men are unendurable to me. It always seems to me that they are taking my measure. A short time ago, to go anywhere in a ball gown was a simple delight to me; I admired myself, I enjoyed it; now it is a bore to me, and I feel ill at ease. Now, what do you think?.... The doctor.... well...."

Kitty stopped; she wanted to say further that, since she had felt this great change in herself, Stepan Arkadyevitch had become unendurably distasteful to her, that she could not see him without the most repulsive and unbecoming conjectures arising in her mind.

"Indeed, everything takes the most repulsive, disgusting aspect in my sight," she continued. "It is a disease, — perhaps it will pass away."

"But don't for a moment think...."

"I cannot help it. I do not feel at ease except with you and the children."

"What a pity that you can't come home with me now!"

"Well, I will go. I have had scarlatina. I will persuade *maman*."

Kitty insisted so eagerly, that she was allowed to go to her sister's, and throughout the course of the disease, — which proved to be the scarlatina, — she looked after the children. The two sisters successfully nursed all the six children; but Kitty's health did not improve, and at Lent the Shcherbatskys went abroad.

CHAPTER IV

The highest Petersburg society is remarkably united. Every one knows every one else, and every one exchanges visits. But in this great circle there are subdivisions. Anna Arkadyevna Karenina had friends and close relations with three different circles. One was the official circle, to which her husband belonged, composed of his colleagues and subordinates, bound together, or even further subdivided, by the most varied, and often the most capricious, social relations. It was now difficult for Anna to call back the sentiment of almost religious respect which at first she felt for all these personages. Now she knew them all, as one knows people in a provincial city. She knew what habits and weaknesses were characteristic of each, and what feet the shoe pinched. She knew what were their relations among

themselves, and to the official center. She knew how this one agreed with that and on what grounds, and how another disagreed with still another, and wherefore. But this administrative clique, to which her husband belonged, could never interest her, in spite of the Countess Lidya Ivanovna's suggestions, and she avoided it.

The second circle in which Anna moved was that which had helped Alekseï Aleksandrovitch in his career. The center of this circle was the Countess Lidya Ivanovna; it was composed of aged, ugly, charitable, and devout women, and intelligent, learned, and ambitious men. One of the clever men who belonged to this circle had called it the "conscience of Petersburg society." Karenin was very much devoted to this circle; and Anna, who had the faculty of getting along with all people, had, during the early days of her life in Petersburg, made friends in its number. After her return from Moscow, this set of people seemed to her insupportable; it seemed as if she herself, as well as all the rest of them, were hypocritical, and she felt depressed and ill at ease in this society. She saw the Countess Lidya as infrequently as she possibly could.

Finally, the third circle in which Anna had connections was Society, properly speaking, the fashionable society of balls, dinner-parties, brilliant toilets — the society which with one hand lays fast hold of the court lest it descend to the level of the *demi-monde*, which the members of this circle affect to despise, and yet whose tastes are not only similar, but the same. The bond that united her to this society was the Princess Betsy Tverskaya, the wife of one of her cousins, who enjoyed an income of a hundred and twenty thousand rubles, and who had taken a great fancy to Anna as soon as she came to Petersburg, flattered her, introduced her among her friends, and made ridicule of the Countess Lidya's friends.

"When I am old and ugly, I will do the same," said Betsy; "but a young and pretty woman like yourself has as yet no place in such an asylum."

Anna at first had avoided as far as possible the society

to which the Princess Betsy Tverskaya belonged, as it called for expenses beyond her means, and in her heart she preferred the first-mentioned coterie; but after her visit to Moscow all this was changed. She neglected her worthy old friends, and cared to go only into grand society. There she met Vronsky, and experienced tumultuous pleasure in these meetings. They met with especial frequency at the house of Betsy, who was a Vronskaya before her marriage, and was an own cousin of the count. Vronsky went everywhere that he was likely to meet Anna, and, if possible, spoke to her of his love. She gave him no encouragement; but every time she met him, there flamed up in her soul the same sense of animation which had seized her the moment that they met, for the first time, on the train at Moscow; she herself was conscious that at the sight of him this joy shone in her eyes, in her smile, but she had not the power to hide it.

Anna at first sincerely believed that she was angry because he persisted in following her; but one evening, not long after her return from Moscow, when she was present at a house where she expected to meet him, and he failed to come, she perceived clearly, by the pang that went through her heart, that she was deceiving herself, that this insistence of his not only was not disagreeable to her but that it formed the ruling passion of her life.

A famous *diva* was singing for the second time, and all the high society of Petersburg was at the theater. Vronsky, from his seat in the first row saw his cousin there, and without waiting for the *entr'acte*, left to visit her box.

"Why did n't you come to dinner?" she asked; and then with a smile she added, so as to be heard only by him, "I admire this clairvoyance of lovers; *she was not there.* But come to my house after the opera."

Vronsky looked at her questioningly. She nodded. He thanked her with a smile and sat down by her side.

"But how I miss your pleasantries; what have be-

come of them?" continued the Princess Betsy, who followed with keen pleasure the progress of this passion. "You are in the toils, my dear!"

"That is all that I ask for," he replied, with his calm, good-natured smile, "to be in the toils. If I complain, it is not because I am too little in the toils if the truth must be told. I am beginning to lose hope."

"What hope could you have?" asked Betsy, taking the part of her friend. "Let us have a clear understanding." But the fire in her eyes told with sufficient clearness that she understood as well as he did what his hope meant.

"None," replied Vronsky, laughing, and showing his regular white teeth. "Excuse me," he added, taking the opera-glasses from his cousin's hand, in order to direct it across her bare shoulder at one of the opposite boxes. "I fear I am becoming ridiculous."

He knew very well that in Betsy's eyes, and in those of her world, he ran no risk of being ridiculous; he knew very well that in the eyes of such people the *rôle* of an unsuccessful lover of a young girl or an unmarried woman might be ridiculous; but not so the *rôle* of a man who pursues a married woman and at any price makes it his aim to lead her into committing adultery. This *rôle* is something beautiful and majestic and can never be ridiculous, and therefore Vronsky, as he handed back the opera-glasses, looked at his cousin with a smile of pride and joy lurking under his mustache.

"And why didn't you come to dinner?" she asked again, unable to refrain from admiration of him.

"I must tell you; I was busy .... and what about? I will give you one guess out of a hundred — out of a thousand .... you would never hit it. I have been reconciling a husband with his wife's persecutor. Yes, fact!"

"What! and you reconciled them?"

"Pretty nearly."

"You must tell me all about it," said Betsy, rising. "Come during the next *entr'acte*."

"Impossible; I am going to the French Theater."

"From Nilsson?" said Betsy, with horror, though

she could not have distinguished Nilsson from the poorest chorus-singer.

"But what can I do? I have made an appointment in order to finish my act of peacemaking."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be saved," said Betsy, remembering that she had heard somewhere some such quotation. "Well, then, sit down and tell me all about it."

And she resumed her seat.

CHAPTER V

"It 's a little improper, but so amusing, that I wanted awfully to tell you about it," said Vronsky, looking at her with sparkling eyes. "However, I will not mention any names."

"But I can guess? so much the better!"

"Listen, then. Two gay young men were dining...."

"Officers of your regiment, of course...."

"I did not say that they were officers, but simply young men, who had dined well...."

"Translated, tipsy!"

"Possibly. They went to dine with a comrade, in most excellent spirits. They saw a pretty young woman passing them in a hired carriage; she turns around, and, as it seems to them, nods to them and laughs. Of course they follow her. They gallop like mad. To their amazement their beauty stops at the entrance of the very house where they are going; she mounts to the upper floor, and they see nothing but a pair of rosy lips under a short veil, and a pair of pretty little feet."

"You describe the scene with so much feeling that you make me believe that you were in the party."

"Why do you accuse me so soon? Well! the two young men climb up to their comrade's room, where there is to be a farewell dinner, and there they drink, perhaps, more than is good for them, as is usually the case at farewell dinners. And at dinner they ask who lives on the top story of that house. No one knows any-

thing about it; only their friend's valet, to their questions, 'Do any *mamselles* live on the top floor?' replies that there are a good many. After dinner the two young men go into their friend's library and write a letter to the unknown. They write a passionate letter, a declaration; they themselves carry up the letter, in order to explain whatever in the letter might not be perfectly understood."

"But why do you tell me such horrible things? Well?"

"They ring. A girl comes to the door; they give her the letter, telling her they are so desperately in love that they are ready to die, there at the door. The girl is in doubt and parleys with them. Suddenly a gentleman appears, red as a lobster and with side-whiskers like sausages, declares that there is no one there except his wife, and unceremoniously puts them out of the door."

"How did you know that his side-whiskers were like sausages?"

"But now listen. I have just made peace between them."

"Well! what came of it?"

"This is the most interesting part of the affair. The happy couple prove to be a titular counselor and his wife. The titular counselor brings a complaint, and I am obliged to serve as peacemaker. What a peacemaker!.... I assure you Talleyrand compared to me was nobody."

"What were your difficulties?"

"Here now! Listen!.... We make excuses as in duty bound, as: 'We are desperately sorry,' we said; 'we beg you to pardon us for this unfortunate misunderstanding.' The titular counselor with the sausage-whiskers seemed to be thawing; but he felt it necessary to express his feelings, and as soon as he began to express his feelings he began to get wrathy, and to say harsh things, and again I was obliged to bring all my diplomatic talents into requisition: 'I agree that their conduct was reprehensible, but please take into consideration that there was a misunderstanding; they were young, and had just

come from a good dinner. You understand! Now they are sorry from the bottom of their hearts, and beg you to forgive them their fault.' The titular counselor softened still more: 'I agree with you, count, and I am ready to pardon them; but you perceive that my wife, my wife, a virtuous woman, has been exposed to insult, to persecution, to the impudence of good-for-nothing young scound....' And the impudent, good-for-nothing young fellows being present, I had to exert myself to calm them down; again I put my diplomacy to work, and every time I seem on the point of success my titular counselor gets wrathy again, and his face gets red, and his sausages begin to wag up and down, and I find myself drowned in the waves of diplomatic subtleties."

"Akh! we must tell you all about this," said Betsy to a lady who at this moment came into her box. "It has amused me much!"

"Well, good luck go with you," she added, giving Vronsky one of her fingers, as she held her fan; and then, shrugging her shoulders so as to keep the waist of her gown from coming up, so that she might be as naked as possible when she should go to the front of the box, and sit down in the full blaze of gas and in the eyes of all.

Vronsky went to the French Theater, where he really had to meet his regimental commander, who never failed to be present at a single representation. He wished to speak with him in regard to his business as peacemaker which had occupied and amused him for three days. Petritsky, whom he liked, was involved in this affair, and the other one was a charming, a glorious fellow, young Prince Kerdrof, who had lately joined their regiment. But the principal point was that the affair concerned the interests of his regiment.

Both the young men belonged to Vronsky's company. Venden, the titular counselor, had come to the regimental commander with a complaint that the officers had insulted his wife. His young wife — Venden said he had been married only half a year — had been to church with her mother, and, feeling indisposed, owing to her

delicate condition, so that she could not stand any longer, had engaged the first decent izvoshchik at hand. The officers had chased her; she was frightened and, feeling still more ill, had run up the stairs. Venden himself, who had just returned from his office, heard the sound of a bell and voices. He came out, and, seeing drunken officers with a letter, he had put them out. He demanded that they should be severely punished.

"No, it's all very well to talk," said the regimental commander to Vronsky, whom he had asked to join him, "but Petritsky is becoming unbearable. Not a week passes by without some scandal. This chinovnik will not stop here, he will go farther."

Vronsky saw all the unpleasantness of this affair, and he felt that a duel should be avoided, and that everything should be done to make the titular counselor relent and smooth over the scandal. The regimental commander had summoned him because he knew he was a shrewd and gentlemanly man, and zealous for the interests of the regiment. They had talked the matter over and decided that Vronsky, accompanied by Petritsky and Kerdrof, should go to make their excuses to the titular counselor. The regimental commander and Vronsky both realized that Vronsky's name and his flügel-adjutant's monogram ought to have a great effect in soothing the titular counselor. In reality these two influences proved partially efficacious, but the results of the reconciliation remained in doubt, as Vronsky said.

When he reached the French Theater, Vronsky took the regimental commander into the lobby, and told him of his success, or rather lack of success. After reflection the regimental commander decided to leave the matter in abeyance; but afterward he began to question Vronsky regarding the details of the interview, and he could not help laughing as he heard Vronsky tell how the titular counselor kept suddenly flaming out in wrath as he recalled the particulars of the affair, and how Vronsky, veering round at the last mention of reconciliation, had withdrawn, pushing Petritsky before him, and

his repeated attempts to bring him into a suitable frame of mind.

"It is a wretched piece of business, but comical enough. Kerdrof cannot fight with this gentleman. Was he so horribly angry?" he asked, laughing. "And how do you like Claire this evening? — charming!" said he, referring to a new French actress. "One can't see her too often; she is always new. Only the French can do that!"

CHAPTER VI

The Princess Betsy left the theater without waiting for the end of the last act. She had scarcely had more than time enough, after reaching home, to go into her dressing-room, and scatter a little rice-powder over her long, pale face, rearrange her toilet, and order tea to be served in the large drawing-room, when the carriages began one after another to arrive at her enormous house on the Bolshaya Morskaya. The guests came up to the wide entrance, and a portly Swiss who during the morning read the newspaper for the edification of passers-by, as he sat behind the glass door, now kept noiselessly opening this great door and admitting the visitors. They came in by one door almost at the same instant that by another came the mistress of the mansion, with renewed color, and hair rearranged. The walls of the great drawing-room were hung with somber draperies, and on the floor were thick rugs. On the table, which was covered with a cloth of dazzling whiteness, shining in the light of numberless candles, stood a silver samovar and a tea-service of transparent porcelain.

The princess took her place behind the samovar and drew off her gloves. With the help of attentive servants, the guests brought up chairs and took their places, dividing into two camps, the one around the princess, the other at the opposite end of the drawing-room around the wife of a foreign ambassador, a handsome lady, dressed in black velvet, and with black, well-

defined eyebrows. The conversation, as usual at the beginning of a reception, was desultory, being interrupted by the arrival of newcomers, offers of tea, and the exchange of salutations, and seemed to be endeavoring to find a common subject of interest.

"She is remarkably handsome for an actress; you can see that she has studied Kaulbach," said a diplomatist in the group around the ambassador's wife. "Did you notice how she fell?"....

"Akh! please let us not speak of Nilsson. Nothing new can be said about her," said a great fat lady, with light complexion, without either eyebrows or *chignon*, and dressed in an old silk gown. This was the Princess Miagkaya, famous for her simplicity and frightful manners, and surnamed the *Enfant terrible*. Princess Miagkaya was seated between the two groups, listening to what was said on both sides of her, and taking impartial interest in both. "This very day, three people have made that same remark about Kaulbach. It must be fashionable. I don't see why that phrase should be so successful."

The conversation was cut short by this remark, and a new theme had to be started.

"Tell us something amusing, but don't let it be naughty," said the ambassador's wife, who was a mistress of the art of conversation called, by the English, *small talk*. She was addressing the diplomatist, who was at a loss what topic to start.

"They say this is very hard, that only naughty things are amusing," replied the diplomatist, with a smile. "However, I will do my best. Give me a theme. Everything depends upon the theme. When you get that for a background, you can easily fill it in with embroidery. I often think that the celebrated talkers of the past would be exceedingly embarrassed if they were alive now; everything intellectual is considered so dull."....

"That was said long ago," remarked the ambassador's wife, interrupting him with a smile.

The conversation began amiably, and for the very

reason that it was too amiable, it languished again. It was necessary to have recourse to an unfailing, never changing subject — gossip.

"Don't you think that there is something *Louis XV.* about Tushkievitch?" asked he, indicating a handsome, light-haired young man, who was standing near the table.

"Oh, yes! he's quite in the style of the drawing-room, and that is why he is here so often."

This subject sustained the conversation, since it consisted wholly of hints regarding something which could not be treated openly in that drawing-room, in other words, Tushkievitch's relations with the Princess Betsy.

Around the samovar, the conversation hesitated for some time upon three inevitable subjects, — the news of the day, the theater, and a lawsuit which was to be tried the next day. At last the same subject arose that was occupying the other group — gossip.

"Have you heard that Maltishcheva — that is, the mother, not the daughter — has had a costume in *diable rose?*"

"Is it possible? No! That is delicious."

"I am astonished that with her sense, — for she is certainly not stupid, — she does not perceive how ridiculous she is."

Every one found something in which to criticize and tear to pieces the unfortunate Madame Maltishcheva; and the conversation grew lively, brilliant, and gay, like a flaming pyre.

The Princess Betsy's husband, a tall, good-natured man, a passionate collector of engravings, hearing that his wife had guests, came into the drawing-room before going to his club, and desired to show himself in her circle. Noiselessly, on the thick carpet, he approached the Princess Miagkaya.

"How did you like Nilsson?" he asked.

"Akh! Do you steal in upon a body that way? How you startled me!" she cried. "Don't speak to me about the opera, I beg of you; you don't know any-

thing about music. I prefer to descend to your level and talk with you about your engravings and majolicas. Well! What treasures have you discovered lately?"

"If you would like, I will show them to you; but you are no judge of them."

"Show them to me all the same. I am getting my education among these — bankers, as you call them. They have lovely engravings. They like to show them."

"Have you been at the Schützburgs'?" asked the mistress of the house, from her place by the samovar.

"Certainly, *ma chère*. They invited my husband and me to dinner, and they told me that the sauce at this dinner cost a thousand rubles," replied the Princess Miagkaya, in a loud voice, conscious that all were listening to her; "and it was a very poor sauce, too, — something green. I had to return the compliment, and I got them up a sauce that cost eighty-five kopeks,[1] and all were satisfied. I can't make thousand-ruble sauces!"

"She is unique," said the hostess.

"Astonishing," said another.

The Princess Miagkaya never failed of making her speeches effective, and the secret of their effectiveness lay in the fact that, although she did not always select suitable occasions, as was the case at the present time, yet she spoke simply and sensibly. In the society where she moved, what she said gave the effect of the most subtle wit. She could not comprehend why it had such an effect, but she recognized the fact, and took advantage of it.

While the Princess Miagkaya was speaking, all listened to her, and the conversation around the ambassador's wife stopped; so the hostess, wishing to make the conversation more united, turned to the ambassador's wife and said: —

"Are you sure that you will not have some tea? Then please join us."

"No; we are very well where we are, in this corner,'

[1] One ruble, or one hundred kopeks, is worth eighty cents.

replied the ambassador's wife, with a smile, resuming the thread of a conversation which interested her very deeply.

They were criticizing Karenin and his wife.

"Anna is very much changed since her return from Moscow. There is something strange about her," said one of her friends.

"The change is due to the fact that she brought back in her train the shadow of Alekseï Vronsky," said the ambassador's wife.

"What is that? There 's a story in Grimm — a man without a shadow — a man deprived of his shadow. It was a punishment for something or other. I cannot see where the punishment lies, but it must be disagreeable for a woman to be without her shadow."

"Yes, but the women who have shadows generally come to some bad end," said Anna's friend.

"Hold your tongues!"[1] cried the Princess Miagkaya, as she heard these words. "Madame Karenina is a charming woman; I don't like her husband, but I like her."

"Why don't you like her husband?" asked the ambassador's wife. "He is such a remarkable man. My husband says there are few statesmen in Europe equal to him."

"My husband says the same thing, but I don't believe it," replied the Princess Miagkaya. "If our husbands had not had this idea, we should have seen Alekseï Aleksandrovitch as he really is; and, in my opinion, he is a blockhead. I only say this in a whisper. .... Is it not true how everything comes out clearly? Formerly when I was told that he was clever I used to try to discover it, and I came to the conclusion that I was stupid because I could not see wherein he was clever; but as soon as I said to myself, — under my breath, — he is *stupid*, all was explained. Is n't that so?"

"How severe you are to-night!"

"Not at all, I have no other alternative. One of us two is stupid. Now you know that one can never say such a thing of oneself."

[1] *Tipun vam na yazuik!* A slang expression, meaning literally, "May your tongue have the pip!"

"No one is satisfied with his circumstances, and every one is satisfied with his brain," said a diplomat, quoting a French couplet.

"There, that is the very thing," exclaimed the Princess Miagkaya turning to him, "but I make an exception of Anna. She is so lovely and good. Is it her fault if all men fall in love with her and follow her like shadows?"

"Well! I do not allow myself to judge her," said Anna's friend, justifying herself.

"Because no one follows us like a shadow, it does not prove that we have the right to judge."

Having thus appropriately disposed of Anna's friend, the Princess Miagkaya arose, and with the ambassador's wife drew up to the table, and joined in the general conversation about some trifle.[1]

"Whom have you been gossiping about?" asked Betsy.

"About the Karenins. The princess has been picturing Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch," replied the ambassador's wife, sitting down near the table, with a smile.

"Shame that we could not have heard it," said Betsy, looking toward the door. "Ah! here you are at last," said she, turning to Vronsky, who at that moment came in.

Vronsky knew, and met every day, all the people whom he found collected in his cousin's drawing-room; therefore he came in with the calmness of a man who rejoins friends from whom he has only just parted.

"Where have I come from?" said he, in reply to a question from the ambassador's wife. "What can I do? I must confess, — from *Les Bouffes*. 'T is for the hundredth time, and always with a new pleasure. It is charming. It is humiliating, I know, but I get sleepy at the opera; but at *Les Bouffes* I sit it out up to the very last minute and enjoy it. To-night...."

He mentioned a French actress, and was going to tell some story about her, but the ambassador's wife stopped him with an expression of mock terror.

[1] Literally, "about the king of Prussia."

"Please don't speak to us of that fright!"

"Well! I will not, and the more willingly because you all know these frights."

"And you would all go there if it were as fashionable as the opera," added the Princess Miagkaya.

CHAPTER VII

Steps were heard near the door, and the Princess Betsy, knowing that it was Madame Karenina, looked at Vronsky. He was looking toward the door, and his face had a strange, new expression. Joyfully, expectantly, and almost timidly he gazed at Anna as she entered, and he rose slowly. Anna came into the drawing-room, as always holding herself very erect and looking neither to right nor to left. She crossed the short distance between her and the hostess, with that rapid, light, but decided step which distinguished her from all the other women of this circle. She went directly up to Betsy, and shook hands with a smile, and with the same smile she looked at Vronsky. He bowed low and offered her a chair.

She responded only by bending her head a little, and blushed, and frowned. But instantly she was nodding to her acquaintances and shaking hands; then she turned to Betsy:—

"I have been at the Countess Lidya's; I wanted to get away earlier, but I was detained. Sir John was there. He is very interesting."

"Oh, that missionary?"

"Yes; he related many very curious things about life in India."

The conversation, which Anna's entrance had interrupted, again wavered, like the flame of a lamp in a draught.

"Sir John! yes, Sir John! I have seen him. He speaks well. The Vlasieva is actually in love with him!"

"Is it true that the youngest Vlasieva is going to marry Topof?"

"Yes; people say that it is fully decided."

"I am astonished at her parents. They say that it is a love-match."

"A love-match? What antediluvian ideas you have! Who speaks of love in our days?" said the ambassador's wife.

"What is to be done about it? That foolish old custom has not entirely gone out of date," said Vronsky.

"So much the worse for those who adhere to it; the only happy marriages that I know about are those of reason."

"Yes; but how often it happens that these marriages of reason break like ropes of sand, precisely because of this love which you affect to scorn!" said Vronsky.

"But what we call a marriage of reason is where both parties take an equal risk. It is like scarlatina, through which we all must pass."

"In that case it would be wise to find an artificial means of inoculation for love, as for small-pox."

"When I was young I fell in love with a sacristan; I should like to know what good that did me!" said the Princess Miagkaya.

"No; but, jesting aside, I believe that to know what love really is, one must have been deceived once, and then been set right," said the Princess Betsy.

"Even after marriage?" asked the ambassador's wife, laughing.

"It is never too late to mend," said the diplomatist, quoting the English proverb.

"But really," interrupted Betsy, "you must be deceived, so as afterwards to get into the right path. What do you think about this?" said she, addressing Anna, who was listening silently to the conversation with a scarcely perceptible smile on her firm lips.

"I think," said Anna, playing with her glove, which she had removed, "I think.... if there are as many opinions as there are heads, then there are as many ways of loving as there are hearts."

Vronsky looked at her, and with a violent beating of the heart waited for her answer; after she had spoken those words he drew a deep breath, as if he had escaped some danger.

She turned suddenly to Vronsky.

"I have just had a letter from Moscow. They write me that Kitty Shcherbatskaya is very ill."

"Really," said Vronsky, with a frown.

Anna looked at him with a severe expression.

"Does n't that interest you?"

"It certainly does. I am very sorry. Exactly what did they write you, if I may be permitted to inquire?"

Anna arose and went to Betsy.

"Will you give me a cup of tea?" she said, standing behind her chair. While Betsy was pouring the tea, Vronsky went to Anna.

"What did they write you?"

"I often think that men do not know what nobility means, though they are all the time talking about it," said Anna, not answering his question.

"I have been wanting to tell you for a long time," she added, and taking a few steps she sat down at a corner table laden with albums.

"I don't quite know what your words mean," he said, offering her a cup of tea.

She glanced at the divan near her, and he instantly sat down on it.

"Yes, I have been wanting to tell you," she continued, without looking at him. "You have acted badly, — very badly."

"Don't I know that I have? But whose fault was it?"

"Why do you say that to me?" said she, with a severe look.

"You know why," he replied boldly and joyously, meeting her gaze, and without dropping his eyes.

She, not he, felt confused.

"This simply proves that you have no heart," said she. But her eyes told the story, that she knew that he had a heart, and that therefore she feared him.

"What you were talking about just now was error, not love."

"Remember that I have forbidden you to speak that word, that hateful word," said Anna, trembling; and instantly she felt that by the use of that one word "forbidden," she recognized a certain jurisdiction over him, and thus encouraged him to speak of love. "For a long time I have been wanting to say this to you," she continued, looking steadily into his eyes, and all aflame with the color that burned in her face. "I have come to-night on purpose, knowing that I should find you here; I have come to tell you this must come to an end. I have never had to blush before any one before, and you somehow cause me to feel guilty in my own eyes."

He looked at her, and was struck with the new spiritual beauty of her face.

"What do you want me to do?" said he, simply and gravely.

"I want you to go to Moscow, and beg Kitty's pardon."

"You do not want that," said he.

He saw that she was compelling herself to say one thing, while she really desired something else.

"If you love me, as you say you do," she murmured, "then do what will give me peace!"

Vronsky's face lighted up.

"Don't you know that you are my life? But I don't know what peace means, and I can't give it to you. Myself, my love, I can give — yes, I cannot think of you and of myself separately. For me, you and I are one. I see no hope of peace for you or for me in the future. I see the possibility of despair, of misfortune, — unless I see the possibility of happiness, and what happiness!.... Is it really impossible?" he murmured, with his lips only, but she heard him.

She directed all the forces of her mind to say what she ought; but, instead of that, she looked at him with love in her eyes, and said nothing.

"Ah!" he thought, with rapture, "at the very moment

when I was in despair, when it seemed I should never succeed, it has come! She loves me! She confesses it."

"Then do this for me, and never speak to me in this way again; let us be good friends," said her words: her eyes told a totally different story.

"We can never be mere friends; you yourself know it. Shall we be the most miserable, or the happiest, of human beings? It is for you to decide."

She began to speak, but he interrupted her.

"You see I ask only one thing, the right of hoping and suffering, as I do now; if it is impossible, order me to disappear, and I will disappear; you shall not see me if my presence is painful to you."

"I do not wish to drive you away."

"Then change nothing; let things go as they are," said he, with trembling voice. "Here is your husband!"

Indeed, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch at that instant was entering the drawing-room, with his calm face and awkward gait.

Glancing at his wife and Vronsky, he went first to the hostess, and then he sat down with a cup of tea, and in his slow and well-modulated voice, in his habitual tone of persiflage, which seemed always to deride some one or something, he said, as he glanced around at the assembly: —

"Your Rambouillet is complete, — the Graces and the Muses!"

But the Princess Betsy could not endure this "*sneering*" tone of his, as she called it, — and, like a clever hostess, quickly brought him round to a serious discussion of the forced conscription. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch immediately entered into it, and began gravely to defend the new ukase against Betsy's attacks.

Vronsky and Anna still sat near their little table.

"That is getting rather pronounced," said a lady, in a whisper, indicating with her eyes Karenin, Anna, and Vronsky.

"What did I tell you?" said Anna's friend.

Not only these ladies, but nearly all who were in the drawing-room, even the Princess Miagkaya and Betsy

herself, glanced more than once at them sitting apart from the general company, as if it disturbed them. Only Alekseï Aleksandrovitch never once looked in their direction, and was not diverted from the interesting conversation on which he had started.

Betsy, perceiving the disagreeable impression that all felt, substituted some one else in her place to listen to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and crossed over to Anna.

"I always admire your husband's clear and explicit language," she said. "The most transcendental thoughts seem within my reach when he speaks."

"Oh, yes!" said Anna, with a radiant smile of joy, and not understanding a word that Betsy had said. Then she went over to the large table, and joined in the general conversation.

After he had stayed half an hour Alekseï Aleksandrovitch spoke to his wife and proposed to her that they should go home together; but she answered, without looking at him, that she wished to remain to supper. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch took leave of the company and departed.

Madame Karenina's coachman, a portly old Tatar, in his lacquered leather coat, was having some difficulty in restraining his left-hand gray, which was excited with the cold. A lackey stood holding open the carriage door. The Swiss was standing ready to open the outer door; Anna Arkadyevna was listening with ecstasy to what Vronsky whispered, while she was freeing, with nervous fingers, the lace of her sleeve, which had caught on the hook of her fur cloak.

"You have said nothing, let us admit, and I make no claim," Vronsky was saying, as he accompanied her down, "but you know that it is not friendship that I ask for; for me, the only possible happiness of my life is contained in that word that you do not like.... love."

"Love...." she repeated slowly, as if she had spoken to herself; then suddenly, as she disentangled her lace, she said, "I do not like this word, because it means too

much, far more than you can imagine," and she looked him full in the face. "Da svidanya!"[1]

She reached him her hand, and, with a quick elastic step, passed the Swiss, and disappeared in her carriage.

Her look, her pressure of his hand, filled Vronsky with passion. He kissed the palm on the place which she had touched, and went home with the happy conviction that that evening had brought him nearer to the goal of which he dreamed, than all the two months past.

CHAPTER VIII

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch found nothing unusual or improper in the fact that his wife and Vronsky had been sitting by themselves and having a rather lively talk together; he noticed that to others in the drawing-room it seemed unusual and improper, and therefore it seemed to him also improper. He decided that he ought to speak about it to his wife.

When he reached home, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, according to his usual custom, went to his library, threw himself into his arm-chair, and opened his book at the place marked by a paper-cutter, in an article on Papistry, and read till the clock struck one, as he usually did. From time to time he passed his hand across his high forehead, and shook his head, as if to drive away an importunate thought. At his usual hour he arose and he prepared to go to bed. Anna Arkadyevna had not yet returned. With his book under his arm, he went upstairs; but that evening, instead of pursuing his usual train of reflections and thinking over his governmental duties, his mind was occupied with his wife and the disagreeable impression which her behavior had caused him. Contrary to his habit, instead of going to bed he walked up and down the rooms with his arms behind his back. He could not go to bed because he felt that first it was incumbent on him to ponder anew over the exigency that had arisen.

[1] *Da svidanya*, like *au revoir* or *auf wiedersehen*, has no equivalent in English.

When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch made up his mind that he must have a talk with his wife, it seemed to him very simple and natural; but now, as he reflected, it occurred to him that the matter was complicated and perplexing.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was not jealous. Jealousy in his opinion was insulting to a wife, and a husband should trust in her. But he did not ask himself why one should trust her, that is to say, why a man should expect a young wife always to love him.

But he had not felt any lack of confidence simply because he trusted her, and said to himself that it was the proper thing to do. But now, although it was his conviction that jealousy is a disgusting state of mind, and that it was his duty to trust his wife and that his faith was still intact, yet he felt that he was placed in an illogical and ridiculous position, and he knew not what he ought to do.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was now standing face to face with life, with the possibility that his wife was in love with some one else besides him, and this seemed to him very senseless and incomprehensible, because it was life itself. All his life he had lived and labored in a round of official duties concerned with the reflections of life. And whenever he came in contact with life itself he was revolted by it. Now he experienced a sensation such as a man feels, who, passing calmly over a bridge above a precipice, suddenly discovers that the arch is broken, and that the abyss yawns beneath his feet.

This abyss was actual life; the bridge — the artificial life which he had been living. The idea that his wife could love another man occurred to him for the first time, and filled him with terror.

Without undressing, he kept walking back and forth with regular steps: over the echoing parquetry floor of the dining-room lighted with a single burner; over the carpet of the dark drawing-room, where the light fell on his recently painted full-length portrait, over the divan; and then through his wife's boudoir, where two candles were

burning, lighting up the portraits of parents and friends, and the pretty trinkets upon her writing-table, so long familiar to him. When he reached the door of her bedroom he turned and went back.

At the end of each turn in his pacing back and forth, and especially on the hard-wood floor of his brightly lighted dining-room, he would stop and say to himself:—

"Yes, this must certainly be cut short; it must be decided; I must tell her my way of looking at it!"

And then he would turn back again.

"But what can I say? what decision can I make?" he would ask himself by the time he reached the drawing-room, and find no answer.

"But, after all," he would say, as he turned in the library, "what has been done? Nothing. She had a long talk with him. What of that? But whom does not a society woman talk with? To be jealous is degrading both her and me," he would say to himself as he reached her boudoir. But this reasoning, which had hitherto had such weight, had now lost its cogency.

From the door of her sleeping-room he returned again to the hall, but, as he crossed the dark drawing-room, he thought he heard a voice saying to him, "It is not so! the fact that the others noticed this signifies that there must be something in it." — And by the time he reached the dining-room again he was saying, "Yes, the thing must be decided, and broken short off." And once more in the drawing-room, just before he turned about, he would ask himself:—

"How can I decide? How can I tell her?"

And then he would ask himself, "What had happened?" and reply, "Nothing," and remember that jealousy is a feeling degrading to a woman; but again in the drawing-room he would feel persuaded that something had happened.

His thoughts, like his steps, followed the same circle, and he struck no new idea. He recognized this, rubbed his forehead, and sat down in her boudoir.

There, as he looked at her table, with its malachite writing-tablet, and a letter unfinished, his thoughts took

another direction; he began to think of her, and how she would feel. His imagination vividly showed him her personal life, her thoughts, and her desires; and the idea that she might, that she must, have her individual life apart from his, seemed to him so terrible, that he hastened to put it out of his mind.

This was the abyss which it was so dreadful for him to gaze into. To penetrate by thought and feeling into the soul of another was a psychical effort strange to Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch. He considered it a pernicious and dangerous mental habit.

"And what is most terrible," he said to himself, "is that this senseless uncertainty comes on me just as I am about to bring my work to completion," — he referred to a scheme which he was at that time managing, — "and when I need perfect freedom from agitation and all my mental powers. What is to be done? I am not one of those men who can endure agitation and annoyance and have the strength of mind to face them."

"I must reflect; I must take some stand and get rid of this annoyance," he added aloud. "I do not admit that I have any right to probe into her feelings, or to scrutinize what is going on in her heart; that belongs to her conscience, and comes into the domain of religion," he said to himself, feeling some consolation that he had found a domain of law applicable to the circumstances that had arisen.

"So," he continued, "the questions relating to her feelings and the like are questions of conscience, in which I have no concern. My duty lies clearly before me. As head of my family, I am bound to guide her, and therefore, to a certain degree, I am responsible. I must point out the danger which I see; I must watch over her, and even use my powers. I must speak to her."

And Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch formulated in his mind everything that he should say to his wife. While he was thinking it over he regretted the necessity of wasting his time and his intellectual powers in family matters. But, in spite of him, his plan assumed, in his thought, the clear, precise, and logical form of a report: —

"I must make her understand as follows: First, The meaning and importance of public opinion and decorum; Secondly, The religious significance of marriage; Thirdly, if necessary, The unhappiness which it might cause her son; Fourthly, The unhappiness which might befall herself."

And Alekseï Aleksandrovitch twisted his fingers together, palms down, and made the joints crack.

This gesture, of joining his hands and stretching his finger-joints, — a bad habit, — calmed him, and conduced to the precision of which he now stood in such need.

A carriage was heard driving up to the house. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped in the middle of the hall. He heard his wife's step on the stairway. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had his sermon all ready; but still he stood there, squeezing his crossed fingers and trying to make the joints crack. One joint cracked.

Even as he heard her light steps on the stairs he was conscious of her presence, and, though he was satisfied with his sermon, he dreaded the explanation that was imminent. ....

CHAPTER IX

Anna entered with bent head, playing with the tassels of her *bashluik* or Turkish hood. Her face shone with a bright glow, but this bright glow did not betoken joy; it reminded one of the terrible glow of a conflagration against a midnight sky. When she saw her husband, she raised her head and smiled, as if she had awakened from a dream.

"You are not abed yet? what a miracle!" she said, taking off her bashluik; and, without pausing, she went into her dressing-room, crying, "It is late, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," as she got to the door.

"Anna, I must have a talk with you."

"With me?" she said, in astonishment, coming out into the hall, and looking at him. "What is it? What about?" she asked, and sat down. "Well, let us talk,

then, if it is so necessary; but I would much rather go to sleep."

Anna said what came to her tongue, and was astonished to hear herself, astonished at her own facility at telling a lie. How perfectly natural her words sounded, and how probable that she wanted to go to sleep; she felt herself clad in an impenetrable armor of falsehood. She felt that some invisible power assisted her and sustained her.

"Anna, I must give you a warning."

"A warning?" she exclaimed; "why?"

She looked at him so innocently, so gayly, that any one who did not know her as her husband did would have noticed nothing unnatural either in the tone of her voice or in the meaning of what she said. But for him, who knew her, who knew that when he was five minutes later than usual she always remarked on it, and asked the reason, for him who knew that her first impulse was always to tell him of her pleasures and her sorrows, for him now to see the fact that Anna took special pains not to observe his agitation, that she took special pains not to say a word about herself, all this was very significant. He saw that the depths of her soul, hitherto always opened to his gaze, were now shut away from him. Moreover, by her tone he perceived that she was not confused by this; but as it were she said openly and without dissimulation, "Yes, I am a sealed book, and so it must be, and will be from henceforth."

He felt as a man would who should come home and find his house barricaded against him.

"Perhaps the key will yet be found," thought Alekseï Aleksandrovitch.

"I want to warn you," said he, in a gentle voice, "lest by your imprudence and your thoughtlessness you give people cause to talk about you. Your rather too lively conversation this evening with Count Vronsky" — he pronounced this name slowly and distinctly — "attracted attention."

He finished speaking, and looked at Anna's laughing eyes, now terrible to him because they were so impene-

trable, and he saw all the idleness and uselessness of his words.

"You are always like this," she said, as if she had not understood him, and intentionally had understood only the last part of what he said. "Sometimes you don't like it because I am bored, and sometimes you don't like it because I have a good time. I was not bored this evening; does that disturb you?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch trembled; again he stretched his fingers till the knuckles cracked.

"Akh! I beg of you, don't crack your fingers, I detest it so," said she.

"Anna, is this you?" said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, trying to control himself, and stopping the movement of his hands.

"Yes! but what is it?" she asked, with a sincere and almost comic astonishment. "What do you want of me?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was silent, and passed his hand across his brow and over his eyes. He felt that, instead of having done as he intended, that is, instead of having warned his wife of her errors in the sight of the world, he was agitated at what concerned her conscience, and was perhaps striking some imaginary wall.

"This is what I wanted to say," he continued, coldly and calmly, "and I beg you to listen to me until I have done. As you know, I regard jealousy as an insulting and degrading sentiment, and I never allow myself to be led away by it; but there are certain laws of propriety which one cannot cross with impunity. This evening, judging by the impression which you made, — I am not the only one that noticed it, all did, — you did not conduct yourself at all in a proper manner."

"Decidedly I do not understand at all," said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. "He does not really care," she thought; "all that he fears is the opinion of the world." — "You are not well, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," she added, rising, and starting to go to her room.

But he stepped in front of her as if to prevent her from going. Never had Anna seen his face so displeased and ugly; she remained standing, tipping her head to one side, while with quick fingers she began to pull out the hair-pins.

"Well! I will hear what you have to say," she said, in a calm, bantering tone; "I shall even listen with interest, because I should like to know what it is all about."

She herself was astonished at the assurance and calm naturalness with which she spoke, as well as at her choice of words.

"I have no right to examine your feelings. I think it is useless and even dangerous," Alekseï Aleksandrovitch began. "If we probe too deeply into our hearts, we run the risk of touching on what we ought not to perceive. Your feelings concern your conscience. But in presence of yourself, of me, and of God, I am in duty bound to remind you of your obligations. Our lives are united, not by men, but by God. Only by crime can this bond be broken, and such a crime brings its own punishment."

"I don't understand at all. Oh, heavens, how sleepy I am!" said Anna, swiftly running her hand over her hair, and taking out the last pin.

"Anna! in the name of Heaven, don't speak so," said he, gently. "Maybe I am mistaken; but believe me, what I say to you is as much for your advantage as for mine; I am your husband, and I love you."

Anna's face for an instant grew troubled, and the mocking fire disappeared from her eyes; but the word "love" irritated her. "Love!" she thought; "does he know what it means? If he had never heard that there was such a thing as love, he would never have used that word."

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, truly, I don't know what you mean," she said. "They say you find...."

"Allow me to finish. I love you, but I am not speaking for myself; those who are chiefly interested are our son and yourself. It is quite possible, I repeat, that my

words may seem idle and ill-judged; possibly they are the result of mistake on my part. In that case, I beg you to forgive me; but if you yourself feel that there is the least foundation for my remarks, then I earnestly urge you to reflect, and, if your heart inclines you, to confide in me."....

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, without noticing the fact, had spoken a very different discourse from the one that he had prepared.

"I have nothing to say." And she added in a sprightly tone, scarcely hiding a smile, "Truly, it is time to go to bed."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch sighed, and, without speaking further, went to their chamber.

When she reached the room, he was already in bed. His lips were sternly set, and he did not look at her. Anna got into bed, every moment expecting that he would speak to her again; she both feared it and desired it, but he said nothing.

She waited long without moving, and then forgot all about him. She was thinking of some one else; she saw him and was conscious of her heart throbbing with emotion and with guilty joy. Suddenly she heard a slow and regular sound of snoring. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch at first seemed to be startled himself, and stopped; but at the end of a second the snoring began again with monotonous regularity.

"Too late! too late!" she whispered, with a smile. She lay for a long time thus, motionless, with open eyes, the shining of which it seemed to her she herself could see in the darkness.

CHAPTER X

From this time began a new life for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his wife. Nothing unusual happened. Anna continued to go into society, and was especially often at the Princess Betsy's; and everywhere she met Vronsky. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw it, but was

powerless to prevent it. Whenever he tried to bring about an explanation, she raised up against him an impenetrable wall of humorous perplexity.

Outwardly, everything was the same, but their relations had completely changed. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, a remarkably strong man in matters requiring statesmanship, here found himself powerless. Like an ox, submissively lowering its head, he waited the blow of the ax which he felt was lifted against him. Whenever he began to think about it, he felt that once more he must try by gentleness, tenderness, reason, to save Anna, and bring her back to him. Every day he made up his mind to speak; but as soon as he made the attempt, that evil spirit of falsehood which possessed her seemed to lay hold of him also, and he spoke not at all in the tone in which he meant to speak. Involuntarily, what he said was spoken in his tone of raillery, which seemed to cast ridicule on those who would speak as he did. And this tone was not at all suitable for the expression of the thoughts that he wished to express.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER XI

What had been for nearly a whole year the sole desire of Vronsky's life, changing all his former desires — what Anna had looked upon as an impossible, a terrible, and, therefore, the more a fascinating, dream of bliss, was at last realized. Pale, with quivering lower jaw, he stood over her, begging her to be calm, himself not knowing how or why.

"Anna! Anna!" he said, with trembling voice. "Anna! for God's sake!"....

But the more intensely he spoke the lower she hung her once proud, joyous, but now humiliated head, and she crouched all down, and dropped from the divan, where she had been sitting, to the floor at his feet. She would have fallen on the carpet had he not held her.

"My God! forgive me!" she sobbed, pressing his

hands to her breast. She felt that she was such a sinner and criminal that nothing remained for her except to crouch down and beg for forgiveness; now there was nothing else for her in life but him, so that to him alone she turned her prayer for forgiveness. As she looked at him she felt her humiliation physically, and she could say no more.

But he felt exactly as a murderer must feel when he sees the lifeless body of his victim. This lifeless body was their love — the first epoch of their love. There was something horrible and repulsive in the recollection of the terrible price that they had paid for this shame. The shame in the presence of their spiritual nakedness oppressed her and took hold of him. But in spite of all the horror felt by the murderer in presence of the body of his victim, he must cut it in pieces, must bury it, must take advantage of his crime.

And, as with fury and passion the murderer throws himself on the dead body and drags it and cuts it, so he covered her face and shoulders with kisses. She held his hand and did not stir.

"Yes, these kisses were what had been bought with this shame! Yes, and this hand, which will always be mine, is the hand of my accomplice."

She raised his hand and kissed it. He fell on his knees, and tried to look into her face; but she hid it and said nothing. At last, as if trying to control herself, she made an effort to rise, and pushed him away. Her face was still as beautiful as ever; even so much the more was it pitiful.

"All is ended," said she; "I have nothing but thee, remember that."

"I cannot help remembering it, since it is my life. A moment before this happiness...."

"What happiness?" she cried, with contempt and horror. And horror involuntarily seized him also. "For God's sake, not a word, not a word more."

She quickly got up and moved away from him, and with a strange expression of hopeless despair, such as he had never seen before, on her face, she stood aloof from

him. She felt that at that moment she could not express in words the sense of shame, rapture, and horror at this entrance into a new life, and she did not wish to speak about it or vulgarize the feeling with definite words.

But even afterward, on the next day, on the third day, not only did she fail to find words in which to express the complication of these feelings, but she could not even find thoughts by which to formulate to herself all that was in her soul.

She said to herself:—

"No, I cannot now think about this; by and by, when I am calmer."

But this calmness never came. Every time when the questions arose: "What had she done? and what would become of her? and what ought she to do?" she was filled with horror, and she compelled herself not to think about them.

"By and by, by and by," she repeated, "when I am calmer."

On the other hand, during sleep, when she had no control of her thoughts, her situation appeared in its ugly nakedness. One dream almost every night haunted her. She dreamed that she was the wife both of Vronsky and of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and that both lavished their caresses on her. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch kissed her hands, and said, weeping, "How happy we are now!" Alekseï Vronsky, also, was there, and he was her husband. She was amazed that she had ever believed such a thing impossible; and she laughed as she explained to them that this was far simpler, that both would henceforth be satisfied and happy. But this dream weighed on her like a nightmare, and she always awoke in fright.

CHAPTER XII

Even in the first weeks after Levin returned from Moscow, every time that with flushed cheeks and a trembling in his limbs he remembered the shame of his rejection, he would say to himself:—

"I blushed and trembled like this, and I felt that all was lost, when I got one in physics, and had to go into the second class; and I thought myself irretrievably ruined when I bungled in my sister's affairs, which were confided to me. And now? Now the years have gone by, and I look back and wonder how it could disturb my mind. It will be just the same with my disappointment this time. Time will pass, and I shall grow callous."

But three months passed away and the callousness did not come, and it was as painful for him to remember it as on the first day. He could not reconcile himself to the fact that, after dreaming so long of family life, after being, as he thought, so well prepared for it, not only was he not married, but found himself farther than ever from marriage. He felt painfully, as all those around him felt, that it is not good for a man of his age to live alone. He remembered that before his departure for Moscow he had once said to his cowherd, Nikolaï, a simple-hearted muzhik with whom he liked to talk:—

"Do you know, Nikolaï, I am thinking of getting married?" whereupon Nikolaï had instantly replied, as if there could not be the slightest doubt about it:—

"This ought to have been long ago, Konstantin Dmitritch."

And now marriage was farther off than ever. The place was taken; and when, exercising his imagination, he put into that place some young girl of his acquaintance, he felt that it was perfectly impossible. Moreover, the recollection of how Kitty refused him and of the part which he played still tormented him with mortification. It was idle to say that he was not to blame in this; this recollection, taken together with other mortifying experiences of the same sort, made him quiver and grow red in the face. He had on his conscience, as every man has, the remembrance of evil deeds for which he should have repented; but the remembrance of these evil deeds did not trouble him nearly so much as the feeling of his humiliation, slight as it really was. It was a wound that refused to heal. He could not keep out

of his mind his rejection, and the miserable position in which he must have been placed in the eyes of others.

Time and labor, however, brought their balm; the painful impressions little by little began to fade in presence of the events of the country life, important in reality, in spite of their apparent insignificance. Each week his thoughts turned to Kitty with less frequency. He even began to await with impatience the news that she was married, or was going to be married, hoping that this event would bring healing in the same way as the pulling of a tooth may.

Meantime spring came, beautiful, friendly, without treachery or false promises, — a spring such as fills plants and animals, no less than men, with joy. This splendid season gave Levin new zeal, and confirmed his resolution to tear himself from the past so as to reorganize his solitary life on conditions of permanence and independence. Although many of the plans that he had formed on his return to the country had not been put into effect, yet the most essential one — that his life should be kept pure — had been realized. He experienced none of that sense of shame which ordinarily tormented him after a fall; and he could look fearlessly into men's eyes.

In February he had received a letter from Marya Nikolayevna, who informed him that his brother's health was failing, and that he would not use any remedies. In consequence of this letter he had immediately gone to Moscow, where he persuaded Nikolaï to consult a physician, and then to go abroad for the baths. He succeeded so well in persuading his brother and in lending him money for the journey, without exasperating him, that he felt quite satisfied with himself.

Besides his farm-labors, which especially occupied his attention that spring, and his ordinary reading, Levin was deeply engaged in writing a work on rural economy, which he had begun during the winter. His theory was that in farming the laborer's temperament is a factor as important as climate or the soil, and that consequently all the deductions of agronomic science are drawn, not

from the premises of soil and climate alone, but from the soil, the climate, and the certain unchangeable character of the laborer.

Thus, notwithstanding his loneliness or in consequence of his loneliness, his life, therefore, was very busy and full; only occasionally he felt the need of some one besides Agafya Mikhaïlovna with whom to communicate the ideas that came into his head. However, he brought himself to discuss with her about physics, the theories of rural economy, and, above all, philosophy. Philosophy was Agafya Mikhaïlovna's favorite subject.

The spring opened late. During the last weeks of Lent the weather was clear but cold. During the day the snow melted in the sun, but at night the mercury went down to seven degrees; the crust on the snow was so thick that carts could go anywhere across the fields.

It snowed on Easter Sunday. Then suddenly, on the following day, a warm wind blew, the clouds drifted over, and for three days and three nights a warm and heavy rain fell ceaselessly. On Thursday the wind went down, and then over the earth was spread a thick gray fog, as if to conceal the mysteries that were accomplishing in nature; under this fog, the fields were covered with water, the ice was melting and disappearing, the brooks ran more swiftly, foaming and muddy. Toward evening the Krasnaya Gorka, or Red Hill, began to show through the fog, the clouds scattered like snipe, and spring in reality was there in all her brilliancy.

The next morning the sun rose bright and quickly melted away the thin sheet of ice that still covered the ponds, and the warm atmosphere grew moist with the vapors rising from the earth; the old grass and the young blades peeping from the sod, with its tiny needles, the buds on the snow-ball trees, the currant bushes, and the sticky sappy birch trees, grew green, swelled, and on their branches, powdered with golden bloom, swarms of honey-bees buzzed in the sun. Invisible larks trilled their songs over the velvet of the green and the prairies freed from snow; the lapwings lamented for their hollows and marshes, submerged by the stormy waters;

the wild swans and geese flew high in the air, with their calls of spring. The cattle, with rough hair and spots worn bare, lowed as they went out to pasture; the bandy-legged lambs gamboled around the bleating ewes, soon to lose their wool; swift-footed children ran barefoot over the wet paths, where their footprints were left like fossils; the peasant-women gossiped gayly around the edge of the pond, where they were bleaching their linen; and in the yards resounded the axes of the muzhiks, repairing their plows and their wagons.

Spring had really come.

CHAPTER XIII

Levin put on his heavy boots, and, for the first time, his sleeveless cloth coat instead of his fur shuba, and went out to look over his estate, tramping through the brooklets which dazzled his eyes as they glanced in the sun, and stepping, now on a cake of ice, and now in sticky mud.

Spring is the epoch of plans and projects. Levin, as he went out into his court, no more definitely knew what he would first take in hand in his beloved farming than the tree in early spring knows how and why his young sprouts and branches grow out from their enveloping buds; but he felt that he was going to originate the most charming projects and the most sensible plans.

He went first to see his cattle. The cows had been let out into the yard, and with their smooth new coats of hair glistening as they warmed themselves in the sun, they were lowing as if to beg permission to go out to pasture. Levin knew them all, even to the minutest particulars. He contemplated them with satisfaction, and gave orders to take them to pasture, and to let the calves out into the yard. The cow-boy gayly started to drive them out into the field. The milkmaids, gathering up their petticoats, and splashing through the mud with bare feet, white as yet, and free from tan, chased the bellowing calves, silly with the rapture of spring, and with switches kept them from escaping from the yard.

Admiring the young cattle which the year had brought, for they were uncommonly beautiful, — the oldest already as large as a peasants' cow, and Pava's daughter, three months old, as big as a yearling, — Levin ordered the trough to be brought out for them, and their hay to be given them behind gratings.[1] He found, however, that these gratings, which had been made in the autumn, but were not used during the winter, were out of repair. He sent for the carpenter, who was supposed to be busy repairing the threshing-machine; but it seemed that the carpenter was not there. He was repairing the harrows, which should have been repaired during Lent. This made Levin very indignant. He was indignant at this everlasting repetition of such slovenliness, against which he had so many years struggled with all his might. The gratings, as he soon learned, not having been in use during the winter, had been carried to the stable, where, as they were of light construction, and meant only for calves, they had been broken.

Moreover, it appeared that nothing had been done to the harrows and other agricultural implements, which should have been inspected and put in order during the winter months, and for this purpose especially he had hired three carpenters. The harrows were needed immediately for work in the fields. Levin summoned the overseer,[2] then he himself went in search of him. The overseer, as radiant as everything else was that day, came from the threshing-floor dressed in a lined lambskin coat.[3] He was twisting a straw between his fingers.

"Why is n't the carpenter at work on the threshing-machine?"

"Oh, yes; that is what I meant to tell you last evening: the harrows had to be repaired! We 've got to plow."

"Yes; but what have you been doing this winter?"

"Yes; but why do you hire such a carpenter?"

[1] *Reshotki*, a sort of portable palisade.
[2] *Prikashchik*. [3] *Tulupchik*.

"Where are the gratings for the calves?"

"I ordered them to be put in place. You can't do anything with such people," replied the overseer, waving his hands.

"Not such people, but such an overseer!" said Levin, getting still more angry. "Well, what do I keep you for?" he shouted; but, recollecting that shouts did not do any good, he stopped in the middle of his remark and only sighed. "Well, can you get the seed in yet?" he asked, after a silence.

"Back of Turkino we might to-morrow, or the day after."

"And the clover?"

"I sent Vasili and Mishka to sow it, but I don't know whether they succeeded; it's muddy."

"On how many acres?"

"Sixteen acres."[1]

"Why not the whole?" cried Levin.

He was still more indignant because they had sowed only sixteen acres instead of fifty-four: he knew by his own experience, as well as by theory, the need of sowing the clover-seed as early as possible, almost in the snow, and Levin never could get this done.

"Not enough people. What can you do with these men? The three hired men did not come; and then Semyon...."

"Well, you would better have taken them away from the straw."

"Yes; I did that very thing."

"Where are all the people?"

"There are five at the *compote* [he meant to say *compost*]; four are moving the oats, so that they should not spoil, Konstantin Dmitritch."

Levin knew very well that these words, "*So that they should not spoil*," meant that his English oats saved for seed were already ruined. Again they had not done what he had ordered.

"Yes! But did I not tell you during Lent to put in the ventilating-chimneys?" he cried.

[1] Six desyatins; a *desyatina* is 2.7 acres.

"Don't you be troubled; we will do all in good time."

Levin angrily waved his hand, and went to examine his oats in the granary; then he went to the stables. The grain was not yet spoiled, but the workmen were stirring it up with shovels when they might have let it down from one story to the other. After he had straightened this matter and sent two hands to sow the clover, Levin calmed down in regard to his overseer. It was such a lovely day that one could not keep angry.

"Ignat," he cried to his coachman, who, with upturned sleeves, was washing the carriage near the pump, "saddle me a horse."

"Which one?"

"Well, Kolpik."

"I will do so."

While he was saddling the horse, Levin again called the overseer, who was busying himself in his vicinity, hoping to be restored to favor, and began to speak with him about the work that he wanted done during the spring, and about his plans for carrying on the estate.

He wanted the compost spread as soon as possible, so as to have this work done before the first mowing; then he wanted the farthest field plowed, so that it might be left fallow. All the fields — not half of them — should be attended to with the laborers.

The overseer listened attentively, doing his best evidently to approve of his master's plans. But nevertheless his face wore that vexatiously hopeless and melancholy expression which Levin knew so well. This expression seemed to say, "This is all very well and good, but as God shall give."

Nothing exasperated Levin so much as this tone, but it was common to all the overseers that had ever been in his service. They all received his projects with the same dejected air; and so he now refrained from getting angry, but he was exasperated and felt himself still more stimulated for the struggle against this, as it were elemental, force which he could not help calling "*As God*

shall give," and which constantly opposed him everywhere.

"If we have time, Konstantin Dmitritch," said the overseer.

"Why shall we not have time?"

"We absolutely ought to hire fifteen more workmen, but they can't be had. Some came to-day who asked seventy rubles for the summer."

Levin did not speak. Again the opposing force! He knew that, however he might exert himself, he never could hire more than forty, thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, laborers at a reasonable price; he had succeeded in getting forty, never more; but nevertheless he could not give up vanquished.

"Send to Suri, to Chefirovka; if they don't come, we must go for them."

"I 'm going to go," said Vasili Feodorovitch, gloomily. "But then the horses are very feeble."

"Buy some more; but then I know," he added, with a laugh, "that you will do as little and as badly as you can. However, I warn you that I will not let you do as you please this year. I shall take the reins in my own hands."

"Yes! but even as it is you get too little sleep, it seems to me. We are very happy to be under our master's eyes...."

"Now, have the clover put in on the Berezof Bottom, and I shall come myself to inspect it," said he, mounting his little horse, Kolpik, which the coachman brought up.

"Don't go across the brooks, Konstantin Dmitritch," cried the coachman.

"Well, then, by the woods."

And on his little, lively, easy-going ambler, which whinnied as it came to the pools, and which pulled on the bridle, having been too long in the stable, Levin rode out of the muddy courtyard, and across the open fields.

Happy as Levin had felt in his cow-yard and cattle-pen, he felt still happier out in the field. Rhythmically swaying on his easy-going, gentle pony, drinking in the

warm air, freshened by the snow as he rode through the forest where the snow still lay here and there rapidly melting in the tracks, he took keen delight in every one of his trees, with greening moss and swelling buds. As he came out from the forest, before him lay a vast stretch of fields; they seemed like an immense carpet of velvet where there was not a bare spot or a marsh, only here and there in the hollows marked with patches of melting snow. The sight of a peasant's mare and colt treading down his fields did not anger him, but he ordered a passing muzhik to drive them out. With the same gentleness he received the sarcastic and impudent answer of the muzhik Ipat, whom he met and asked, "Ipat, shall we put in the seed before very long?" And Ipat replied, "We must plow first, Konstantin Dmitritch."

The farther he went, the more his good-humor increased, and each of his plans for improving his estate seemed to surpass the other: to protect the fields on the south by lines of trees so as to prevent the snow from staying too long; to divide his arable fields into nine parts, six of which should be well dressed, and the other three sown down to grass; to build a cow-yard in the farthest corner of one field, and have a pond dug; to have portable inclosures for the cattle, so as to utilize the manure; and thus to cultivate three hundred desyatins of wheat, a hundred desyatins of potatoes, and one hundred and fifty of clover, without exhausting the soil.

Full of these reflections, he picked his way carefully along so as not to tread down his fields, till at last he reached the place where the laborers were sowing the clover. The cart, loaded with seed, instead of being left on the edge of the field, had been driven into the plowed land, and his winter wheat was crushed by the wheels and trampled down by the horse. The two laborers were sitting by the edge of the field, evidently smoking a mutual pipe. The earth in the cart, mixed together with the seed, had not been worked over, but was full of hard or frozen lumps.

When he saw the master, the laborer Vasili started toward the cart, and Mishka began to sow. This was all wrong, but Levin rarely got angry with his laborers. When Vasili came up to him, Levin ordered him to lead the horse to the side of the field.

"It won't do any harm, sir; it will spring up again."

"Please not discuss it," replied Levin, "but do what I say."

"I will obey," said Vasili, taking the horse by the head. "What splendid seed, Konstantin Dmitritch," he added, to regain favor. "Best kind! But it is frightful going! You drag a *pud* on each foot."

"But why was n't the earth sifted?" asked Levin.

"Oh! it 'll come out all right," replied Vasili, taking up some seed, and crushing the lump in his palm.

It was not Vasili's fault that they were scattering the unsifted soil; but it was vexatious, nevertheless. Having more than once to his advantage made use of a well-known means of wreaking his vexation, which always seemed to him foolish, Levin now determined to try it and see if he could recover his good temper. He noticed how Mishka strode along dragging huge clods of clay which stuck to each of his feet; so, dismounting, he took the seed-cod from Vasili and began to scatter the seed.

"Where did you stop?"

Vasili touched the spot with his foot, and Levin went on as best he could, scattering the earth with the seed. But it was as hard as wading through a marsh, and after he had gone a row he stopped all in a sweat, and returned the seed-cod.

"Well, barin, if that row does n't come out well next summer, don't blame me for it!" said Vasili.

"Indeed I won't," replied Levin, gayly, already feeling the efficacy of the means he had employed.

"But just look at the summer we 're going to have! 'T will be magnificent! If you 'll notice, that 's where I sowed last spring. How well I planted it! Why, Konstantin Dmitritch, I work as if I were working for my

own father! Well, I don't like to do slack work. What is good for the master is good for us. And look yonder at that field," continued Vasili, pointing to the field, "it delights my heart."

"It is a fine spring, Vasili."

"Yes! it is such a spring as our old men can't remember. I was at home, and our elder has already sowed an acre[1] of wheat; as he says he can hardly tell it from rye."

"But how long have you been sowing wheat?"

"Why, you yourself taught us how to sow it year before last. You spared me two measures. It gave eight bushels and we sowed an acre with it."

"Well! look here, see that you break up the earth well!" said Levin, as he started for his ambler, "look after Mishka; and if the seed comes up well, you shall have fifty kopeks a desyatin."

"We thank you humbly: we should be content even without that."

Levin mounted his horse, and rode off to visit his last year's clover-field, and then to the field which was already plowed ready for the summer wheat.

The crop of clover in the stubble-field was miraculous. It had all survived, and was covering with a mantle of green all the ground where the preceding fall the roots of the wheat had been left.

The horse sank up to the fetlock, and each foot made a sucking noise as he pulled it out of the half-thawed soil. It was entirely impossible to cross the plowed land. Only where there was ice would it hold, but in the thawed furrows the horse's leg sank above the fetlock. The plowed field was excellent. In two days the harrowing and sowing could be done. Everything was beautiful, everything was gay!

Levin rode back by way of the brooks, hoping to find the water lower; in fact, he found that he could get

[1] *Tri osminnika;* in the government of Tula an osminnik is an eighth of a desyatin. One chetvert (about eight bushels) plants three of these eighths, or an acre. Levin promises an equivalent of about forty cents for 2.7 acres.

across; and, as he waded through, he scared up a couple of wild ducks.

"There ought to be snipe, also," he thought; and a forest guard whom he met on his way to the house confirmed his supposition.

He immediately spurred up his horse, so as to get back in time for dinner, and to prepare his gun for the evening.

CHAPTER XIV

Just as Levin reached home, in the best humor in the world, he heard the jingling of bells at the side entrance.

"There, now! some one from the railroad station," was his first thought; "it's time for the Moscow train. — Who can have come? brother Nikolaï? Did he not say that instead of going abroad he might perhaps come to see me?"

For a moment it occurred to him disagreeably that his brother Nikolaï's presence might spoil his pleasant plans for the spring; but, disgusted at the selfishness of this thought, his mind, so to speak, instantly received his brother with open arms, and he began to hope, with affectionate joy, that it was really he.

He hurried his horse, and as he came out from behind the acacia, he saw a hired troïka from the railway station and a traveler dressed in a shuba.

It was not his brother.

"Akh! if only it is some agreeable man to talk with," he thought.

"Ah!" he cried, lifting up both arms as he recognized Stepan Arkadyevitch, "here is the most delectable of guests! Akh! how glad I am to see you! — I shall certainly learn from him if she is married or when she's going to be," he added to himself.

This splendid spring morning he felt that the memory of Kitty was not at all painful.

"You scarcely expected me, I suppose," said Stepan

Arkadyevitch, leaping out of the sledge, with spots of mud on the bridge of his nose, on his cheeks, and on his forehead, but radiant with health and pleasure. "I am come, first, to see you," he cried, throwing his arms around Levin and kissing him ; "secondly, to shoot a few birds ; and thirdly, to sell the forest at Yergushovo."

"Perfect, is n't it? What do you think of this spring? But how could you have got here in a sledge?"

"Traveling is far worse with a telyega, Konstantin Dmitritch," replied the postilion, who was an acquaintance.

"Well! Indeed, I am delighted to see you again," said Levin, with a genuine smile of boyish joy.

He conducted his guest to the room kept in readiness for visitors, and had Stepan Arkadyevitch's things brought up, — a gripsack, a gun in its case, and a box of cigars, and then, leaving him to wash and dress himself, he went down to his office to speak about the clover and the plowing.

Agafya Mikharlovna, who had very much at heart the honor of the mansion, met him in the vestibule with questions about dinner.

"Do just as you please," replied Levin, as he went out; "only make haste about it," said he, and went to the overseer.

When he returned, Stepan Arkadyevitch, who had washed, and combed his hair, was just coming out of his room with a radiant smile, and together they went up-stairs.

"Well, I am very happy to have got out to your house at last. I shall now learn the mystery of your existence here. Truly, I envy you. What a house! How convenient everything is! how bright and delightful!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, forgetting that bright days and the springtime were not always there. "And your old nurse, — what a charming old soul! All that 's lacking is a pretty little chambermaid with an apron on, — but that does not suit your severe and monastic style ; but this is very good."

Stepan Arkadyevitch had much interesting news to

tell: especially interesting to Levin was the tidings that his brother Sergyeĭ Ivanovitch expected to come into the country this summer; but not one word did Stepan Arkadyevitch say about Kitty or any of the Shcherbatskys, he simply transmitted his wife's greeting. Levin was grateful to him for this delicacy. As usual, he had stored up during his hours of solitude a throng of ideas and impressions which he could not share with any of his domestics, and now he poured into Oblonsky's ears his poetical spring joys, his failures and plans and farming projects, his thoughts and his observations on the books which he had read, and above all the idea of his treatise, the scheme of which consisted — though he himself had not noticed it — of a critique on all former works on farming.

Stepan Arkadyevitch, amiable, and always ready to grasp a point, showed unusual cordiality; and Levin even thought that he noticed a certain flattering consideration and an undertone of tenderness in his treatment of him.

The efforts of Agafya Mikhaĭlovna and the cook to get up an especially good dinner resulted in the two friends, who were half starved, betaking themselves to the *zakuska*, or lunch-table, and devouring bread and butter, cold chicken and salted mushrooms, and finally in Levin calling for the soup without the little pasties which the cook had made in the hope of surprising the guest.

But Stepan Arkadyevitch, though he was used to different kinds of dinners, found everything excellent, the *travnik*, or herb-beer, the bread, the butter, and especially the cold chicken, the mushrooms, the *shchi*, or cabbage-soup, the fowl with white sauce, and the white Krimean wine, — everything was admirable, wonderful!

"Perfect! perfect!" he cried, as he lit a big cigarette after the roast. "I feel as if I had escaped the shocks and noise of a ship, and had landed on a peaceful shore. And so you say that the element represented by the working-man ought to be studied above all others, and be taken as a guide in the choice of economy expe-

dients. You see I am a *profanus* in these questions, but it seems to me that this theory and its applications would have an influence on the working-man...."

"Yes; but hold on. I am not speaking of political economy, but of rural economy considered as a science. You must study the premises, the phenomena, just the same as in the natural sciences; and the working-man, from the economical and ethnographical point of view...."

But here Agafya Mikhaïlovna entered with the dessert of preserves.

"Well, now! accept my compliments, Agafya Mikhaïlovna," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, kissing the ends of his hairy fingers. "What nice baked chicken! What delicious beer! — Well, Kostia, is n't it time to go?" he added.

Levin looked out of the window toward the sun, which was sinking behind the tree-tops, still bare and leafless.

"It is time. Kuzma, have the horses hitched up," he cried, as he went down-stairs.

Stepan Arkadyevitch followed him, and carefully removed the canvas covering from the lacquered case, and, having opened it, proceeded to take out his costly gun, which was of the newest pattern.

Kuzma, already scenting a generous fee, gave him assiduous attention, and helped him put on his stockings and his hunting-boots; and Stepan Arkadyevitch accepted his aid complacently.

"If the merchant Rabinin comes while we are gone, Kostia, — I told him to be here to-day, — do me the favor to have him kept till we get back."....

"Are you going to sell your wood to Rabinin?"

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Oh! certainly I know him. I have done business with him, 'positively and finally.'"

Stepan Arkadyevitch burst into a laugh. "Positively and finally" were the favorite words of the merchant.

"Yes; he is very droll in his speech! — She knows where her master is going," he added, patting Laska,

who was jumping and barking around Levin, licking now his hand, now his boots and gun.

A *dolgusha*, or hunting-wagon, was waiting at the steps as they came out.

"I had the horses put in, although we have but a little distance to go," said Levin; "but would you rather walk?"

"No, I prefer to ride," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, as he mounted the wagon. He sat down, tucking round his legs a striped plaid, and lighted a cigar. "How can you get along without smoking, Kostia? A cigar .... it is not only a pleasure, it is the very crown and sign of delight. This is life indeed. How delightful! I should like to live like this!"

"What 's to prevent?" asked Levin, with a smile.

"Yes; but you are a fortunate man, for you have everything that you like. You like horses, you have them; dogs, you have them; hunting, here it is; an estate, here it is!"

"Perhaps it is because I enjoy what I have, and don't covet what I have not," replied Levin, with Kitty in his mind.

Stepan Arkadyevitch understood, and looked at him without speaking.

Levin was grateful to Oblonsky because he avoided speaking about the Shcherbatskys, with his usual tact perceiving that Levin dreaded to speak about them; but now he felt anxious to find out how matters stood, but he did not dare to inquire.

"Well, how go your affairs?" asked Levin, realizing how selfish it was in him to think only of himself.

Oblonsky's eyes glistened with gayety.

"You will not admit that one can want hot rolls when he has his monthly rations; in your eyes it is a crime: but for me, I cannot admit the possibility of living without love," he replied, construing Levin's question in his own fashion. "What 's to be done about it? I am so constituted. And it is a fact, it does so little harm to any one else, and gives one so much pleasure...."

"What! there is a new one, is there?" asked Levin.

"There is, brother! You know the type of the women in Ossian?.... these women that you see in dreams?.... But they really exist, and are terrible. Woman, you see, is an inexhaustible theme; you can never cease studying her, — she always presents some new phase."

"So much the better not to study her, then."

"Not at all. Some mathematician has said that happiness consisted in searching for truth and never finding it."

Levin listened, and said no more; and, notwithstanding all the efforts which he made, he could not in the least enter into his friend's soul, and understand his feelings and the charm of studying such women.

CHAPTER XV

The place where the birds collected was not far away, by a small stream, flowing through an aspen grove. Levin got out and took Oblonsky to a nook in a mossy, somewhat marshy meadow, where the snow had already melted. He himself went to the opposite side, near a double birch, rested his gun on the fork of a dead branch, took off his kaftan, clasped a belt about his waist, and insured the free motion of his arms.

Old gray Laska, following him step by step, sat down cautiously in front of him, and pricked up her ears. The sun was setting behind the great forest, and against the bright sky the young birches and aspens stood out distinctly, with their bending branches and their swelling buds.

In the forest, where the snow still lay, the low rippling sound of waters could be heard running in their narrow channels; little birds were chirping, and flying from tree to tree. In the intervals of perfect silence one could hear the rustling of the last year's leaves, moved by the thawing earth or the pushing herbs.

"Why, one really can hear and see the grass grow!" said Levin to himself, as he saw a moist and slate-col-

ored aspen leaf raised by the blade of a young herb starting from the sod.

He stood, listening and looking, now at the damp moss-covered ground, now at the watchful Laska, now at the bare tree-tops of the forest, which swept like a sea to the foot of the hill, and now at the darkening sky, where floated little white bits of cloud. A hawk flew aloft, slowly flapping his broad wings above the distant forest; another took the same direction and disappeared. In the thicket the birds were chirping louder and more gayly than ever. Not far away, an owl lifted his voice, and Laska pricked up her ears again, took two or three cautious steps, and bent her head to listen. On the other side of the stream a cuckoo sang. Twice it uttered its customary cry, and then its voice grew hoarse, it flew away, and was heard no more.

"Why, the cuckoo has come!" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, coming out from behind his thicket.

"Yes, I hear," said Levin, disgusted that the silence of the forest was broken, by the sound even of his own voice. "You won't have to wait long now."

Stepan Arkadyevitch returned to his place behind his thicket, and Levin saw only the flash of a match and the red glow of his cigarette and a light bluish smoke.

Tchik! tchik! Stepan Arkadyevitch cocked his gun.

"What was that making that noise?" he asked of his companion, attracting his attention to a protracted humming as if a colt was neighing with a very slender voice.

"Don't you know what that is? That is the buck rabbit. Don't speak any more. Listen, there is a bird!" cried Levin, cocking his gun.

A slender distant whistle was heard, with that rhythmic regularity which the huntsman knows so well; then a moment or two later it was repeated nearer, and suddenly changed into a hoarse little cry.

Levin turned his eyes to the right, to the left, and finally saw, just above his head, against the fading blue of the sky, above the gently waving aspens, a bird flying. It flew straight toward him; its cry, like the noise

made by tearing stiff cloth, rang in his ears; then he distinguished the long bill and the long neck of the bird, but hardly had he caught sight of it when a red flash shone out from behind Oblonsky's bush. The bird darted off like an arrow and rose into the air again; but again the light flashed and a report was heard, and the bird, vainly striving to rise, flapped its wings for a second, and fell heavily to the wet earth.

"Did I miss?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, who could see nothing through the smoke.

"Here she is," cried Levin, pointing to Laska, who, with one ear erect, and waving the tip end of her hairy tail, slowly, as if to lengthen out the pleasure, came back with the bird in her mouth, seeming almost to smile as she laid the game down at her master's feet.

"Well now, I am glad you succeeded," said Levin, though he felt a slight sensation of envy, because he himself had not killed this snipe.

"The right barrel missed, curse it!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, reloading his gun. "*Sh!*.... Here's another...."

In fact, the whistles came thicker and thicker, rapid and sharp. Two snipe flew over the hunters, playing, chasing each other, and only whistling, not clucking. Four shots rang out; and the snipe, making a sudden turn like swallows, disappeared from sight.

* * * * * *

The sport was excellent. Stepan Arkadyevitch killed two others, and Levin also two, one of which was lost. It grew darker and darker. Venus, with silvery light, shone out low in the west from behind the birches; and high in the east, Arcturus gleamed, with his somber, reddish fire. Above his head, Levin found and lost the stars of the Great Bear. The snipe had now ceased to fly, but Levin resolved to wait until Venus, which was visible above the birch trees, should stand clear above the lower branches, and till all the stars of the Great Bear should be entirely visible. The star had passed beyond the birch trees, and the wain of the Bear with

its pole was shining out clear in the dark blue sky, and he was still waiting.

"Is n't it getting late?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch.

All was calm in the forest; not a bird moved.

"Let us wait a little longer," replied Levin.

"Just as you please."

At this moment they were not fifteen paces apart.

"Stiva," cried Levin, suddenly, "you have not told me whether your sister-in-law is married yet, or whether she is to be married soon."

He felt so calm, his mind was so thoroughly made up, that nothing, he thought, could move him. But what Stepan Arkadyevitch answered was wholly unexpected.

"She is not married, and she is not thinking of marriage. She is very ill, and the doctors have sent her abroad. They even fear for her life."

"What did you say?" cried Levin. "Very ill? What is the matter? How did she...."

While they were talking thus, Laska, with ears erect, was gazing at the sky above her head, and looking at them reproachfully.

"This is not the time to talk," thought Laska. "Ah! Here comes one — there he goes; they will miss him."

At the same instant a sharp whistle pierced the ears of the two huntsmen, and both, leveling their guns, shot at once; the two reports, the two flashes, were simultaneous. The snipe, flying high, folded his wings, drew up his delicate legs, and fell into the thicket.

"Excellent! both together!" cried Levin, running with Laska in search of the game. "Oh, yes! What was it that hurt me so just now? Ah, yes! Kitty is ill," he remembered. "What is to be done about it? It is too bad. — Ah! she has found it! Good dog," said he, taking the bird, still warm, from Laska's mouth, and putting it into his overflowing game-bag.

"Come on, Stiva!" he cried.

CHAPTER XVI

On their way home, Levin questioned his friend about Kitty's illness and the plans of the Shcherbatskys. Though it caused some conscientious scruples, what he heard was pleasant news to him. It was pleasant because it left him with some grounds for hope, and it was still more pleasant to think that she who had caused him so much suffering, was suffering herself. But when Stepan Arkadyevitch began to speak of the reason of Kitty's illness, and pronounced the name of Vronsky, he interrupted him.

"I have no right to know these family matters, since I am not concerned."

Stepan Arkadyevitch smiled imperceptibly as he noticed the sudden and characteristic change in Levin, who, in an instant, had passed from gayety to sadness.

"Have you succeeded in your transaction with Rabinin about the wood?" he asked.

"Yes, I have made the bargain. He gives me an excellent price, — thirty-eight thousand rubles, eight in advance, and the rest in six years. I had been long about it; no one offered me any more."

"That means you are selling your wood for a song," said Levin, frowning.

"Why so?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a good-humored smile, knowing that now Levin would totally disapprove of everything.

"Because your wood is worth at least five hundred rubles a desyatin."

"Oh! You rural economists!" replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, banteringly. "What a tone of scorn to us, your city brother!.... And yet, when it comes to business matters, we come out of it better than you do. Believe me, I have made a careful calculation. The wood is sold under very favorable conditions; and I fear only one thing, and that is lest the merchant will back out of it! You see, it is wretched wood," he went on, accenting the word *wretched*, so as to convince

Levin of the unfairness of his criticism, "and nothing but fire-wood. There will not be much more than thirty cords to the acre,[1] and he pays me at the rate of two hundred rubles."

Levin smiled scornfully.

"I know these city people," he thought, "who, coming twice in ten years into the country, and learning two or three country words, which they use appropriately or inappropriately, are firmly persuaded that they know it all. '*Wretched! only thirty cords!*' he speaks words without knowing what he is talking about."

"I do not pretend to teach you what you write in your office," said he, "and, if I needed, I would even ask your advice. But you are so sure that you understand this whole document about the wood. It is hard. Have you counted the trees?"

"What? Count my trees?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a laugh, and still trying to get his friend out of his ill-humor. "Count the sands, the rays of the planets — though a lofty genius might...."

"Well, now! I tell you the lofty genius of Rabinin may! Never does a merchant purchase without counting, — unless, indeed, the wood is given away for nothing as you have done. I know your forest, I go hunting there every year; and your forest is worth five hundred rubles a desyatin cash down; and he has given you only two hundred, and on a long term. That means you make him a present of thirty thousand."

"Well, enough of imaginary receipts," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, plaintively. "Why did n't some one offer me this price?"

"Because the merchants connive together. I have had to do with all of them; I know them. They are not merchants, but speculators. None of them is satisfied with a profit less than ten or fifteen per cent. They wait till they can buy for twenty kopeks what is worth a ruble."

"Well, enough; you are out of sorts."

[1] Thirty sazhens to the desyatin. A *desyatin* is 2.7 acre. A cubic *sazhen* is 2.68 cords.

"Not at all," said Levin, sadly, as they were approaching the house.

A small cart, tightly bound with iron and leather, drawn by a fat horse, tightly harnessed with wide straps, was standing at the entrance; in the cart sat a red-faced overseer tightly belted, who served Rabinin as a coachman. Rabinin himself was already in the house, and met the two friends in the vestibule. Rabinin was a man of middle age, tall and thin, wearing a mustache, but his prominent chin was well shaven. His eyes were protuberant and muddy. He was clad in a dark blue coat with buttons set low behind, and he wore high boots, wrinkled around the ankles and smooth over the calves, and over his boots huge galoshes. Wiping his face with his handkerchief, and wrapping his overcoat closely around him, though without that it fitted him well enough, he came out with a smile, to meet the gentlemen as they entered. He gave one hand to Stepan Arkadyevitch as if he wanted to grasp something.

"Ah! Here you are," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, shaking hands. "Very good."

"I should not have ventured to disobey your excellency's orders, though the roads are very bad. Positively, I came all the way on foot, but I got here on time. A greeting to you, Konstantin Dmitritch," said he, turning to Levin, intending to seize his hand also; but Levin, frowning, affected not to notice the motion, and began to take out the snipe.

"You have been enjoying a hunt? What kind of a bird is that?" asked Rabinin, looking at the snipe disdainfully. "I suppose it has a peculiar flavor." And he shook his head disapprovingly, as if he felt doubtful whether the game were worth the candle.

"Would you like to go into the library?" said Levin, darkly scowling, addressing Stepan Arkadyevitch in French. "Go to the library, and discuss your business there."

"Just as you please," replied the merchant, in a tone of disdainful superiority, apparently wishing it to be

understood that others might find difficulties in transacting business, but that he never could.

As he entered the library, Rabinin glanced about as if his eyes were in search of the holy image; but when he caught sight of it, he did not cross himself. He glanced at the bookcases and the shelves lined with books, and with the same air of doubt that the snipe had caused, he smiled scornfully and shook his head disapprovingly, as if this kind of game also were not worth the candle.

"Well, did you bring the money?" asked Stepan Arkadyevitch. "Sit down."

"The money will come all in good time, but I came to see you and have a talk."

"What have we to talk about? However, sit down."

"May as well sit down," said Rabinin, taking a chair, and leaning back in it in the most uncomfortable attitude. "You must give in a trifle, prince; it would be sinful not to do it. As to the money, it is all ready, absolutely and finally even to the last kopek; as far as the money goes, there will be no delay."

Levin, who had been putting his gun away in the armory, and was just leaving the room, stopped as he heard the last words.

"You bought the wood for a song," said he. "He came to visit me too late; I would have got a good price for it."

Rabinin arose and smilingly contemplated Levin from head to foot, but said nothing.

"Konstantin Levin is very sharp," said he, at length, turning to Stepan Arkadyevitch. "One never succeeds in arranging a bargain finally with him. I have bought wheat, and paid good prices."

"Why should I give you my property for a song? I did not find it in the ground, nor did I steal it."

"Excuse me; at the present day it is absolutely impossible to be a thief, everything is done, in the present day, honestly and openly. Who could steal, then? We have spoken honestly and honorably. The wood is too

dear; I shall not make the two ends meet. I beg him to yield a little."

"But is your bargain made, or is it not? If it is made, there is no need of haggling; if it is not," said Levin, "I am going to buy the wood."

The smile suddenly disappeared from Rabinin's lips. A rapacious and cruel expression, like that of a bird of prey, came in its place. With his bony fingers he tore open his overcoat, bringing into sight his shirt, his waistcoat with its copper buttons, and his watch-chain; and from his breast-pocket he pulled out a huge, well-worn wallet.

"Excuse me, the wood is mine," he exclaimed, making a rapid sign of the cross, and he extended his hand. "Take your money, the wood is mine. This is how Rabinin ends his transactions. He does not reckon his kopeks," said he, knitting his brows and waving his wallet eagerly.

"If I were in your place, I should not be in haste," said Levin.

"Mercy on me!" said Oblonsky, astonished, "I have given my word."

Levin dashed out of the room, slamming the door. Rabinin glanced at the door and shook his head.

"Merely the effect of youth; definitely, pure childishness. Believe me, I buy this, so to speak, for the sake of glory, so that they may say, 'It's Rabinin, and not some one else, who has bought Oblonsky's forest.' And God knows how I shall come out of it! Have faith in God! Please sign."....

An hour later the merchant, carefully wrapping his khalat around him and buttoning up his overcoat, took his seat in his cart and drove home, with the agreement in his pocket.

"Oh! these gentlemen!" he said to his overseer, "always the same story."

"So it is," replied the prikashchik, giving up the reins, so as to arrange the leather boot. "And your little purchase, Mikhaïl Ignatyitch?"

"Well! well!"

CHAPTER XVII

Stepan Arkadyevitch went up-stairs, his pockets bulging out with "promises to pay," due in three months, which the merchant had given him. The sale of the forest was concluded; he had money in his pocket; sport had been good; and Stepan Arkadyevitch was in the happiest frame of mind, and therefore was especially eager to dispel the sadness which had taken possession of Levin. He wanted a good ending for the day that since dinner had shown such promise.

In point of fact, Levin was not in good spirits, and in spite of his desire to seem amiable and thoughtful toward his beloved guest, he could not control himself. The intoxication which he felt in learning that Kitty was not married had begun little by little to affect him.

Kitty not married, and ill — ill from love for a man who had jilted her. It was almost like a personal insult. Vronsky had slighted her, and she had slighted him. Levin, consequently, had gained the right to despise him. He was therefore his enemy. Levin did not reason this all out. He had a vague sense that there was something in this humiliating to him, and he was angry now because it had upset his plans, and so everything which came up annoyed him. The stupid sale of the forest, which had taken place under his roof, and the way Oblonsky had been cheated, exasperated him.

"Well, is it finished?" he asked, as he met Stepan Arkadyevitch up-stairs. "Would you like some supper?"

"Yes, I won't refuse. What an appetite I feel in the country! It 's wonderful! Why did n't you offer a bite to Rabinin?"

"Ah! the devil take him!"

"Why! how you treated him!" exclaimed Oblonsky. "You did n't even offer him your hand! Why did n't you offer him your hand?"

"Because I don't shake hands with my lackey, and my lackey is worth a hundred of him."

"What a retrograde you are! And how about the fusion of classes?" said Oblonsky.

"Let those who like it, enjoy it! It is disgusting to me."

"You, I see, are a retrograde."

"To tell the truth, I never asked myself what I am. I am Konstantin Levin — nothing more."

"And Konstantin Levin in a very bad humor," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, smiling.

"Yes, I am in bad humor, and do you know why? Because .... excuse me .... because of your stupid barg...."

Stepan Arkadyevitch frowned good-naturedly, like a man who is unreasonably scolded and blamed.

"There! that'll do!" he said. "After any one has sold anything, they come saying, 'You might have sold this at a higher price;' but no one thinks of offering this fine price before the sale. .... No; I see you have a grudge against this unfortunate Rabinin."

"Maybe I have. And do you know why? You will call me retrograde or some worse name, but it is so vexatious and disgusting to me to see what is going on everywhere — the nobility which I belong to, and in spite of your fusion of classes, am very glad to belong to, always getting poorer and poorer. .... And this growing poverty is not in consequence of luxurious living. That would be nothing. To live like lords is proper for the nobles; the nobles only can do this. Now the muzhiks are buying up our lands; that does not trouble me; the proprietor does nothing, the muzhik is industrious, and supplants the lazy man. So it ought to be. And I am very glad for the muzhik. But what vexes me, and stirs my soul, is to see the proprietor robbed by .... I don't know how to express it .... by his own innocence. Here is a Polish leaseholder, who has bought, at half price, a superb estate of a lady who lives at Nice. Yonder is a merchant who has hired a farm for a ruble an acre, and it is worth ten rubles an acre. And this very day, without the slightest reason, you have given this rascal a present of thirty thousand."

"But what can I do? Count my trees one by one?"

"Certainly; if you have not counted them, Rabinin did, and his children will have the means whereby to live and get an education, whereas yours, perhaps, will not."

"Well, forgive me, but there is something pitiful in such minute calculations. We have our ways of doing things, and they have theirs; and let them get the profits. There now! Moreover, it is done, and that's the end of it..... And here is my favorite omelette coming in; and then Agafya Mikhaïlovna will certainly give us a glass of her marvelous herb-beer."....

Stepan Arkadyevitch sat down at the table and began to joke with Agafya Mikhaïlovna, assuring her that he had not eaten such a dinner and such a supper for an age.

"You can give fine speeches, at least," said Agafya Mikhaïlovna. "But Konstantin Dmitritch, whatever was set before him, if only a crust of bread, would eat it and go away."

Levin, in spite of his efforts to control himself, was melancholy and gloomy. He wanted to ask Stepan Arkadyevitch one question, but he could not make up his mind, nor could he find either the opportunity in which to ask it, or a suitable form in which to couch it.

Stepan Arkadyevitch had gone down to his room, and, after another bath, had put on a ruffled night-shirt and gone to bed. Levin still dallied in his room, talking about various trifles, but not having the courage to ask what he had at heart.

"How wonderfully well this is made!" said he, taking from its wrapper a piece of perfumed soap, which Agafya Mikhaïlovna had prepared for the guest, but which Oblonsky had not used. "Just look; isn't it truly a work of art?"

"Yes; all sorts of improvements nowadays," said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with a beatific yawn. "The theaters, for example, and — a — a — a" — yawning again — "these amusing a-a-a.... and electric lights everywhere a-a-a-a-a...."

"Yes, the electric lights," repeated Levin. "And

that Vronsky, where is he now?" he suddenly asked, putting down the soap.

"Vronsky?" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, ceasing to yawn. "He is at Petersburg. He went away shortly after you did, and has not been in Moscow since. And do you know, Kostia," he continued, leaning his elbow on a little table placed near the head of the bed, and resting his handsome ruddy face on his hand, while two oily, good-natured, and sleepy eyes shone out like twin stars, "I am going to tell you the truth. You yourself were to blame. You were afraid of a rival. And I will remind you of what I said: I don't know which of you had the best chances. Why didn't you go ahead? I told you then that...."

He yawned again, with his jaws only, trying not to open his mouth.

"Does he, or does n't he, know that I offered myself?" thought Levin, looking at him. "Yes! there is something subtle, something diplomatic, in his face;" and, feeling that he was flushing, he said nothing, but looked straight into Oblonsky's eyes.

"If on her part there was any feeling for him, it was merely a slight drawing," continued Oblonsky. "You know, that absolutely high breeding of his and the chances of position in the world had an effect on her mother, but not on her."

Levin frowned. The humiliation of his rejection, with which he was suffering as from a recent wound, smarted in his heart. Fortunately, he was at home; and the very walls of the home sustain one.

"Wait! wait!" he interrupted; "you said, 'high breeding'![1] But let me ask you, what means this high breeding of Vronsky, or any one else — a high breeding that could look down on me. You consider Vronsky an aristocrat. I don't. A man whose father sprang from nothing, by means of intrigue, whose mother has had liaisons with God knows whom.... Oh, no, excuse me! Aristocrats, in my opinion, are men like myself, who can show in the past three or four generations of excel-

[1] *Aristokratism.*

lent families, belonging to the most cultivated classes, — talents and intellect are another matter, — who never abased themselves before anybody, and were never dependent on others, — like my father and grandfather. And I know many such. It seems small business to you that I count my trees, while you give thirty thousand rubles to Rabinin: but you receive a salary, and other things; and I receive nothing of the sort, and therefore I appreciate what my father left me, and what my labor gives me. .... We are the aristocrats, and not those who live only by means of what the powers of this world dole out to them, and who can be bought for a copper."

"There! whom are you so angry with? I agree with you," replied Stepan Arkadyevitch, sincerely and gayly, though he knew that when Levin hurled his sarcasms at those who could be bought for a copper, he meant him. But Levin's animation really pleased him. "Whom are you angry with? Though much of what you say about Vronsky is not true, still I won't speak about that. I will tell you frankly that if I were in your place, I would start for Moscow, and .... "

"No! I don't know whether you know or not, — but it 's over for me. I will tell you. I proposed and was rejected; so that now the memory of Katerina Aleksandrovna is painful and humiliating."

"Why so? What nonsense!"

"But let us not speak of it. Forgive me if I have been rude to you," said Levin. Now that he had made a clean breast of it, he began once more to feel as he had felt in the morning. "You will not be angry with me, Stiva? I beg of you, don't be angry with me," said he, and with a smile he took his hand.

"Of course not. I will not think anything more about it. I am very glad, though, that we have spoken frankly to each other. And, do you know, sport will be capital to-morrow. We can try it again, can't we? In that case I would not even sleep, but go straight from the grove to the station."

"Capital!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Although Vronsky's inner life was wholly absorbed by his passion, his outward life unchangeably and inevitably ran along on the former ordinary rails of his social and regimental ties and interests. His regiment filled an important part in his life, in the first place because he loved his regiment, and, still more, because he was extremely popular in it. In his regiment he was not only admired, but he was also respected. They were proud of him, proud that a man enormously rich, with a fine education and with qualities, with a path open before him to every kind of success and ambition and glorification, scorned all that, and placed the interests of his regiment and his comrades above all the interests of life. Vronksy recognized the feeling which he inspired, and, besides the fact that he loved that life, he felt called on, in a certain degree, to sustain his character.

Of course he spoke to no one of his passion. Never did an imprudent word escape him, even when he joined his comrades in the liveliest of drinking-bouts, — however, he was never so intoxicated as to lose control over himself, — and he kept his mouth shut in the presence of those gossiping meddlers who made the least allusion to the affairs of his heart. Nevertheless, his passion was a matter of notoriety throughout the city; all had more or less well-founded suspicions of his relationship to Madame Karenin, and most of the young men envied him on account of the very thing that was the greatest drawback to his love, — Karenin's high station, which made the matter more conspicuous.

The majority of young women, jealous of Anna, whom they were weary of hearing always called *the just*, were not sorry to have their predictions verified, and were waiting only for the sanction of public opinion, to overwhelm her with the whole weight of their scorn; they had already prepared for use the mud which should be thrown at her when the time should come. Most people of experience, and those of high rank, were dis-

pleased at the prospect of a disgraceful scandal in society.

Vronsky's mother, when she heard of the liaison, at first was glad; because, in her opinion, nothing gave the last finish to a brilliant young man compared to an intrigue in high life; and because she was not sorry to find that this Madame Karenin, who had pleased her so much and who seemed so entirely devoted to her boy, was, after all, only like any other handsome and elegant woman. But later she learned that her son had refused an important promotion, for no other reason than that he might stay with his regiment and keep on visiting Madame Karenin, and she learned that, on account of this, persons very high in authority were dissatisfied with him, and she changed her opinion in regard to it.

There was another reason why she did not now approve of it: from all she could learn of this liaison, it was not the brilliant and fashionable flirtation, such as she approved, but a desperate tragedy, after the style of Werther, according to report, and she was afraid lest her son should be drawn into some folly. Since his unexpected departure from Moscow she had not seen him, but she sent word to him, through his elder brother, that she desired him to come to her. His elder brother was even more dissatisfied, not because he felt anxious to know whether this love-affair was to be deep or ephemeral, passionate or Platonic, innocent or guilty, — he himself, though a married man and the father of a family, had a ballet dancer for a mistress, and therefore had no right to be severe, — but because he knew that this love-affair was displeasing in quarters where it was better to be on good terms; and therefore he blamed his brother's conduct.

Vronsky, besides his society relations and his military duties, had yet another absorbing passion, — horses. The officers' handicap races were to take place this summer. He became a subscriber, and bought a pure-blood English trotter; and in spite of his love-affair, he was passionately though discreetly interested in the results of the races. ....

These two passions did not interfere with each other. On the contrary, he needed something independent of his love-affair, some occupation and interest in which he could find refreshment and recreation after the over-violent emotions which stirred him.

CHAPTER XIX

On the day of the Krasno-Sielo races, Vronsky came earlier than usual to eat a beefsteak in the officers' common dining-hall. He was not at all constrained to limit himself, since his weight satisfied the 160 pounds[1] required; but he did not want to get fat, and so he refrained from sweet and farinaceous foods. He sat down with his coat unbuttoned over his white waistcoat, and with both elbows resting on the table; while he was waiting for his beefsteak he kept his eyes on the pages of a French novel which lay on the plate. He looked at his book only so as not to talk with the officers as they went and came, but he was thinking.

He was thinking how Anna had promised to meet him after the races. But he had not seen her for three days; and he was wondering if she would be able to keep her appointment, as her husband had just returned to Petersburg from a journey abroad, and he was wondering how he could find out. They had met for the last time at his cousin Betsy's *datcha*, or country-house. For he went to the Karenins' datcha as little as possible, and now he wanted to go there, and he was asking himself, "How can it be managed?"

"Of course, I will say that I am charged by Betsy to find whether she expects to attend the races, — yes, certainly, I will go," he said, raising his head from his book. And his face shone with the joy caused by his imagination of the forthcoming interview.

"Send word that I wish my carriage and troïka harnessed and brought round," said he to the waiter who

[1] Four and a half pud: a *pud* is 36.11 pounds avoirdupois.

was bringing his beefsteak on a hot silver platter. Moving the platter toward him, he began his meal.

In the adjoining billiard-room the clicking of balls was heard, and two voices talking and laughing. Two officers appeared in the door: one of them was a young man with delicate, refined features, who had just graduated from the Corps of Pages and joined the regiment; the other was old and fat, with little, moist eyes, and wore a bracelet on his wrist.

Vronsky glanced at them and frowned, and went on eating and reading at the same time, as if he had not seen them.

"Getting ready for work, are you?" asked the fat officer, sitting down near him.

"You see I am," replied Vronsky, wiping his lips, and frowning again, without looking up.

"But aren't you afraid of getting fat?" continued the elderly officer, pulling up a chair for his junior.

"What!" cried Vronsky, making a grimace to express his disgust and aversion, and showing his splendid teeth.

"Aren't you afraid of getting fat?"

"Waiter, sherry!" cried Vronsky, without replying, and he changed his book to the other side of his plate, and continued to read.

The fat officer took the wine-list, and passed it over to the young officer.

"You select what we'll have to drink," said he, giving him the list and looking at him.

"Rhine wine, if you please," replied the young officer, looking timidly at Vronsky out of the corner of his eye and trying to twist his imaginary mustache.

When he saw that Vronsky did not turn, the young officer got up and said, "Let us go into the billiard-room."

The fat officer humbly arose, and the two went out of the door.

At the same time a tall, stately cavalry captain, named Yashvin, came in. He condescendingly and disdainfully nodded to the two officers, and went toward Vronsky.

"Ah! here he is," he cried, laying his heavy hand on Vronsky's shoulder. Vronsky turned round angrily, but in an instant a pleasant, friendly expression came into his face.

"Well, Alyosha!" said the cavalry captain, in his big baritone. "Have something more to eat, and drink one more glass with me."

"No; I don't want anything more to eat."

"Those are inseparables," said Yashvin, looking derisively at the two officers as they disappeared. Then he sat down, doubling up under the chair, which was too short for him, his long legs dressed in tight uniform trousers. "Why were n't you at the Krasmensky theater last evening? Numerova was not bad at all. Where were you?"

"I stayed too late at the Tverskoĭs'," said Vronsky.

"Ah!" exclaimed Yashvin.

Yashvin, a gambler, a debauchee, was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment. It could not be said of him that he lacked principles. He had principles, but they were immoral ones. Vronsky liked him, both for his exceptional physical vigor, which allowed him to drink like a hogshead and not feel it, and to do absolutely without sleep if it were necessary, and also for his great social ability, which he employed in his relations to his superiors, and his comrades, attracting to himself their love and respect; and also in gambling, at which he risked tens of thousands, and always, no matter how much he had been drinking, played so cleverly and daringly that he was regarded as the leading gambler at the English Club.

Vronsky felt friendship and consideration for him, because he felt that Yashvin liked him, not for his fortune or his social position, but chiefly on his own account. Moreover, Yashvin was the only man to whom Vronsky would have been willing to speak of his love. He felt that, in spite of his affected scorn for all kinds of sentiment, he alone could appreciate the serious passion which now absorbed his whole life. Besides, he was persuaded that he found absolutely no pleasure in

tittle-tattle and scandal, but considered this feeling as essential, in other words, that he knew and believed that love was no joke, no mere pastime, but something serious and important. Thus, taken all in all, his presence was always agreeable to him.

Vronsky had not yet spoken to him about his love, but he knew that Yashvin knew it — looked on it in its true light; and it was a pleasure to read this in his eyes.

"Ah, yes!" said the cavalry captain, when he heard the name of the Tverskoïs; and, flashing his brilliant black eyes at him, he seized his left mustache and began to cram it into his mouth, for this was a bad habit of his.

"And what did you do last evening? Did you gain?" asked Vronsky.

"Eight thousand rubles, but three thousand possibly are no good — I may not get them."

"Well! Then you may lose on me," said Vronsky, laughing; Yashvin had laid a large wager on him.

"But I shall not lose. Makhotin is the only one to be afraid of."

And the conversation went off in regard to the races, which was the only subject of which Vronsky could now think.

"Come on, I have done," said Vronsky, getting up and going to the door. Yashvin also arose, and stretched his huge legs and long back.

"I can't dine so early, but I will take something to drink. I will follow you immediately. Here, *wine!*" he cried, in his heavy voice, which was the wonder of the regiment; it made the windows rattle. "No, no matter!" he cried again; "if you are going home, I'll join you."

And he went off with Vronsky

CHAPTER XX

Vronsky was lodging in a neat and spacious Finnish izba, divided in two by a partition. Petritsky was his chum, not only in Petersburg, but here also in camp. He was asleep when Vronsky and Yashvin entered.

"Get up! you've slept long enough," said Yashvin, going behind the partition, and shaking the sleeper's shoulder, as he lay with his nose buried in the pillow.

Petritsky suddenly got up on his knees, and looked all about him.

"Your brother has been here," said he to Vronsky. "He woke me up, the devil take him! and he said that he would come again."

Then he threw himself back on the pillow again, and pulled up the bedclothes.

"Stop! Yashvin," he cried angrily, as his comrade twitched off his quilt. Then he turned over, opened his eyes, and said, "You would do much better to tell me what I ought to drink to take this bad taste out of my mouth."

"Vodka is better than anything," said Yashvin. "Tereshchenko! Bring the barin some vodka and cucumbers," he cried, delighting in the thunder of his voice.

"You advise vodka? ha!" exclaimed Petritsky, scowling, and rubbing his eyes. "Will you take some, too? If you'll join, all right! Vronsky, will you have a drink?" said Petritsky, getting up and wrapping a striped quilt around him under his arms. He came to the door of the partition, raised his arms in the air, and began to sing in French, "'There was a king in Thu-u-le.' — Vronsky, will you have a drink?"

"Go away," replied the latter, who was putting on an overcoat brought him by his valet.

"Where are you going?" asked Yashvin, seeing a carriage drawn by three horses. "Here's the troïka."

"To the stables, then to Briansky's to see about some horses," replied Vronsky.

Vronsky had, indeed, promised to bring some money to Briansky, who lived about ten versts from Peterhof; and he was in a hurry to get there as soon as possible so as to pay for the horses, but his friends immediately understood that he was also going somewhere else.

Petritsky, who kept on singing, winked, and pursed his lips as if he would say, "We know who this Briansky means."

"See here, don't be late," said Yashvin; and, changing the subject, "And my roan, does she suit you?" he asked, looking out of the window, and referring to the middle horse of the team which he had sold.

Just as Vronsky left the room, Petritsky called out to him, "Hold on! your brother left a note and a letter. Hold on! where did I put them?"

Vronsky waited impatiently.

"Well, where are they?"

"Where are they indeed? That's the question," declaimed Petritsky, solemnly, putting his forefinger above his nose.

"Speak quick! no nonsense!" said Vronsky, smiling.

"I have not had any fire in the fireplace; where can I have put them?"

"Come now, that's enough talk! where's the letter?"

"I swear I have forgotten; or did I dream about it? Wait, wait! don't get angry. If you had drunk four bottles, as I did yesterday, you would n't even know where you went to bed. Hold on, I'll think in a minute."

Petritsky went behind his screen again, and got into bed.

"Hold on! I was lying here. He stood there. *Da-da-da-da!* .... Here it is!"

And he pulled the letter out from under the mattress, where he had put it.

Vronsky took the letter and his brother's note. It was exactly as he expected. His mother reproached him because he had not been to see her, and his brother said he had something to speak to him about. "What concern is it of theirs?" he muttered; and, crumpling

up the notes, he thrust them between his coat-buttons, intending to read them more carefully on the way.

Just as he left the izba, he met two officers, one of whom belonged to a different regiment. Vronsky's quarters were always the headquarters of all the officers.

"Whither away?"

"Must — to Peterhof."

"Has your horse come from Tsarskoye?"

"Yes, but I have not seen her yet."

"They say Makhotin's 'Gladiator' is lame."

"Rubbish! But how can you trot in such mud?" said the other.

"Here are my saviors," cried Petritsky, as he saw the newcomers. The denshchik was standing before him with vodka and salted cucumbers on a platter. "Yashvin, here, ordered me to drink, so as to clear my head."

"Well, you were too much for us last night," said one of the officers. "You did not let us sleep all night."

"I must tell you how we ended it," began Petritsky. "Volkof climbed up on the roof, and told us that he was blue. I sung out, 'Give us some music, — a funeral march.' And he went to sleep on the roof to the music of the funeral march."

"Drink, drink your vodka by all means, and then take seltzer and a lot of lemon," said Yashvin, encouraging Petritsky as a mother encourages her child to swallow some medicine. "It is only a little bottle."

"Now, this is sense. Hold on, Vronsky, and have a drink with us!"

"No. Good-by, gentlemen. I am not drinking today."

"Vronsky," cried some one, after he had gone into the vestibule.

"What?"

"You'd better cut off your hair; it's getting very long, especially on the bald spot."

Vronsky, in fact, was beginning to get a little bald. He laughed gayly, showing his splendid teeth, and, pull-

ing his cap over the bald spot, he went out and got into his carriage.

"To the stables," he said.

He started to take his letters for a second reading, but on second thought deferred them so that he might think of nothing else but his horse.

"I 'll wait."

CHAPTER XXI

A TEMPORARY stable, — a *balagan*, or hut, — made out of planks, had been built near the race-course; and here Vronsky's horse should have been brought the evening before. He had not as yet seen her. During the last few days he himself had not been out to drive, but he had intrusted her to the trainer; and Vronsky did not know in what condition he should find her. He was just getting out of his carriage when his *konyukh*, or groom, a young fellow, saw him from a distance, and immediately called the trainer. This was an Englishman with withered face and tufted chin, and dressed in short jacket and top-boots. He came out toward Vronsky in the mincing step peculiar to jockeys, and with elbows sticking out.

"Well, how is Frou Frou?" said Vronsky, in English.

"*All right, sir*," said the Englishman, in a voice that came out of the bottom of his throat. "Better not go in, sir," he added, taking off his hat. "I have put a muzzle on her, and that excites her. Better not go in, it excites a horse."

"No, I am going in, I want to see her."

"Come on, then," replied the Englishman, testily; and, without ever opening his mouth, and with his dandified step, he led the way.

They went into a small yard in front of the stable. An active and alert stable-boy in a clean jacket, with whip in hand, met them as they entered, and followed them. Five horses were in the stable, each in its own stall. Vronsky knew that his most redoubtable rival, —

Makhotin's Gladiator, a chestnut horse five vershoks high, — was there, and he was more curious to see Gladiator than to see his own racer; but he knew that, according to the etiquette of the races, he could not have him brought out, or even ask questions about him. As he passed along the corridor the groom opened the door of the second stall at the left, and Vronsky saw a powerful chestnut with white feet. He knew it was Gladiator; but with the delicacy of a man who turns away from an open letter which is not addressed to him, he instantly turned away and walked toward Frou Frou's stall.

"That horse belongs to Ma.... k.... mak, ... I never can pronounce his name," said the Englishman, over his shoulder, and pointing to Gladiator's stall with a huge finger, the nail of which was black with dirt.

"Makhotin's? Yes; he is my only dangerous rival."

"If you would mount him, I would bet on you," said the Englishman.

"Frou Frou has more nerve, this one stronger," said Vronsky, smiling at the jockey's praise.

"In hurdle-races, all depends on the mount, and on *pluck*."

Pluck — that is, audacity and coolness — Vronsky knew that he had in abundance; and, what was far more important, he was firmly convinced that no one could have more of this pluck than he had.

"You are sure that a good sweating was not necessary?"

"Not at all," replied the Englishman. "Please not speak so loud, the horse is restive," he added, jerking his head toward the closed stall in front of which they were standing. They could hear the horse stamping on the straw.

He opened the door, and Vronsky entered a box-stall feebly lighted by a little window. A dark bay horse, muzzled, was nervously prancing up and down on the fresh straw. As he gazed into the semi-obscurity of the stall, Vronsky in spite of himself took in at one general observation all the points of his favorite horse. Frou Frou was a horse of medium size, and not faultless

in form. Her bones were slender, although her brisket showed powerfully; her breast was narrow, the crupper was rather tapering; and the legs, particularly the hind legs, considerably bowed. The muscles of the legs were not big; but, on the other hand, where the saddle rested the horse was extraordinarily wide, and this was particularly striking by reason of the firmness and the smallness of her belly. The bones of the legs below the knee seemed not thicker than a finger, seen from the front; they were extraordinarily large when seen sidewise. The whole steed, with the exception of the ribs, seemed squeezed in and lengthened out. But she had one merit that outweighed all her faults: she was a thoroughbred, had good blood, — which *tells*, as the English say. Her muscles, standing out under a network of veins, covered with a skin as smooth and soft as satin, seemed as solid as bone; her slender head, with prominent eyes, bright and animated, widened out at the septum into projecting nostrils with membrane which seemed suffused with blood. In her whole form and especially in her head there was an expression of something energetic and decided, and at the same time good-tempered. It was one of those creatures which do not speak for the single reason that the mechanical construction of their mouths does not permit of it.

Vronsky, at any rate, was convinced that she understood all of his thoughts while he was looking at her. As soon as he went to her she began to take long breaths, and, turning her prominent eyes so that the whites became suffused with blood, she gazed from the opposite side at the visitors, trying to shake off her muzzle, and dancing on her feet with elastic motion.

"You see how excited she is," said the Englishman.

"Whoa, my loveliest, whoa!" said Vronsky, approaching to soothe her; but the nearer he came the more nervous she grew, and only when he had caressed her head did she become tranquil. He could feel her muscles strain and tremble under her delicate, smooth skin. Vronsky smoothed her powerful neck, and put into

place a tuft of her mane that she had tossed on the other side; and then he put his face close to her nostrils, which swelled and dilated like the wings of a bat. She drew in the air, and loudly expelled it from her quivering nostrils, pricked up her sharp ears, and stretched out her long black lips to seize his sleeve; but, when she found herself prevented by her muzzle, she shook it, and began to caper again on her slender legs.

"Quiet, my beauty, quiet," said Vronsky, calming her; and he left the stable with the reassuring conviction that his horse was in perfect condition.

But the nervousness of the steed had taken possession of Vronsky; he felt the blood rush to his heart, and, like the horse, he wanted violent action; he felt like prancing and biting. It was a sensation at once strange and joyful.

"Well, I count on you," said he to the Englishman. "Be on the grounds at half-past six."

"All shall be ready. But where are you going, my lord?" asked the Englishman, using the title of "my lord," which he almost never permitted himself to use.

Astonished at this, Vronsky raised his head, and looked at him as he well understood how to do, not into the Englishman's eyes, but at his forehead. He instantly saw that the Englishman had spoken to him, not as to his master, but as to a jockey; and he replied:—

"I have got to see Briansky, and I shall be at home in an hour."

"How many times have I been asked that question to-day!" he said to himself; and he grew red, which was a rare occurrence with him. The Englishman looked at him closely. And, as if he also knew where Vronsky was going, he said:—

"The main thing is to keep calm before the race. Don't get out of sorts; don't get bothered."

"*All right*," replied Vronsky, with a smile; and, jumping into his carriage, he ordered the coachman to drive to Peterhof.

He had gone but a short distance before the clouds,

which since morning had been threatening rain, grew thicker, and a heavy shower fell.

"Too bad!" thought Vronsky, raising the hood of his carriage. "It has been muddy; now it will be a swamp."

Now that he was sitting alone in his covered calash, he took out his mother's letter and his brother's note, and read them over.

Yes, it was always the old story; both his mother and his brother found it necessary to meddle with his love-affairs. This interference aroused his anger,—a feeling which he rarely experienced.

"How does this concern them? Why does every one feel called on to meddle with me, and why do they bother me? Because they see that there is something about this that they can't understand. If it were an ordinary vulgar society intrigue, they would leave me in peace; but they imagine that it is something else, that it is not mere trifling, that this woman is dearer to me than life; that is incredible and vexatious to them. Whatever be our fate, we ourselves have made it, and we shall not regret it," he said to himself, including Anna in the word "we." "But no, they want to teach us how to live. They have no idea of what happiness is. They don't know that, were it not for this love, there would be for us neither joy nor grief in this world; life itself would not exist."

In reality, what exasperated him most against every one was the fact that his conscience told him that they —all of them—were right. He felt that his love for Anna was not a superficial impulse, destined, like so many social attachments, to disappear, and leave no trace beyond sweet or painful memories. He felt keenly all the torture of her situation and his, and how difficult it was in the prominent position which they held in the eyes of society to hide their love, to lie, to deceive, to dissemble, and constantly to think about others, when the passion uniting them was so violent that they both forgot about everything else except their love.

He vividly pictured to himself all the constantly re-

curring circumstances when it was essential to employ falsehood and deceit, which were so contrary to his nature. He recalled with especial vividness the feeling of shame which he had often surprised in Anna, when she also was driven to tell a lie.

Since this affair with her, he sometimes experienced a strange sensation. This was a feeling of disgust and repulsion for some one, he could not tell for whom he felt it — for Alekseï Aleksandrovitch or himself, or for all society. As far as possible he banished this strange feeling.

"Yes, heretofore she has been unhappy, but proud and calm; now she cannot be proud and content any longer, though she may not betray the fact. Yes, this must end," he would conclude in his own mind.

And for the first time the thought of cutting short this life of dissimulation appeared to him clear and tangible; the sooner, the better.

"She and I must leave everything, and together we must go and hide ourselves somewhere with our love," he said to himself.

CHAPTER XXII

The shower was of short duration; and when Vronsky reached Peterhof, his shaft-horse at full trot, and the other two galloping along in the mud, the sun was already out again, and the wet roofs of the villas and the old lindens in the gardens on both sides of the principal avenue were dazzlingly shining. The water was running from the roofs, and the raindrops were dripping from the tree-tops. He no longer thought of the harm that the shower might do the race-course, but he was full of joy as he remembered that, thanks to the rain, *she* would be alone; for he knew that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, who had just got back from a visit to the baths, would not have driven out from Petersburg.

Hoping to find her alone, Vronsky stopped his horses, as he always did, at some little distance from the house,

in order to attract as little attention as possible, and, not driving across the little bridge, got out and went to the house on foot. He did not go to the front entrance, but went through the court.

"Has the barin come?" he asked of a gardener.

"Not yet; but the baruinya is at home. Go to the front door; there are servants there; if you ring, they will open the door."

"No; I will go in through the garden."

Having satisfied himself that she was alone, and wishing to surprise her, as he had not promised that he was coming that day, and on account of the races she would not be looking for him, he walked cautiously along the sandy paths, bordered with flowers, lifting up his saber so that it should make no noise. In this way he reached the terrace which led down to the garden. Vronsky had by this time forgotten all the thoughts which had oppressed him on the way about the difficulties of his situation; he thought only of the pleasure of shortly seeing her, not in imagination only, but alive, in person, as she was in reality.

He was mounting the steep steps as gently as possible, when he suddenly remembered what he was always forgetting, and what constituted the most painful feature of his relations with her, — her son, with his inquisitive and, as it seemed to him, repulsive face.

This child was the principal obstacle in the way of their interviews. When he was present neither Vronsky nor Anna allowed themselves to speak of anything which the whole world might not hear, nor, what was more, did they even hint at anything which the child himself could not comprehend. There was no need of an agreement on that score, it was instinctive with them. Both of them considered it degrading to themselves to deceive the little lad; before him they talked as if they were mere acquaintances. But in spite of this circumspection Vronsky often noticed the lad's scrutinizing and rather suspicious eyes fixed on him, and a strange timidity and variability in his behavior toward him. Sometimes he seemed affectionate, and then again cold and shy. The

child seemed instinctively to feel that between this man and his mother there was some strange bond of union, which was beyond his comprehension.

In fact, the boy felt that he could not understand this relationship, and he tried in vain to account to himself for the feeling which he ought to have for this man. He saw, with that quick intuition peculiar to childhood, that his father, his governess, and his nurse — all of them — not only did not like Vronsky, but looked with the utmost disfavor on him, although they never spoke about him, while his mother treated him as her best friend.

"What does this mean? Who is he? Must I love him? and is it my fault, and am I a naughty or stupid child, if I don't understand it at all?" thought the little fellow. Hence came his timidity, his questioning and distrustful manner, and this changeableness, which were so unpleasant to Vronsky. The presence of this child always caused in Vronsky that strange feeling of unreasonable repulsion which for some time had pursued him.

The presence of the child aroused in Vronsky and Anna a feeling like that experienced by a mariner who sees by the compass that the course in which he is swiftly moving is widely different from what it should be, but that to stop this course is not in his power; that every instant carries him farther and farther in the wrong direction, and the recognition of the movement that carries him from the right course is the recognition of the ruin that impends.

This child with his innocent views of life was the compass which pointed out to them the degree of their deviation from what they knew but wished not to know.

This day Serozha was not at home and Anna was entirely alone, and sitting on the terrace waiting for the return of her son, who had gone out to walk and got caught in the rain. She had sent a man and a maid to find him, and was sitting there till he should return. Dressed in a white gown with wide embroidery, she was sitting at one corner of the terrace, concealed by plants and flowers, and she did not hear Vronsky's step. With her dark curly head bent, she was pressing her

heated brow against a cool watering-pot, standing on the balustrade, and with both her beautiful hands laden with rings, which he knew so well, she was holding the watering-pot. The beauty of her figure, her head, her neck, her hands, always caused in Vronsky a new feeling of surprise. He stopped and looked at her in ecstasy. But as soon as he proceeded to take another step and come nearer to her, she felt his approach, pushed away the watering-pot, and turned to him her glowing face.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" said he, in French, as he approached her. He felt a desire to run to her, but, remembering that there might be witnesses, he looked toward the balcony door and turned red, as he always turned red when he felt that he ought to be ashamed of himself and dread to be seen.

"No; I am well," said Anna, rising, and warmly pressing the hand that he offered her. "I did not expect .... you."

"Bozhe moï! how cold your hands are!"

"You startled me," said she. "I was alone, waiting for Serozha. He went out for a walk; they will come back this way."

But though she tried to be calm, her lips trembled.

"Forgive me for coming, but I could not let the day go by without seeing you," he continued, in French, as he always spoke, thus avoiding the impossible *vui*, you, and the dangerous *tui*, thou, of the Russian.

"What have I to forgive? I am so glad!"

"But you are ill, or sad?" said he, bending over her and still holding her hand. "What were you thinking about?"

"Always about one thing," she replied, with a smile.

She told the truth. If at any moment she had been asked what she was thinking about, she could have made the infallible reply, that she was thinking about one thing: her happiness and her unhappiness. Just as he had surprised her, she was thinking about this: she was thinking how it was that for some, for Betsy, for example, — for she knew about her love-affair with Tushkievitch, though it was a secret from society in

general, — all this was such a trifle, while for her it was so painful. To-day this thought, for various reasons, had been particularly tormenting her.

She asked him about the races. He answered her, and, seeing that she was in a very excited state, in order to divert her mind, told her, in the tone most natural, about the preparation that had been made.

"Shall I, or shall I not, tell him?" she thought, as she looked at his calm, affectionate eyes. "He seems so happy, he is so interested in these races, that he will not comprehend, probably, the importance of what I must tell him."

"But you have not told me of what you were thinking when I came," said he, suddenly, interrupting the course of his narration. "Tell me, I beg of you!"

She did not reply; but she lifted her head a little, and looked at him questioningly from her beautiful eyes, shaded by her long lashes; her fingers, playing with a fallen leaf, trembled.

He saw this, and his face immediately showed the expression of humble adoration, of absolute devotion, which had so won her.

"I see that something has happened. Can I be easy for an instant when I know that you feel a grief that I do not share? In the name of Heaven, speak!" he insisted, in a caressing tone.

"I shall never forgive him if he does not appreciate the importance of what I have to tell him; better be silent than put him to the proof," she thought, continuing to look at him in the same way, and conscious that her hand, holding the leaf, trembled more and more violently.

"In the name of Heaven!" said he, taking her hand again.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, yes, yes...."

"*Je suis enceinte!*" she said, in a low and deliberate voice.

The leaf that she held in her fingers trembled still more, but she did not take her eyes from his face, for

she wished to see how he would receive what she said.

He grew pale, tried to speak, then stopped short, dropped her hand, and hung his head.

"Yes, he understands the significance of this," she said to herself, and gratefully pressed his hand.

But she was mistaken in thinking that he appreciated the significance of what she had told him, as she, a woman, did. On learning this, he felt that he was attacked with tenfold force by that strange feeling of repulsion and horror which he had already experienced. But at the same time, he realized that the crisis which he had expected was now at hand, that it was impossible longer to keep the secret from the husband; and it was important to extricate themselves as soon as possible from the unnatural situation in which they were placed. Moreover, her anguish communicated itself to him physically. He looked at her with humbly submissive eyes, kissed her hand, arose, and began to walk up and down the terrace without speaking.

At last he approached her, and said in a tone of decision:—

"Well," said he, "neither you nor I have looked on our relations as a pastime, and now our fate is decided; at last we must put an end to the false situation in which we live," — and he looked around him.

"Put an end? How put an end, Alekseï?" she asked gently.

She was calm now, and her face beamed with a tender smile.

"You must leave your husband and unite your life with mine."

"But aren't they already united?" she asked, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Yes, but not completely, not absolutely!"

"But how, Alekseï? tell me how," said she, with a melancholy irony at the hopelessness of her situation. "How is there any escape from such a position? Am I not the wife of my husband?"

"From any situation, however difficult, there is always

some way of escape; here we must simply decide. — Anything is better than the life you are leading. How well I see how you are tormenting yourself about your husband, your son, society, all!"

"Akh! only not my husband," said she, with a simple smile. "I don't know him, I don't think about him! He is not."

"You speak insincerely! I know you; you torment yourself on his account also."

"Not even he knows...." said she, and suddenly a bright crimson spread over her face; it colored her cheeks, brow, her neck, and tears of shame came into her eyes.

"Let us not speak more of him."

CHAPTER XXIII

Vronsky had many times tried, though not so decidedly as now, to bring clearly before her mind their position; and always he had met the same superficial and frivolous way of looking at it, as she now treated his demand. Apparently, there was something in this which she was unwilling or unable to fathom; apparently, as soon as she began to speak about it, she, the real Anna, disappeared, to give place to a strange and incomprehensible woman, whom he did not love, but feared, and who was repulsive to him. To-day he was bound to have an absolute explanation.

"Whether he knows or not," he said, in a calm but authoritative voice, "whether he knows or not, it does not concern us. We cannot.... we cannot now continue as we are."

"What, in your opinion, must we do about it?" she demanded, in the same bantering tone of irony. Though she had been so keenly apprehensive that he would not receive her confidence with due appreciation, she was now vexed that he deduced from it the absolute necessity of energetic action.

"Tell him all, and leave him."

"Very good! let us suppose I do it," said she. "Do you know what the result would be? I will tell you;" and a wicked fire flashed from her eyes, which were just now so gentle. "'Oh! you love another, and your course with him has been *criminal*,'" said she, imitating her husband, and accenting the word *criminal* in exactly his manner. "'I warned you of the consequences which would follow from the point of view of religion, of society, and of the family. You did not listen to me; now I cannot allow my name to be dishonored, and my'" — she was going to say *my son*, but stopped, for she could not jest about him — "'my name dishonored,' and so on in the same style," she added. "In a word, he will tell me with his official manner and with precision and clearness that he cannot set me free, but that he will take measures to avoid a scandal. And he will do exactly as he says. That is what will take place; for he is not a man, he is a machine, and, when he is stirred up, an ugly machine," said she, calling to mind the most trifling details in her husband's face and manner of speaking, and charging to him as a crime all the ill that she could find in him, and not pardoning him at all on account of the terrible sin of which she had been guilty before him.

"But, Anna," said Vronsky, in a persuasive, tender voice, trying to calm her, "you must tell him everything, and act accordingly as he proceeds."

"What! elope?"

"Why not elope? I see no possibility of living as we are any longer; it is not on my account, but I see you will suffer."

"What! elope, and become your mistress?" said she, bitterly.

"Anna!" he cried, deeply wounded.

"Yes, your mistress, and lose everything!"....

Again she was going to say *my son*, but she could not pronounce the word.

Vronsky could not understand how she, with her strong, loyal nature, could accept the false position in which she was placed, and not endeavor to escape from

it. But he could not doubt that the principal cause of this was represented by that word *son*, which she could not pronounce.

When she thought of her son and his future relations to a mother who had deserted his father, the horror of what she had done appeared so great, that, like a real woman, she was not able to reason, but only endeavored to reassure herself by fallacious arguments, and persuade herself that all would go on as before; above all things, she must shut her eyes, and forget this terrible question, what would become of her son.

"I beg of you, I entreat you," she said suddenly, speaking in a very different tone, a tone of tenderness and sincerity, and seizing his hand, "don't ever speak to me of that again."

"But, Anna...."

"Never, never! Leave it to me. I know all the depth, all the horror, of my situation, but it is not so easy as you imagine to decide. Let me decide, and listen to me. Never speak to me again of that. Will you promise me?.... never, never? promise!"....

"I promise all; but I cannot be calm, especially after what you have told me. I cannot be calm when you cannot be calm."....

"I?" she repeated. "Yes, I suffer torments sometimes, but that will pass if you will not say anything more about it. When you speak with me about this, then, and then only, it tortures me."

"I don't understand...."

"I know," she interrupted, "how your honest nature abhors lying; I am sorry for you; and very often I think that you have sacrificed your life for me!"

"That is exactly what I say about you. I was just this moment thinking how you could sacrifice yourself for me! I cannot forgive myself for having made you unhappy."

"I unhappy?" said she, coming up close to him, and looking at him with a smile of enthusiastic love. "I? I am like a man dying of hunger, to whom food has been given. Maybe he is cold, and his raiment is

rags, and he is ashamed, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No; here comes my joy." ....

She had heard the voice of her little boy coming near, and giving a hurried glance around her, swiftly arose. Her face glowed with the fire which Vronsky knew so well, and with a hasty motion putting out her lovely hands, covered with rings, she took Vronsky's face between them, looked at him a long moment, reached her face up to his, with her smiling lips parted, kissed his mouth and both eyes, and pushed him away. She started to go, but he kept her back a moment.

"When?" he whispered, looking at her with ecstasy.

"To-day at one o'clock," she replied in a low voice, and with a deep sigh she ran, in her light, graceful gait, to meet her son.

Serozha had been caught by the rain in the park, and had taken refuge with his nurse in a pavilion.

"Well, good-by — *da svidanya!*" said she to Vronsky. "I must get ready for the races. Betsy has promised to come and get me."

Vronsky looked at his watch, and hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIV

When Vronsky looked at his watch on the Karenins' terrace, he was so stirred and preoccupied, that, though he saw the figures on the face, he did not know what time it was. He hurried along the driveway, and, picking his way carefully through the mud, he reached his carriage. He had been so absorbed by his conversation with Anna that he did not notice the hour, or ask if he still had time to go to Briansky's. As it often happens, he had only the external faculty of memory, and it recalled to him only that he had decided to do something. He found his coachman dozing on his box under the already slanting shade of the linden; he noticed the swarms of midgets buzzing around his sweaty horses; then, waking the coachman, he jumped into his carriage, and ordered him to drive to Briansky's; only after he

had gone six or seven versts did he remember that he had looked at his watch and realized that it was half-past five, and that he was late.

On that day there were to be several races: first the draught-horses, then the officers' two-verst dash, then a second of four, and last that in which he was to take part. He could be in time for his race, but, if he went to Briansky's, he ran the risk of getting to the grounds after the court had arrived. That was not in good form. But he had promised Briansky to be there, therefore he kept on, commanding the coachman not to spare the troïka. He reached Briansky's, spent five minutes with him, and was off again at full speed. The rapid motion calmed him. All the difficulties that confronted him in his relations with Anna, all the uncertainty that remained after their conversation, vanished from his mind; he thought with delight and excitement of the race, and how he might after all get there in time, and then again he vividly imagined the brilliant society which would gather to-day at the course.

And he got more and more into the atmosphere of the races as he overtook people coming in their carriages from various villas, and even from Petersburg, on their way to the hippodrome.

When he reached his quarters, no one was at home; all had gone to the races, except his valet, who was waiting for him at the entrance. While he was changing his clothes, his valet told him that the second race had already begun, that a number of gentlemen had been to inquire for him.

Vronsky dressed without haste, — for he never was hurried and he never lost his self-command, — and directed the coachman to take him to the stables. From there he saw a sea of carriages of all sorts, of pedestrians, soldiers, and of spectators, surrounding the hippodrome, and the seats boiling with people.

Evidently the second course had been run, for just as he reached the stables he heard the sound of a bell. As he reached the stable, he noticed Makhotin's white-footed chestnut Gladiator, covered with a blue and

orange caparison, and with huge ear-protectors trimmed with blue. They were leading him out to the hippodrome.

"Where is Cord?" he asked of the groom.

"In the stable; he is putting on the saddle."

Frou Frou was all saddled in her open box-stall. They started to lead her out.

"I am not late, am I?"

"*All right, all right,*" said the Englishman. "Don't get excited."

Vronsky once more gave a quick glance at the excellent, favorable shape of his horse, as she stood trembling in every limb; and, finding it hard to tear himself away from such a beautiful sight, he left her at the stable. He approached the benches at a most favorable moment for doing this without attracting observation. The two-verst dash was just at an end, and all eyes were fixed on a cavalry-guardsman who was in the lead, and a hussar just at his heels, whipping their horses furiously, and approaching the goal. From the center and both ends all crowded in toward the goal, and a group of officers and guardsmen were hailing with shouts the triumph of their fellow-officer and friend.

Vronsky, without being noticed, joined the throng just as the bell announced the end of the race; the victor, a tall cavalry-guardsman, covered with mud, dropped the reins, slipped off from the saddle, and stood by his roan stallion, which was black with sweat, and heavily breathing.

The stallion, with a violent effort thrusting out his legs, had stopped the swift course of his big body; and the officer, like a man awakening from a deep sleep, was looking about him, trying hard to smile. A throng of friends and strangers pressed about him.

Vronsky, with intention, avoided the elegant people who were circulating about, engaged in gay and animated conversation in front of the seats. He had already caught sight of Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife, but he did not join them, so that he might not be disconcerted; but he kept meeting acquaintances who

stopped him, and told him various items about the last race, or asked him why he was late.

While they were distributing the prizes at the pavilion, and every one had gone in this direction, Vronsky was joined by his elder brother. Aleksandr Vronsky was a colonel and wore epaulets, and, like Alekseĭ, was a man of medium stature, and rather thick-set; but he was handsomer and ruddier. His nose was red, and his frank, open face was flushed with wine.

"Did you get my note?" he asked of his brother. "You are never to be found."

Aleksandr Vronsky, in spite of his life of dissipation and his love for drink, which was notorious, was a thoroughly courtly man. Knowing that many eyes might be fixed on them, he preserved, while he talked on a very painful subject, a smiling face, as if he were jesting with his brother about some trifling matter.

"I got it," said he, "but I really don't understand why you interfere."

"I interfere because I noticed you were not to be found this morning, and because you were seen at Peterhof Monday."

"There are matters which cannot be judged except by those who are directly interested, and the matter in which you concern yourself is such."....

"Yes; but when one is not in the service, he...."

"I beg you to mind your own business, and that is all."

Alekseĭ Vronsky's frowning face grew pale, and his rather prominent lower jaw shook. This happened rarely with him. He was a man of kindly heart, and rarely got angry; but when he grew angry, and when his chin trembled, he became dangerous. Aleksandr Vronsky knew it, and with a gay laugh replied: —

"I only wanted to give you matushka's letter. Answer it, and don't get angry before the race. *Bonne chance*," he added, with a smile, and left him.

The next moment another friendly greeting surprised Vronsky.

"Won't you recognize your friends? How are you, *mon cher?*" said Stepan Arkadyevitch, with his rosy

face and carefully combed and pomaded whiskers; in the midst of the brilliant society of Petersburg, he was no less brilliant than at Moscow. "I came down yesterday, and am very glad to be present at your triumph. When can we meet?"

"Come to the mess, after the race is over," said Vronsky; and with an apology for leaving him, he squeezed the sleeve of his paletot, and went to the middle of the hippodrome, where they were bringing the horses for the handicap-race.

The grooms were leading back the sweaty horses, wearied by the race which they had run; and one by one the fresh horses entered for the next course appeared on the ground. They were, for the most part, English horses, in hoods, and well caparisoned, and looked like enormous strange birds. At the right-hand side they were leading in the lean beauty, Frou Frou, which came out, stepping high as if on springs, with her elastic and slender pasterns. And not far from her they were removing the trappings from the lop-eared Gladiator. The stallion's solid, superb, and perfectly symmetrical form, with his splendid crupper and his extraordinarily short pasterns placed directly over the hoofs, attracted Vronsky's admiration. He was just going up to Frou Frou when another acquaintance stopped him again.

"Ah! there is Karenin," said the friend with whom he was talking; "he is hunting for his wife. She is in the very center of the pavilion. Have you seen her?"

"No, I have not," replied Vronsky; and, without turning his head in the direction where his acquaintance told him that Madame Karenin was, he went to his horse.

He had scarcely time to make some adjustment of the saddle, when those who were to compete in the hurdle-race were called to receive their numbers and directions. With serious, stern, and some with pale faces, seventeen men in all approached the stand and received their numbers. Vronsky's number was seven.

"Mount!" was the cry.

Vronsky, feeling that he, with his companions, was

the focus toward which all eyes were turned, went up to his horse with the slow and deliberate motions which were usual to him when he was under the strain of excitement.

Cord, in honor of the races, had put on his gala-day costume: he wore a black coat, buttoned to the chin, and a stiffly starched shirt-collar, which made a support for his cheeks; he had on Hessian boots and a round black cap. He was, as always, calm and full of importance, as he stood by the mare's head, holding both reins in his hand. Frou Frou was still shivering as if she had an attack of fever; her fiery eyes gazed askance at Vronsky as he approached. He passed his finger under the girth of the saddle. The mare looked at him still more askance, showed her teeth, and pricked up her ears. The Englishman puckered up his lips with a grin at the idea that there could be any doubt as to his skill in putting on a saddle. "Mount, and you won't be so nervous," said he.

Vronsky cast a final glance on his rivals; he knew that he should not see them again until the race was over. Two of them had already gone to the starting-point. Galtsin, a friend of his, and one of his dangerous rivals, was turning around and around his bay stallion, which was trying to keep him from mounting. A little Leib-hussar in tight cavalry trousers was off on a gallop, bent double over his horse, like a cat on the crupper, in imitation of the English fashion. Prince Kuzovlef, white as a sheet, was mounted on a thoroughbred mare from the Grabovsky stud; an Englishman held it by the bridle. Vronsky and all his comrades knew Kuzovlef's terrible self-conceit, and his peculiarity of "weak nerves." They knew that he was timid at everything, especially timid of riding horseback; but now, notwithstanding the fact that all this was horrible to him, because he knew that people broke their necks, and that at every hurdle stood a surgeon, an ambulance with its cross and sister of charity, still he had made up his mind to ride.

They exchanged glances, and Vronsky gave him an

encouraging and approving nod. One only he now failed to see: his most redoubtable rival, Makhotin, on Gladiator, was not there.

"Don't be in haste," said Cord to Vronsky, "and remember one thing: when you come to a hurdle, don't pull back or spur on your horse; let her take it her own way."

"Very good," replied Vronsky, taking the reins.

"If possible, take the lead, but don't be discouraged even to the last if you are behind."

The horse did not have time to stir before Vronsky, with supple and powerful movement, put his foot on the notched steel stirrup, and gracefully, firmly, took his seat in the squeaking leather saddle. Having put his right foot in the stirrup, with his customary care he then arranged the double reins between his fingers, and Cord let go the animal's head. Frou Frou, as if not knowing which foot to put down first, stretched out her neck, and pulled on the reins, and she started off as if on springs, balancing her rider on her supple back. Cord, quickening his pace, followed them. The mare, excited, jumped to right and left, trying to take her master off his guard, and pulled at the reins, and Vronsky vainly endeavored to calm her with his voice and with his hand.

They were approaching the diked bank of the river, where the starting-post was placed. Some of the riders had gone on ahead, others were riding behind, when Vronsky suddenly heard on the muddy track the gallop of a horse; and Makhotin dashed by on his white-footed, lop-eared Gladiator. Makhotin smiled, showing his long teeth, but Vronsky looked at him angrily. He did not like Makhotin any too well, and now he regarded him as his most dangerous rival; and he was exasperated at the way he galloped up behind him, exciting his mare.

Frou Frou kicked up her heels and started off at a gallop, made two bounds, and then, angry at the restraint of the curb, changed her gait into a trot which shook up her rider. Cord was also disgusted, and ran almost as fast as Vronsky.

CHAPTER XXV

THE number of the officers who were to take part was seventeen. The race-course was a great ellipse of four versts, extending before the judges' stand, and nine obstacles were placed upon it: the "river"; a great barrier two *arshins* — four feet, eight inches — high, in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a ditch filled with water; a steep ascent; an Irish banketka, which is the most difficult of all, composed of an embankment set with dry branches, behind which is concealed a ditch, obliging the horseman to leap two obstacles at once, at the risk of his life; then three more ditches, two filled with water and one dry; and finally the goal opposite the pavilion again. The track did not begin in the circle itself, but about a hundred *sazhens*, or seven hundred feet, to one side; and in this space was the first obstacle, the diked "river," about three *arshins*, or seven feet, wide, which the racers were free to leap or to ford.

Three times the riders got into line, but each time some horse or other started before the signal, and the men had to be called back. Colonel Sestrin, the starter, was beginning to get impatient; but at last, for the fourth time, the signal was given, "*Pashol!*—Go!" and the riders put spurs to their horses.

All eyes, all lorgnettes, were directed toward the variegated group of racers as they started off.

"There they go!" "There they come!" was the cry on all sides after the silence of expectation.

And in order to follow them, the spectators rushed, singly or in groups, toward the places where they could get a better view. At the first moment the collected group of horsemen scattered a little, and it could be seen how they, in twos and threes, and singly, one after the other, approached the "river." To the spectators it seemed as if they were all moving together, but to the racers themselves there were seconds of separation which had great value.

Frou Frou, excited and too nervous at first, lost the

first moment, and several of the horses were ahead of her; but Vronsky, not having yet reached the "river," and trying with all his might to calm her as she pulled on the bridle, soon easily outstripped three, and now had as competitors only Makhotin's chestnut Gladiator, which was easily and smoothly running a whole length ahead, and still more to the fore the pretty Diana, carrying Prince Kuzovlef, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

During these first few seconds Vronsky had control neither of himself nor of his horse. Up to the first obstacle, the "river," he could not control the movements of his horse.

Gladiator and Diana reached it at almost one and the same moment. Both at once rose above the *reka*, or "river," and flew across to the other side. Frou Frou lightly leaped behind them, as if she had wings. The instant that Vronsky perceived that he was in the air, he caught a glimpse of Kuzovlef almost under the feet of his horse, wrestling with Diana on the other side of the "river." Kuzovlef had loosened the reins after Diana jumped, and the horse had stumbled, throwing him over her head. These details Vronsky learned afterwards, but at this time he only saw that Frou Frou might land on Diana's head or legs. But Frou Frou, like a falling cat, making a desperate effort with back and legs as she leaped, landed beyond the fallen racer.

"O you dear!" thought Vronsky.

After the reka he got full control of his horse, and even held her back a little, meaning to leap the great hurdle behind Makhotin, and to do his best to outstrip him when they reached the long stretch of about two hundred *sazhens*, or fourteen hundred feet, which was free of obstacles.

This great hurdle was built exactly in front of the imperial pavilion; the emperor, the court, and an immense throng were watching them, watching him and Makhotin on the horse a length ahead of him, as they approached the *chort*, or devil, as the barrier was called. Vronsky felt all these eyes fixed on him from every side;

but he saw only his horse's ears and neck, the ground flying under him, and Gladiator's flanks, and white feet beating the ground in cadence, and always maintaining the same distance between them. Gladiator flew at the hurdle, gave a whisk of his well-cropped tail, and, without having touched the hurdle, vanished from Vronsky's eyes.

"Bravo!" cried a voice.

At the same instant the planks of the hurdle flashed before his eyes. Without the least change in her motion, the horse rose under him. The planks creaked and just behind him there was the sound of a thump. Frou Frou, excited by the sight of Gladiator, had leaped too soon, and had struck the hurdle with one of her hind feet, but her gait was unchanged; and Vronsky, his face splashed with mud, saw that he was still at the same distance from Gladiator, he saw once more Gladiator's crupper, his short tail, and his swiftly moving white feet.

At the very instant that Vronsky decided that he ought now to get ahead of Makhotin, Frou Frou herself comprehending his thought, and needing no stimulus, sensibly increased her speed, and gained on Makhotin by trying to take the inside track next the rope. But Makhotin did not yield this advantage. Vronsky was wondering if they could not pass on the outside, when Frou Frou, as if divining his thought, changed of her own accord and took this direction. Her shoulder, darkened with sweat, came up even with Gladiator's flank, and for several seconds they flew almost side by side; but Vronsky, before the obstacle to which they were now coming, in order not to take the outside of the great circle, began to ply his reins, and, just on the declivity, he managed to get the lead. As he drew by Makhotin he saw his mud-stained face; it even seemed to him that he smiled. Vronsky had passed Makhotin, but he was conscious that he was just behind, he was still there, within a step; and Vronsky could hear the regular rhythm of Gladiator's feet, and his hurried, but far from winded, breathing.

The next two obstacles, the ditch and the hurdle, were

easily passed, but Gladiator's gallop and puffing came nearer, Vronsky gave Frou Frou the spur, and perceived with a thrill of joy that she easily accelerated her speed; the sound of Gladiator's hoofs was heard once more in the same relative distance behind.

He now had the lead, as he had desired, and as Cord had recommended, and he felt sure of success. His emotion, his joy, his affection for Frou Frou, were all growing more pronounced. He wanted to look back, but he did not dare to turn around, and he strove to calm himself, and not to push his horse too far, so that she might keep a reserve equal to that which he felt Gladiator still maintained.

One obstacle, the most serious, now remained; if he cleared that before the others, then he would be first in. He was now approaching the Irish banketka. He and Frou Frou at the same instant caught sight of the obstacle from afar, and both horse and man felt a moment of hesitation. Vronsky noticed the hesitation in his horse's ears, and he was just lifting his whip; but instantly he was conscious that his fears were ungrounded, the horse knew what she had to do. She got her start, and, exactly as he had foreseen, spurning the ground, she gave herself up to the force of inertia which carried her far beyond the ditch; then fell again into the measure of her pace without effort and without change.

"Bravo, Vronsky!"

He heard the acclamations of the throng. He knew it was his friends and his regiment, who were standing near this obstacle; and he could not fail to distinguish Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

"O my beauty!" said he to himself, thinking of Frou Frou, and yet listening to what was going on behind him. "He has cleared it," he said, as he heard Gladiator's hoof-beats behind him.

The last ditch, full of water, five feet[1] wide, now was left. Vronsky scarcely heeded it; but, anxious to come in far ahead of the others, he began to saw on the reins, lifting her head and letting it fall again in time with the

[1] Two *arshins*, four feet, eight inches. Three arshins make a sazhen.

rhythm of her gait. He felt that the horse was beginning to draw on her last reserves; not only were her neck and her sides wet, but the sweat stood in drops on her throat, her head, and her ears; her breath was short and gasping. Still, he was sure that she had force enough to cover the fourteen hundred feet that lay between him and the goal. Only because he felt himself nearer the ground, and by the extraordinary smoothness of her motion, did Vronsky realize how much she had increased her speed. The ditch was cleared, how, he did not know.

She cleared the ditch scarcely heeding it; she cleared it like a bird. But at this moment Vronsky felt, to his horror, that, instead of taking the swing of his horse, he had made, through some inexplicable reason, a wretchedly and unpardonably wrong motion in falling back into the saddle. His position suddenly changed, and he felt that something horrible had happened. He could not give himself any clear idea of it; but there flashed by him a chestnut steed with white feet, and Makhotin by a swift leap passed him.

One of Vronsky's feet touched the ground, and his horse stumbled. He had scarcely time to clear himself when the horse fell on her side, panting painfully, and making vain efforts with her delicate foam-covered neck to rise again. But she lay on the ground, and struggled like a wounded bird; the awkward movement that he had made in the saddle had broken her back. But he did not learn this till afterwards. Now he saw only one thing, that Makhotin was far ahead, and that he was tottering there alone, standing on the muddy immovable ground, and before him, heavily panting, lay Frou Frou, who stretched her head toward him, and looked at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not realizing what had happened, Vronsky pulled on the reins. The poor animal struggled like a fish, splitting the flaps of the saddle, and tried to get up on her fore legs; but, unable to move her hind quarters, she fell back on the ground all of a tremble. Vronsky, his face pale and distorted with passion, and with trembling

lower jaw, kicked her in the belly and again pulled at the reins. But she did not move, but gazed at her master with one of her speaking looks, and buried her nose in the sand.

"Aaah! what have I done?" cried Vronsky, taking her head in his hands. "Aaah! what have I done?" And the lost race! and his humiliating, unpardonable blunder! and the poor ruined horse! "Aaah! what have I done?"

The people's doctor and his assistant, the officers of his regiment, ran to his aid; but to his great mortification he found that he was safe and sound. The horse's back was broken and she had to be killed.

Vronsky could not answer the questions which were put to him, could not speak a word to any one; he turned away and, without picking up his cap, left the hippodrome, not knowing whither he was going. He was in despair. For the first time in his life he was the victim of a misfortune for which there was no remedy, and for which he felt that he himself was the only one to blame.

Yashvin, with his cap, overtook him and brought him back to his quarters, and in half an hour Vronsky was calm and self-possessed again; but this race was for a long time the most bitter and cruel remembrance of his life.

CHAPTER XXVI

The external relations of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and his wife were the same as they had been. The only difference was that he was more absorbed in his work than he had been. Early in the spring he went abroad, as was his custom each year, to recuperate at the water-cure after the fatigues of the winter. He returned in July, as he usually did, and resumed his duties with new energy. His wife had taken up her summer quarters as usual in a *datcha*, or summer villa, not far from Petersburg; he remained in the city.

Since their conversation after the reception at the Princess Tverskaya's, he had said nothing more about

his jealousies or suspicions; and the tone of raillery habitual with Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was to the highest degree useful to him in his present relations with his wife. He was somewhat cooler in his treatment of her, although he seemed to have felt only a slight ill-will toward her after that night's conversation which she had refused to listen to. In his relations to her there was a shade of spite, but nothing more. He seemed to say, "You have not been willing to have an understanding with me; so much the worse for you. Now you must make the first advances, and I, in my turn, will not listen to you."

"So much the worse for you," said he in his thought, like a man who should try in vain to put out a fire and should be angry at his vain efforts, and should say, "I have done my best for you; burn then!"

This man, so keen and shrewd in matters of public concern, could not see the absurdity of such behavior to his wife. He did not understand it because it was too terrible to understand his actual position. He preferred to bury the affection which he felt for his wife and child deep in his heart, as in a box locked and sealed. He, a watchful father, had begun toward the end of that winter to be singularly cold toward the child, speaking to him in the same bantering tone that he used toward his wife. When he addressed him he would say, "Ah, young man!"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch thought and declared that he had never had so many important affairs as this year; but he did not confess that he had himself undertaken them in order to keep from opening his secret coffer which contained his sentiments toward his wife and his family, and his thoughts concerning them, — thoughts which grew more and more terrible to him the longer he kept them out of sight.

If any one had assumed the right to ask him what he thought about his wife's conduct, this calm and pacific Alekseï Aleksandrovitch would have made no reply, but would have been very indignant with the man who should dare to ask him such a question. And so his

face always looked stern and haughty whenever any one asked how his wife was. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not wish to think about his wife's conduct and feelings, and therefore he did not think about them.

The Karenins' summer datcha was at Peterhof; and the Countess Lidya Ivanovna generally spent her summers in the same neighborhood, keeping up friendly relations with Anna. This year the countess had not cared to go to Peterhof, nor had she once called on Anna Arkadyevna; and as she was talking with Karenin one day, she made some allusion to the impropriety of Anna's intimacy with Betsy and Vronsky. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped her harshly, and declared that for him his wife was above suspicion, and from that day he avoided the countess. He did not wish to see and he did not see that many people in society were beginning to give his wife the cold shoulder; he did not wish to comprehend and he did not comprehend why his wife especially insisted on going to Tsarskoye, where Betsy lived and from which it was not far to Vronsky's camp.

He did not allow himself to think about this, and he did not think; but at the same time, without any proof to support him, without actually acknowledging it to himself, in the depths of his soul he felt that he was a deceived husband; he had no doubt about it, and he suffered deeply.

How many times in the course of his eight years of happy married life, as he had seen other men's wives playing them false and other husbands deceived, had he not asked himself, "How did it come to this? Why don't they free themselves at any cost from such an absurd situation?" But now, when the evil had fallen on his own head, he not only did not dream of extricating himself from his own trouble, but he would not even admit it, would not admit it for the very reason that it was too horrible and too unnatural.

Since his return from abroad, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had gone twice to his wife's datcha, — once to dine with her, the other time to pass the evening with some

guests, but not once had he spent the night, as had been his custom in previous years.

The day of the races was extremely engrossing for Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch; but when in the morning he made out the program of the day, he decided to go to his wife's datcha after an early dinner, and thence to the hippodrome, where he expected to find the court, and where it was proper that he should be seen. He went to see his wife because he had resolved, for the sake of propriety also, to visit his wife every week. Moreover, it was the fifteenth of the month, and it was his custom at this time to place in her hands the money for the household expenses.

With his ordinary power over his thoughts he gave this much consideration to his wife's affairs, but beyond this point he would not permit them to pass.

His morning had been extremely full of business. The evening before he had received a pamphlet, written by a famous traveler, who had recently returned from China and was now in Petersburg; a note from the Countess Lidya, accompanying it, begged him to receive this traveler, who seemed likely to be, on many accounts, a useful and interesting man. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had not been able to get through the pamphlet in the evening, and he finished it after breakfast. Then came petitions, reports, visits, nominations, removals, the distribution of rewards, pensions, salaries, correspondence, all that "workaday labor," as Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch called it, which consumes so much time.

Then came his private business, a visit from his physician and a call from his steward. The steward did not stay very long. He only brought the money which Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch needed, and a brief report on the condition of his affairs, which this year were not very satisfactory, since it happened that in consequence of various outlays there had been a heavy drain upon him and there was a deficit.

But the doctor, who was a famous physician of Petersburg, and had come into very friendly relations

with Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, took considerable time. Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had not expected him that day and was astonished at his visit, and still more so at the scrupulous care with which he plied him with questions, and sounded his lungs and punched and thumped his liver; Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch was not aware that his friend, the Countess Lidya, troubled by his abnormal condition, had begged the doctor to visit him and give him a thorough examination.

"Do it for my sake," said the Countess Lidya Ivanovna.

"I will do it for the sake of Russia, countess," replied the doctor.

"Admirable man!" cried the countess.

The doctor was very much disturbed at Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch's state. His liver was congested, his digestion was bad; the waters had done him no good. He ordered more physical exercise, as little mental strain as possible, and, above all, freedom from vexation of spirit; in other words, he ordered Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch to do what was as impossible for him as not to breathe.

The doctor departed, leaving Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch with the disagreeable impression that something was very wrong with him, and that there was no help for it.

On the way out, the doctor met on Karenin's steps his old acquaintance Sliudin, who was Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch's chief secretary. They had been in the university together; but, though they rarely met, they were still excellent friends, and therefore to no one else than Sliudin would the doctor have expressed his opinion concerning the sick man so frankly.

"How glad I am that you have been to see him!" said Sliudin. "He is not well, and it seems to me.... Well, what is it?"

"I will tell you," said the doctor, nodding to his coachman to drive up to the door. "This is what I say;" and, taking with his white hand the fingers of his dogskin glove, he stretched it out; "try to break a tough cord which is not stretched and it's hard work;

but keep it stretched out to its utmost tension, and put the weight of your finger on it, it breaks. Now, with his too sedentary life, and his too conscientious labor, he is strained to the utmost limit; and besides, there is a violent pressure in another direction," concluded the doctor, raising his eyebrows significantly. "Shall you be at the races?" he added, as he got into his carriage.

"Yes, yes, certainly; it takes a good deal of time," he said in reply to something that Sliudin said, and which he did not catch.

Immediately after the departure of the doctor, who had taken so much time, the celebrated traveler appeared; and Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch, aided by the pamphlet which he had just read, and by some previous information which he had on the subject, astonished his visitor by the extent of his knowledge and the breadth of his views.

At the same time the marshal[1] of nobility of his government was announced, who had come to Petersburg and wanted to talk with him. After his departure he was obliged to settle the routine business with his chief secretary, and finally to go out and make a serious and necessary call on an important personage.

Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch had only time to get back to his five o'clock dinner with Sliudin, whom he invited to join him on his visit to the country and to the races.

Without exactly accounting for it, Alekseĭ Aleksandrovitch always endeavored lately to have a third person present when he had an interview with his wife.

CHAPTER XXVII

Anna was in her room standing before a mirror and fastening a final bow to her dress, with Annushka's aid, when the noise of wheels on the gravel driveway was heard.

[1] *Gubernsky Predvodityel.*

"It is too early for Betsy," she thought; and, looking out of the window, she saw a carriage and in the carriage Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's black hat and well-known ears.

"How provoking! Can he have come for the night?" she thought; and all the consequences of his visit seemed to her so terrible, so horrible, that without taking time for a moment of reflection, she went downstairs, radiant with gayety, to receive her husband; and, feeling in her the presence of the spirit of falsehood and deception which now ruled her, she gave herself up to it and spoke with her husband, not knowing what she said.

"Ah! how good of you!" said she, extending her hand to Karenin, while she smiled on Sliudin as a household friend.

"You've come for the night, I hope?" were her first words, inspired by the demon of untruth; "and now we will go to the races together. But how sorry I am that I engaged to go with Betsy. She is coming for me."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch frowned slightly at the name of Betsy.

"Oh! I will not separate the inseparables," said he, in his light jesting tone. "I will walk with Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch. The doctor advised me to take exercise; I will join the pedestrians, and imagine I am still at the Spa."

"There is no hurry," said Anna. "Will you have some tea?"

She rang.

"Serve the tea, and tell Serozha that Alekseï Aleksandrovitch has come. — Well! how is your health? — Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch, you have not been out to see us before; look! how pleasant it is on the balcony!" said she, looking now at her husband, now at her guest.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too fast and too fluently. She herself felt that it was so, especially when she caught Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch looking at her with curiosity and perceived that he was studying her.

Mikhaïl Vasilyevitch got up and went out on the terrace, and she sat down beside her husband.

"You do not look at all well," said she.

"Oh, yes! The doctor came this morning, and wasted an hour of my time. I am convinced that some one of my friends sent him. My health is so precious...."

"No, what did he say?"

And she questioned him about his health and his labors, advising him to take rest, and to come out into the country, where she was.

It was all said with gayety and animation, and with brilliant light in her eyes, but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch attached no special importance to her manner; he heard only her words, and took them in their literal signification. And he replied simply, though jestingly. The conversation had no special weight, yet Anna never afterward could remember the whole short scene without the keen agony of shame.

Serozha came in, accompanied by his governess. If Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had allowed himself to notice, he would have been struck by the timid manner in which the lad looked at his parents, — at his father first, and then at his mother. But he was unwilling to see anything, and he saw nothing.

"Ah, young man! He has grown. Indeed, he is getting to be a great fellow! Good-morning, young man!"

And he stretched out his hand to the puzzled child. Serozha had always been a little afraid of his father; but now, since Alekseï Aleksandrovitch had begun to call him "young man," and since he had begun to rack his brains to discover whether Vronsky were a friend or an enemy, he was becoming more timid than ever. He turned to his mother, as if for protection; he felt at ease only when with her. Meantime Alekseï Aleksandrovitch laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked his governess about him; but the child was so painfully shy of him that Anna saw he was going to cry.

Anna, who had flushed at the moment her son came in, now noticing that it was awkward for him, quickly jumped up, raised Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's hand to let the boy go, kissed the little fellow, and took him

out on the terrace. Then she came back to her husband again.

"It is getting late," she said, consulting her watch. "Why does n't Betsy come?" ....

"Oh, yes," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, and as he got up he joined his fingers and made them crack. "I came also to bring you some money, for nightingales don't live on songs," said he. "You need it, I suppose?"

"No, I don't need it .... yes .... I do," said she, not looking at him and blushing to the roots of her hair. "Well, I suppose you will come back after the races?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. "But here is the glory of Peterhof, the Princess Tverskaya," he added, looking out of the window at a magnificent carriage with a short body set very high and with horses harnessed in the English fashion, drawing up to the entrance; "what elegance! splendid! well, let us go too!"

The Princess Tverskaya did not leave her carriage; her lackey, in top-boots and *pelerinka*, or short cloak, and wearing a tall hat, leaped to the steps.

"I am going, good-by," said Anna, and after she had kissed her son, she went to Alekseï Aleksandrovitch and gave him her hand. "It was very kind of you to come."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch kissed her hand.

"Well then, da svidanya! You will come back to tea? Excellent!" she said, as she went down the steps, seeming radiant and happy.

But hardly had she passed from his sight before she felt on her hand the place where his lips had kissed it, and she shivered with repugnance.

CHAPTER XXVIII

When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch reached the race-course, Anna was already in her place beside Betsy, in the grand pavilion, where all the highest society was gathered in a brilliant throng. She saw her husband from a distance. Two men, her husband and her lover, were for her the two centers of life, and without the help of her external senses she felt their presence. Even when her husband was at a distance she was conscious of his presence, and she involuntarily followed him in that billowing throng in the midst of which he was coming along. She saw him approach the pavilion, now replying with condescension to ingratiating salutations, then cordially or carelessly exchanging greetings with his equals; then again assiduously watching to catch the glances of the great ones of the earth, and taking off his large, round hat, which came down to the top of his ears. Anna knew all these mannerisms of salutation, and they were all equally distasteful to her.

"Nothing but ambition; craze for success; it is all that his heart contains," she thought; "but his lofty views, his love for civilization, his religion, they are only means whereby to win success."

From the glances that Karenin cast on the pavilion, he was looking straight at his wife, but could not see her in the sea of muslin, ribbons, feathers, flowers, and sunshades — Anna knew he was looking for her, but she pretended not to see him.

"Alekseï Aleksandrovitch," cried the Princess Betsy, "don't you see your wife? here she is!"

He looked up with his icy smile.

"Everything is so brilliant here, that it blinds the eyes," he replied, as he came up the pavilion.

He smiled at Anna, as it is a husband's duty to do when he has only just left his wife, greeted Betsy and his other acquaintances, conducting himself in due form, in other words, jesting with the ladies, and exchanging compliments with the men.

A general-adjutant, well known for his wit and culture, and highly esteemed by Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, was standing below near the pavilion. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch joined him, and engaged in conversation. It was the interval between two of the races; the general-adjutant condemned racing. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch replied and defended them.

Anna heard his shrill, monotonous voice, and lost not a single word; and every word that he spoke seemed to her hypocritical and rang unpleasantly in her ear.

When the four-verst handicap-race began, she leaned forward, not letting Vronsky out of her sight for an instant. She saw him approach his horse, then mount it; and at the same time she heard her husband's odious, incessant voice. She was tormented with fear for Vronsky; but she was tormented still more by the sound of her husband's sharp voice, every intonation of which she knew; it seemed to her that he would never cease speaking.

"I am a wicked woman, a lost woman," she thought; "but I hate falsehood, I cannot endure lies; but to him" — meaning her husband — "lies are his daily food! He knows all, he sees everything; how much feeling has he, if he can go on speaking with such calmness? I should have some respect for him if he killed me, if he killed Vronsky. But no! what he prefers above everything is falsehood and conventionality," said Anna to herself, not exactly knowing what she wanted of her husband, whatever she might want him to see. She did not understand that the very volubility of Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, which irritated her so, was only the expression of his interior agitation and anxiety.

As a child, hurt when jumping, puts its muscles into motion to assuage the pain, so Alekseï Aleksandrovitch absolutely required some intellectual movement, so as to become oblivious to the thoughts about his wife that arose in his mind at the sight of Anna and at the sight of Vronsky, whose name he heard on all sides. And as it is natural for a child to jump, so for him was it natural to talk tersely and well.

"Danger," he was saying, "is an indispensable condition in these military and cavalry races. If England can show in her history the most glorious deeds of arms performed by her cavalry, she owes it solely to the historic development of vigor in her people and her horses. *Sport*, in my opinion, has a deep significance; and, as usual, we take it only in its superficial aspect."

"Not superficial," said the Princess Tverskaya; "they say that one of the officers has broken two ribs."

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch smiled with his smile which only uncovered his teeth and was perfectly expressionless.

"Let us admit, princess," said he, "that in this case it is not superficial, but serious.[1] But that is not the point;" and he turned again to the general, and resumed his dignified discourse: —

"You must not forget that those who take part are military men who have chosen this career, and you must agree that every vocation has its reverse side of the medal. This belongs to the calling of war. Such brutal sport as boxing-matches and Spanish bull-fights are indications of barbarism, but specialized sport is a sign of development."

"No, I won't come another time," the Princess Betsy was saying; "it is too exciting for me; don't you think so, Anna?"

"It is exciting, but it is fascinating," said another lady; "if I had been a Roman, I should never have missed a single gladiatorial show."

Anna did not speak, but, with her opera-glass, was gazing intently at a single spot.

At this moment a tall general came across the pavilion. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, breaking off his discourse abruptly, arose with dignity, and made a low bow.

"Are n't you racing?" asked the general, jestingly.

"My race is a far more difficult one," replied Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, respectfully; and though this answer was not remarkable for its sense, the military man

[1] *Vnutrenneye*, internal.

seemed to think that he had received a witty repartee from a witty man, and appreciated *la pointe de la sauce.*

"There are two sides to the question," Alekseï Aleksandrovitch said, resuming, — "that of the participants, and that of the spectators; and I confess that a love for such spectacles is a genuine sign of inferiority in those that look on, but...."

"Princess, a wager," cried the voice of Stepan Arkadyevitch from below, addressing Betsy. "Which side will you take?"

"Anna and I bet on Prince Kuzovlef," replied Betsy.

"I am for Vronsky. A pair of gloves."

"Good!"

"How jolly! is n't it?"

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch stopped speaking while this conversation was going on around him, and then he began anew: —

"I confess, unmanly games...."

But at this instant the signal of departure was heard, and all conversation ceased. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch also ceased speaking; and every one stood up so as to look at the "river." But Alekseï Aleksandrovitch was not interested in the race, and so, instead of watching the riders, looked around the assembly with weary eyes. His gaze fell on his wife.

Her face was pale and stern. She evidently saw nothing and no one — except one person. Her hands convulsively clutched her fan; she held her breath. Karenin looked at her, then hastily turned away, gazing at the faces of other women.

"There is another lady very much moved, and still another just the same; it is very natural," said Alekseï Aleksandrovitch to himself. He did not wish to look at her; but his gaze was irresistibly drawn to her face. He once more gazed into her face, trying not to read in it what was so plainly pictured on it, and against his will he read, with feelings of horror, all that he had tried to ignore.

When Kuzovlef fell at the "river," the excitement

was general; but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face that he that fell was not the one on whom her gaze was riveted.

When, after Makhotin and Vronsky crossed the great hurdle, another officer was thrown head first, and was picked up for dead, a shudder of horror ran through the assembly; but Alekseï Aleksandrovitch perceived that Anna did not even notice it, and scarcely knew what the people around her were talking about.

But he kept studying her face, with deeper and deeper attention. Anna, all absorbed as she was in the spectacle of Vronsky's course, was conscious that her husband's cold eyes were on her. She turned around for an instant and looked at him questioningly. Then with a slight frown she turned away.

"Akh! it is all the same to me," she seemed to say, as she turned her glass to the race. She did not look at him again.

The race was disastrous; out of the seventeen riders, more than half were thrown and hurt. Toward the end the excitement became intense, the more because the emperor was displeased.

CHAPTER XXIX

All were loudly expressing their dissatisfaction, and the phrase was going the rounds, "Now only the lions are left in the arena;" and when Vronsky fell, horror was felt by all, and Anna groaned in dismay. In this there was nothing extraordinary. But, from thence on, a change which was positively improper had come over her face, and she entirely lost her presence of mind. She tried to escape, like a bird caught in a snare. Thus she struggled to arise, and to get away; and then she cried to Betsy:—

"Come, let us go, let us go!"

But Betsy did not hear her. She was leaning over, engaged in lively conversation with a general who had just entered the pavilion.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch hastened to his wife, and courteously offered her his arm.

"Come, if it is your wish to go," said he, in French; but Anna was listening eagerly to what the general said, and paid no attention to her husband.

"He has broken his leg, they say; but this is not at all likely," said the general.

Anna did not look at her husband; but, taking her glass, she gazed at the place where Vronsky had fallen. It was so distant, and the crowd was so dense, that she could not make anything out of it. She dropped her binocle, and started to go; but at that instant an officer came galloping up to make some report to the emperor. Anna leaned forward, and listened.

"Stiva! Stiva!" she cried to her brother.

He did not hear her.

She again made an effort to leave the pavilion.

"I again offer you my arm, if you wish to go," repeated Alekseï Aleksandrovitch, touching her hand.

Anna drew back from him with aversion, and replied without looking at him: —

"No, no; leave me; I am going to stay."

She now saw an officer riding at full speed across the race-course from the place of the accident to the pavilion. Betsy beckoned to him with her handkerchief; the officer brought the news that the rider was uninjured but the horse had broken her back.

When she heard this, Anna quickly sat down, and hid her face behind her fan. Alekseï Aleksandrovitch noticed, not only that she was weeping, but that she could not keep back the tears or even control the sobs that heaved her bosom. He stepped in front of her to shield her from the public gaze and give her a chance to regain her self-command.

"For the third time I offer you my arm," said he, turning to her at the end of a few moments.

Anna looked at him, not knowing what to say. The Princess Betsy came to her aid.

"No, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch. I brought Anna, and

I will be responsible for bringing her home," said Betsy, interfering.

"Excuse me, princess," he replied, politely smiling, and looking her full in the face; "but I see that she is not well, and I wish her to go with me."

Anna looked round in terror, and, rising hastily, took her husband's arm.

"I will send to inquire for him, and let you know," whispered Betsy.

As Alekseï Aleksandrovitch left the pavilion with his wife, he spoke in his ordinary manner to all whom he met, and Anna was forced to listen and to reply as usual; but she was not herself, and as in a dream she passed along on her husband's arm.

"Is he killed, or not? Can it be true? Will he come? Shall I see him to-day?" she asked herself.

In silence she got into Alekseï Aleksandrovitch's carriage, and she sat in silence as they left the throng of vehicles. In spite of all he had seen, Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not allow himself to think of his wife's present attitude. He saw only the external signs. He saw that her deportment had been improper, and he felt obliged to speak to her about it. But it was very difficult not to say more, — to say only that. He opened his mouth to tell her how improperly she had behaved; but, in spite of himself, he said something absolutely different.

"How strange that we all like to see these cruel spectacles! I notice...."

"What? I did not understand you," said Anna, scornfully.

He was wounded, and instantly began to say what was on his mind.

"I am obliged to tell you...." he began.

"Now," thought Anna, "comes the explanation;" and a terrible feeling came over her.

"I am obliged to tell you that your conduct to-day has been extremely improper," said he, in French.

"Wherein has my conduct been improper?" she demanded angrily, raising her head quickly, and look-

ing him straight in the eyes, no longer hiding her feelings under a mask of gayety, but putting on a bold front, under which, with difficulty, she hid her fears.

"Be careful," said he, pointing to the open window behind the coachman's back.

He leaned forward and raised the pane.

"What impropriety did you remark?" she asked again.

"The despair which you took no pains to conceal when one of the riders was thrown."

He awaited her answer; but she said nothing, and looked straight ahead.

"I have already requested you so to behave when in society that evil tongues cannot find anything to say against you. There was a time when I spoke of your inner feelings; I now say nothing about them. Now I speak only of outward appearances. You have behaved improperly, and I would ask you not to let this happen again."

She did not hear half of his words; she felt overwhelmed with fear; and she thought only of Vronsky, and whether he was killed. Was it he who was meant when they said the rider was safe but the horse had broken her back?

When Alekseï Aleksandrovitch ceased speaking, she looked at him with an ironical smile, and answered not a word, because she had not noticed what he said. At first he had spoken boldly; but as he saw clearly what he was speaking about, the terror which possessed her seized him also. He noticed that smile of hers, and it led him into a strange mistake.

"She is amused at my suspicions! She is going to tell me now what she once before said, that there is no foundation for them, that this is absurd."

Now when the discovery of the whole thing hung over him, he desired nothing so much as that she should answer derisively as she had done before, that his suspicions were ridiculous and had no foundation. What he now knew was so terrible to him that he was ready to believe anything that she might say. But the ex-

pression of her gloomy and frightened face now allowed him no further chance of falsehood.

"Possibly I am mistaken," said he; "in that case, I beg you to forgive me."

"No, you are not mistaken," she replied, with measured words, casting a look of despair on her husband's icy face. "You are not mistaken; I was in despair, and I could not help being. I hear you, but I am thinking only of him. I love him, I am his mistress. I cannot endure you, I fear you, I hate you!.... Do with me what you please!"

And, throwing herself into a corner of the carriage, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Alekseï Aleksandrovitch did not move, or change the direction of his eyes; but his whole face suddenly assumed the solemn rigidity of a corpse, and this expression remained unchanged throughout the drive to the datcha. As they reached the house, he turned his head to her still with the same expression.

"So! but I insist on the preservation of appearances until"—and here his voice trembled—"I decide on the measures which I shall take to save my honor and communicate them to you."

He stepped out of the carriage, and assisted Anna out. Then, in presence of the domestics, he shook hands with her, reëntered the carriage, and drove back to Petersburg.

He had just gone, when a lackey from Betsy brought a note to Anna:—

"I sent to Alekseï Vronsky to learn how he was. He writes me that he is safe and sound, but in despair."

"Then he will come," she thought. "How well I did to tell him all!"

She looked at her watch; scarcely three hours had passed since she saw him, but the memory of their interview made her heart hot within her.

"Bozhe moï! how light it is! It is terrible! but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light..... My husband! oh! yes!....well! thank God it is all over with him!"

CHAPTER XXX

As in all places where human beings congregate, so in the little German village where the Shcherbatskys went to take the waters, there is formed a sort of social crystallization which puts every one in his exact and unchangeable place. Just as a drop of water exposed to the cold always and invariably takes a certain crystalline form, so each new individual coming to the Spa immediately finds himself fixed in the place peculiar to him.

"Fürst Schtscherbatzsky sammt Gemählin und Tochter," — Prince Shcherbatsky, wife, and daughter, — both by the apartments that they occupied, and by their name and the acquaintances that they found, immediately crystallized into the exact place that was predestined to receive them.

This year a genuine German *Fürstin*, or princess, was at the Spa, and in consequence the crystallization of society took place even more energetically than usual. The Russian princess felt called on to present her daughter to the German princess, and the ceremony took place two days after their arrival. Kitty, dressed in a *very simple* toilet, that is to say, a very elegant summer costume imported from Paris, made a low and graceful courtesy. The *Fürstin* said: —

"I hope that the roses will soon bloom again in this pretty little face."

And immediately the Shcherbatsky family found themselves in the fixed and definite walk in life from which it was impossible to descend. They made the acquaintance of the family of an English *Lady*, of a German *Gräfin*, and her son who had been wounded in the late war, of a scientific man from Sweden, and of a M. Canut and his sister.

But, for the most part, the Shcherbatskys spontaneously formed social relations among the people from Moscow, among them Marya Yevgenyevna Rtishchevaya and her daughter, whom Kitty did not like because she likewise was ill on account of a love-affair, and a Mos-

cow colonel whom she had seen in society since childhood, and known by his uniform and his epaulets, and who now, with his little eyes, and his bare neck and flowery cravats, seemed to Kitty supremely ridiculous, and the more unendurable because she could not get rid of him. When they were all established, it became very tiresome to Kitty, the more as her father had gone to Carlsbad, and she and her mother were left alone. She could not interest herself in her old acquaintances, because she knew that she should not find anything novel in them; and so her principal amusement was in studying the people whom she had never seen before. It was in accordance with Kitty's nature to see the best side of people, especially of strangers; and now, in making her surmises about the persons whom she saw, — who they were and what they were like and what relationship they bore to one another, — she amused herself in imagining the most wonderful and beautiful characters, and found justification for her observations.

Of all these people, there was one in whom she took a most lively interest: this was a young Russian girl who had come to the baths with a sick Russian lady named Madame Stahl. Madame Stahl belonged to the high nobility; but she was so ill that she could not walk, and only occasionally, on very fine days, appeared at the baths in a wheeled-chair. But it was rather from pride than illness, as the princess judged, that she failed to make any acquaintances among the Russians. The girl was her nurse; and, as Kitty remarked, she frequently went to those who were seriously ill, — and there were many at the baths, — and with the most natural, unaffected zeal, took care of them.

This young Russian girl, Kitty discovered to her surprise, was no relation to Madame Stahl, nor even a hired companion. Madame Stahl called her simply Varenka, but her friends called her "Mademoiselle Varenka." Kitty not only found it extremely interesting to study the relations between this young girl and Madame Stahl, and other persons whom she did not know, but, as often happens, she also felt an unaccountable sym-

pathy drawing her toward Mademoiselle Varenka; and, when their eyes met, she imagined that it pleased her also.

This Mademoiselle Varenka was not only no longer in her first youth, but she seemed like a creature without any youth; her age might be guessed as either nineteen or thirty. If one analyzed her features, she was rather good-looking in spite of the sickly pallor of her face. If her head had not been rather large, and her figure too slight, she would have been considered handsome; but she was not one to please men; she made one think of a beautiful flower, which, though still preserving its petals, was faded and without perfume. There was one other reason why she could not be attractive to men, and that was the fact that she lacked exactly what Kitty had in excess — the repressed fire of life and a consciousness of her fascination.

Varenka seemed always absorbed in some important work; and therefore it seemed she could not take any interest in anything irrelevant. It was this very contrast to herself that especially attracted Kitty to her. Kitty felt that in her and in her mode of life she might find what she was seeking with so much trouble, — an interest in life, the dignity of life outside of the social relationships of young women to young men, which now seemed to Kitty like an ignominious exposure of merchandise waiting for a purchaser. The more she studied her unknown friend, the more convinced she became that this girl was the most perfect creature which she could imagine and the more she longed to become acquainted with her.

The two girls passed each other many times every day; and every time they met Kitty's eyes seemed always to ask: "Who are you? What are you? Are you not, in truth, the charming person that I imagine you to be? But for Heaven's sake," the look seemed to add, "don't think that I would permit myself to demand your acquaintance! I simply admire you, and love you."

"I also love you, and you are very, very charming; and I would love you still better, if I had time," replied

the unknown maiden's look; and indeed Kitty saw that she was always busy. Either she was taking the children of a Russian family home from the baths, or carrying a plaid for an invalid and wrapping her up in it, or she was trying to divert some irritable sick man, or selecting and buying confections for some other sick persons.

One morning, soon after the arrival of the Shcherbatskys, two new persons appeared who immediately became the object of rather unfriendly criticism. The one was a very tall, stooping man, with enormous hands, black eyes, at once innocent and terrifying, and wearing an old, ill-fitting, short coat. The other was a pock-marked woman, with a kindly face, and dressed very badly and inartistically.

Kitty instantly recognized that they were Russians; and in her imagination set to work constructing a beautiful and touching romance about them. But the princess, learning by the *kurliste*, or list of arrivals, that this was Nikolaï Levin and Marya Nikolayevna, explained to her what a bad man this Levin was, and all her illusions about these two persons vanished.

The fact that he was Konstantin Levin's brother, even more than her mother's words, suddenly made these two people particularly repulsive to Kitty. This Levin, with his habit of twitching his head, aroused in her an unsurmountable feeling of repulsion. It seemed to her that in his great, wild eyes, as they persistently followed her, was expressed a sentiment of hatred and irony, and she tried to avoid meeting him.

CHAPTER XXXI

It was a stormy day; the rain fell all the morning, and the invalids with umbrellas thronged the gallery.

Kitty and her mother, accompanied by the Muscovite colonel playing the elegant in his European overcoat, bought ready-made in Frankfort, were walking on one side of the gallery, in order to avoid Nikolaï Levin, who

was on the other. Varenka, in her dark dress and a black hat with the brim turned down, was walking up and down the whole length of the gallery with a little blind French woman; each time that she and Kitty met, they exchanged friendly glances.

"Mamma, may I speak with her?" asked Kitty, as she happened to be following her unknown friend and noticed that she was approaching the spring, where they might meet.

"Yes, if you wish it so much. I will inquire about her, and make her acquaintance first," said her mother. "But what do you find especially interesting in her? She is only a lady's companion. If you like, I can speak to Madame Stahl. I knew her *belle-sœur*," added the princess, proudly raising her head.

Kitty knew that her mother was vexed because Madame Stahl seemed to avoid making her acquaintance, and she did not press the point.

"How wonderfully charming she is!" said she, as she saw Varenka give the blind French lady a glass. "See how lovely and gentle everything is that she does."

"You amuse me with your *engouements*," replied the princess. "No, we had better go back," she added, as she saw Levin approaching with Marya and a German doctor, with whom he was speaking in a loud and angry tone.

As they turned to go back, suddenly they heard, not loud voices, but a cry. Levin had stopped, and was shrieking. The doctor was also angry. A crowd was gathering around them. The princess and Kitty hurried away, but the colonel joined the throng to find out what the trouble was. After a few moments the colonel came back to them.

"What was it?" asked the princess.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," replied the colonel. "There 's only one thing you need to fear, and that is to meet with Russians abroad. This tall gentleman was quarreling with his doctor, heaped indignities upon him for not attending to him as he wished, and finally he threatened him with his cane. It is simply disgraceful."

"Akh! how unpleasant!" said the princess. "Well, how did it end?"

"Fortunately that.... that girl with a hat like a toadstool interfered. A Russian, it seems," said the colonel.

"Mademoiselle Varenka?" joyously exclaimed Kitty.

"Yes, yes! She went quicker than any one else, and took the gentleman by the arm, and led him off."

"There, mamma!" said Kitty, "and you wonder at my enthusiasm for Varenka!"

The next morning Kitty, watching her unknown friend, noticed that Mademoiselle Varenka had the same relations with Levin and Marya as with her other *protégés:* she joined them and talked with them, and acted as interpreter to the woman, who did not know any language besides her own.

Kitty again begged her mother even more urgently to let her become acquainted with Varenka; and though it was unpleasant to the princess to seem to be making advances to the haughty and exclusive Madame Stahl, she made some inquiries about Varenka, and learning enough to satisfy herself that there was no possible harm, though very little that was advantageous, in the proposed acquaintance, she went first to Varenka and introduced herself.

Choosing a time when Kitty was at the spring, and Varenka was opposite the baker's, the princess went up to her.

"Allow me to introduce myself," said she, with her dignified smile. "My daughter has taken a great fancy to you. But perhaps you do not know me. I...."

"It is more than reciprocal, princess," replied Varenka, quickly.

"What a good thing you did yesterday toward our wretched fellow-countryman," said the princess.

Varenka blushed.

"I do not remember," she replied. "I don't think I did anything."

"Yes, indeed! you saved this Levin from an unpleasant affair."

"Ah, yes! *sa compagne* called me, and I tried to calm

him; he is very sick, and dissatisfied with his doctor. I am quite used to this kind of invalids."

"Oh, yes. I have heard that you live at Mentone with your aunt, Madame Stahl. I used to know her *belle-sœur*."

"No, Madame Stahl is not my aunt. I call her *maman*, but I am no relation to her. I was brought up by her," replied Varenka, again blushing.

All this was said with perfect simplicity; and the expression of her pleasing face was so frank and sincere, that the princess began to understand why Kitty was so charmed by this Varenka.

"Well, what is this Levin going to do?" she asked.

"He is going away."

At this moment, Kitty, radiant with pleasure because her mother had made the acquaintance of her unknown friend, came in from the spring.

"See here! Kitty, your ardent desire to know Mademoiselle...."

"Varenka," said the girl, smiling. "Every one calls me so."

Kitty was flushed with delight, and without speaking long pressed her new friend's hand, which gave no answering pressure, but lay passive in hers. Her hand gave no answering pressure, but Mademoiselle Varenka's face shone with a quiet, joyous, though melancholy smile, which showed her large but handsome teeth.

"I have been longing to know you," she said.

"But you are so busy...."

"Oh! on the contrary, I have n't anything to do," replied Varenka; but at the same instant she had to leave her new acquaintances because two little Russian girls, the daughters of an invalid, ran to her.

"Varenka, mamma is calling," they cried.

And Varenka followed them.

CHAPTER XXXII

The particulars which the princess learned about Varenka's past life, and her relations with Madame Stahl, and about Madame Stahl herself, were as follows: —

Madame Stahl had always been a sickly and excitable woman, who was said by some to have tormented the life out of her husband, and by others to have been tormented by his unnatural behavior. After she was divorced from her husband, she gave birth to her first child, which did not live; and Madame Stahl's parents, knowing her sensitiveness, and fearing that the shock would kill her, substituted for the dead child the daughter of a court cook, born on the same night, and in the same house at Petersburg. This was Varenka. Madame Stahl afterwards learned that the child was not her own, but continued to take charge of her, the more willingly as the true parents shortly after died.

For more than ten years Madame Stahl lived abroad, in the South, never leaving her bed. Some said that she was a woman who had made a public show of her piety and good works; others said that she was at heart the most highly moral of women, and that she lived only for the good of her neighbor, that she was really what she pretended to be.

No one knew whether she was Catholic, Protestant, or orthodox; one thing alone was certain, — that she had friendly relations with the high dignitaries of all the churches and of all communions.

Varenka always lived with Madame Stahl abroad; and all who knew Madame Stahl knew Mademoiselle Varenka also, and loved her. When she had learned all the particulars, the princess found nothing objectionable in her daughter's acquaintance with Varenka; the more because Varenka had the most cultivated manners and a fine education; she spoke French and English admirably, and chief of all she brought from Madame Stahl her regrets that, owing to her illness, she

was deprived of the pleasure of making the princess's acquaintance.

After she had once made Varenka's acquaintance, Kitty became more and more attached to her friend, and each day discovered some new charm in her. The princess, having discovered that Varenka sang well, invited her to come and give them an evening of music.

"Kitty plays, and we have a piano; not a very good instrument, to be sure, but you would give us a great pleasure," said the princess, with her hypocritical smile which was displeasing to Kitty, especially as she knew that Varenka did not want to sing. But Varenka came, that same evening, and brought her music. The princess had invited Marya Yevgenyevna and her daughter, and the colonel.

Varenka seemed perfectly indifferent to the presence of these people, who were strangers to her, and she went to the piano without being urged. She could not accompany herself, but in singing she read the notes perfectly. Kitty, who played very well, accompanied her.

"You have a remarkable talent," said the princess, after the first song, which Varenka sang beautifully.

Marya Yevgenyevna and her daughter added their compliments and their thanks.

"See," said the colonel, looking out of the window, "what an audience you have attracted."

In fact, a large number of people had gathered in front of the house.

"I am very glad to have given you pleasure," said Varenka, without affectation.

Kitty looked at her friend proudly; she admired her art and her voice and her face, and, more than all, she was enthusiastic over the way in which Varenka made it evident that she took little account of her singing, and was perfectly indifferent to compliments. She simply seemed to say, "Shall I sing some more, or is that enough?"

"If I were in her place, how proud I should be! How happy I should be to see that crowd under the window! But she seems perfectly unconscious of it. All that

she seemed to want was not to refuse, but to please *maman*. What is there about her? What is it that gives her this power of indifference, this calmness and independence? How I should like to learn this of her!" thought Kitty, as she looked into her peaceful face.

The princess asked Varenka to sing again; and she sang this time as well as the first, with the same care and the same perfection, standing erect near the piano, and beating time with her thin brown hand.

The next piece in her music-roll was an Italian *aria*. Kitty played the introduction, and looked at Varenka.

"Let us not do that one," said she, blushing.

Kitty, in alarm and wonder, fixed her eyes on Varenka's face.

"Well! another one," she said, hastily turning the pages, and somehow feeling an intuition that the Italian song brought back to her friend some painful association.

"No," replied Varenka, putting her hand on the notes and smiling, "let us sing this." And she sang it as calmly and coolly as the one before.

After the singing was over, they all thanked her again, and went out into the dining-room to drink tea. Kitty and Varenka went down into the little garden next the house.

"You had some association with that song, did you not?" asked Kitty. "You need not tell me about it," she hastened to add; "simply say, 'Yes, I have.'"

"Why should I not tell you about it? Yes, there is an association," said Varenka, calmly, and not waiting for Kitty to say anything, "and it is a painful one. I once loved a man, and used to sing that piece to him."

Kitty with wide-open eyes looked at Varenka meekly, but did not speak.

"I loved him, and he loved me also; but his mother was unwilling, and he married some one else. He does not live very far from us now, and I sometimes see him. You did n't think that I also had my romance, did you?"

And her face lighted up with a rare beauty, and a fire such as Kitty imagined might have been habitual in other days.

"Why should n't I have thought so? If I were a man I could never have loved any one else after knowing you," said Kitty. "What I cannot conceive is, that he was able to forget you, and make you unhappy for the sake of obeying his mother. He could n't have had any heart."

"Oh, no, he was an excellent man; and I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I am very happy. .... Well, shall we sing any more this evening?" she added, starting to go toward the house.

"How good you are! how good you are!" cried Kitty, and stopping her, she kissed her. "If I could only be a bit like you!"

"Why should you resemble any one else besides yourself? You are a good girl as you are," said Varenka, with her sweet and melancholy smile.

"No, I am not good at all. Now, tell me .... Stay, stay; let us sit down a little while," said Kitty, drawing her down to a settee near by. "Tell me how it can be other than a pain to think of a man who has scorned your love, who has jilted you ...."

"But no, he did not scorn it at all; I am sure that he loved me. But he was a dutiful son, and ...."

"Yes, but suppose it had not been for his mother's sake, but simply of his own free will," said Kitty, feeling that she was betraying her secret, and her face, glowing red with mortification, convicted her.

"Then he would not have behaved honorably, and I should not mourn for him," replied Varenka, perceiving that the supposition concerned, not herself, but Kitty.

"But the insult!" cried Kitty. "One cannot forget the insult. It is impossible," said she, remembering her own look when the music stopped at the last ball.

"Whose insult? You did n't act badly?"

"Worse than badly, — shamefully!"

Varenka shook her head, and laid her hand on Kitty's.

"Well, but why shamefully?" she asked. "You surely did not tell a man who showed indifference to you that you loved him?"

"Certainly not; I never uttered a word. But he

knew it. There are looks, there are ways .... no, no! not if I lived a hundred years should I ever forget it."

"Now, what is it? I don't understand you. The question is solely this: do you love him now or not?" said Varenka, who liked to call things by their right names.

"I hate him. I cannot forgive myself."

"But what for?"

"The shame, the insult."

"Akh! if every one were as sensitive as you! There is never a young girl who does not sometimes feel the same way. It is all such a trifling thing!"

"But what, then, is important?" asked Kitty, looking at Varenka with astonishment and curiosity.

"Oh! many things are important," replied Varenka, with a smile.

"Yes; but what?"

"Oh! there are many things more important," replied Varenka, not knowing what to say; but at that moment the voice of the princess was heard from the window: —

"Kitty, it is getting cool; put on your shawl, or come in."

"It is time to go," said Varenka, getting up. "I must go and see Madame Berthe; she asked me to come."

Kitty held her by the hand, and her eyes, full of passionate, almost supplicating, curiosity, asked her: —

"What is it that is so important that can give such calm? You know; tell me."

But Varenka did not understand the meaning of Kitty's look. She remembered only that she had still to go to see Madame Berthe, and to get home at midnight for tea with *maman*. She went back to the room, picked up her music, and, having said good-night to all, started to go.

"Allow me; I will escort you," said the colonel.

"Certainly," said the princess. "How could you go home alone at night? I was going to send Parasha with you."

Kitty saw that Varenka could hardly keep from smiling at the idea that she needed any one to go home with her.

"No; I always go home alone, and nothing ever happens to me," said she, taking her hat, and after kissing Kitty again, though she did not tell her "the one important thing," she hurried away with firm steps, her music-roll under her arm, and disappeared in the semi-darkness of the summer night, carrying with her her secret of "what is important" and what gave her her enviable calmness and dignity.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Kitty also made Madame Stahl's acquaintance, and her relations with this lady and her friendship with Varenka had not only a powerful influence on her, but also soothed her grief.

She found this consolation in the fact that, through this friendship, there opened before her an entirely new world, which had nothing in common with her past, — a beautiful, supernal world, from the lofty heights of which she could look down calmly on her past. She discovered that this world, which was entirely apart from the instinctive life which she had hitherto led, was the spiritual life. This life was reached by religion, — a religion which had nothing in common with the religion to which Kitty had been accustomed since infancy, a religion which consisted of going to morning and evening service, and to the House of Widows,[1] where she met her acquaintances, or of learning by heart Slavonic texts with the parish priest. This was a lofty, mystic religion, united with the purest thoughts and feelings, and believed in not because one was commanded to do so, but through love.

Kitty learned all this, but not by words. Madame Stahl talked to her as to a dear child whom she loved as the type of her own youth, and only once did she

[1] *Vdovui Dom.*

make any allusion to the consolation brought by faith and love for human sorrows, and to the compassion of Christ, who looked on no sorrows as insignificant; and she immediately changed the subject.

But in all this lady's motions, in her words, in her heavenly looks, as Kitty called them, and, above all, in the story of her life, which she knew through Varenka, Kitty discovered "the important thing" which till now had been but a sealed book to her.

But, lofty as Madame Stahl's character was, touching as was her history, high-minded and affectionate her discourse, Kitty could not help noticing certain peculiarities, which troubled her. One day, for example, when her relatives were mentioned, Madame Stahl smiled disdainfully; it was contrary to Christian charity. Another time Kitty noticed, when she met a Roman Catholic dignitary calling on her, that Madame Stahl kept her face carefully shaded by the curtain, and smiled peculiarly. Insignificant as these two incidents were, they gave her some pain, and caused her to doubt Madame Stahl's sincerity.

Varenka, on the other hand, alone in the world, without family connections, without friends, hoping for naught, harboring no ill-will after her bitter disappointment, seemed to her absolute perfection. Through Varenka she learned how to forget herself, and to love her neighbor, if she wanted to be happy, calm, and good. And Kitty did wish this. And, when once she learned what was the important thing, Kitty was no longer willing simply to admire, but gave herself up with her whole heart to the new life which opened before her. After the stories which Varenka told her of Madame Stahl and others whom she named, Kitty drew up a plan for her coming life. She decided that, following the example of Aline, Madame Stahl's niece, whom Varenka often told her about, she would visit the unhappy, no matter where she might be living, and that she would aid them to the best of her ability; that she would distribute the Gospel, read the New Testament to the sick, to the dying, to criminals: the

thought of reading the New Testament to criminals, as this Aline had done, especially appealed to Kitty. But she indulged in these dreams secretly, without telling them to her mother or even to her friend.

However, while she was waiting to be able to carry out her schemes on a wider scale, it was easy for Kitty to put her new principles in practice at the waters, even then and there at the Spa, where the sick and unhappy are easily found, and she did as Varenka did.

The princess swiftly noticed that Kitty had fallen under the powerful influence of her *engouement* with Madame Stahl (as she called it), and particularly with Varenka. She saw that Kitty imitated Varenka, not only in her deeds of charity, but even in her gait, in her speech, in her ways of shutting her eyes. Later she discovered that her daughter was passing through a sort of crisis of the soul quite independent of the influence of her friends.

The princess saw that Kitty was reading the Gospels evenings in a French Testament loaned her by Madame Stahl, — a thing which she had never done before. She also noticed that she avoided her society friends, and gave her time to the sick under Varenka's care, and particularly to the poor family of a sick painter named Petrof.

Kitty seemed proud to fill, in this household, the functions of a sister of charity. All this was very good; and the princess had no fault to find with it, and opposed it all the less from the fact that Petrof's wife was a woman of good family, and that one day the *Fürstin*, noticing Kitty's charitable activity, had praised her, and called her the "ministering angel." All would have been very good if it had not been carried to excess. But the princess saw that her daughter was going to extremes, so she spoke to her about it.

"*Il ne faut rien outrer* — One must never go to extremes," she said to her.

But her daughter made no reply; she only questioned from the bottom of her heart whether one could ever talk about going to extremes in the matter of religion.

How could there be any possibility of extremes in following teachings which bid you offer your left cheek when the right has been struck, and to give your shirt when your cloak is taken from you? But the princess was displeased with this tendency to exaggeration, and she was still more displeased to feel that Kitty was unwilling to open her heart to her. In point of fact, Kitty kept secret from her mother her new views and feelings. She kept them secret, not because she lacked affection or respect for her mother, but simply because she was her mother. It would have been easier to confess them to a stranger than to her mother.

"It is a long time since Anna Pavlovna has been to see us," said the princess one day, speaking of Madame Petrof. "I invited her to come, but she seems offended."

"No, I don't think so, *maman*," replied Kitty, with a guilty look.

"You have not been with her lately, have you?"

"We planned a walk on the mountain for to-morrow," said Kitty.

"I see no objection," replied the princess, noticing her daughter's confusion, and trying to fathom the reason.

That same day Varenka came to dinner and announced that Anna Pavlovna had given up the proposed expedition. The princess noticed that Kitty again blushed.

"Kitty, has there been anything unpleasant between you and the Petrofs?" she asked, as soon as they were alone. "Why have they ceased to send their children, or to come themselves?"

Kitty replied that nothing had happened, and that she really did not understand why Anna Pavlovna seemed to be angry with her; and she told the truth. She did not know the reasons for the change in Madame Petrof, but she suspected them, and thus also she suspected a thing which she dared not to confess, even to herself, still less to her mother. This was one of those things which you know, but which are impossible to speak even

to yourself, so humiliating and painful would it be if you are mistaken.

Again and again she passed in review all the memories of her relations with this family. She remembered the innocent joy which shone on Anna Pavlovna's honest, round face when they first met; she remembered their secret discussions to find means to distract the invalid, and keep him from the forbidden work, and to get him out of doors; the attachment of the youngest child, who called her Moya Kiti, and would not go to bed without her. How beautiful everything was at that time! Then she remembered Petrof's thin face, his long neck, stretching out from his brown coat; his thin, curly hair; his blue eyes, with their questioning look, which she had feared at first; his painful efforts to seem lively and energetic when she was near; she recalled the effort that she had to make at first to overcome the repugnance which he, as well as all consumptives, caused her to feel; and the trouble which she had in finding something to talk with him about.

She remembered the sick man's humble and timid looks when he saw her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness which came over her at first, followed by the pleasant consciousness of her charitable deeds. How lovely it all had been! but it lasted only for a brief moment. Now and for several days there had been a sudden change. Anna Pavlovna received Kitty with pretended friendliness, and did not cease to watch her and her husband.

Could it be that the invalid's pathetic joy at the sight of her was the cause of Anna Pavlovna's coolness?

"Yes," she said to herself, "there was something unnatural and quite different from her ordinary sweet temper when she said to me, day before yesterday, sharply, 'There! he will not do anything without you; he would not even take his coffee, though he was awfully faint.'

"Yes! perhaps it was not agreeable to her when I gave him his plaid. It was such a simple little thing to do; but he seemed so strange, and thanked me so warmly,

that I felt ill at ease. And then that portrait of me which he painted so well; but, above all, his gentle and melancholy look. Yes, yes, it must be so," Kitty repeated with horror. "No, it cannot be, it must not be! He is to be pitied so!" she added, in her secret heart.

This suspicion poisoned the pleasure of her new life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Just before their season at the Spa was over, Prince Shcherbatsky rejoined them. He had been to Carlsbad, to Baden, and to Kissingen, with Russian friends, — "to get a breath of Russian air," as he expressed it.

The prince and princess had conflicting ideas in regard to living abroad. The princess thought that everything was lovely; and, notwithstanding her assured position in Russian society, while she was abroad she put on the airs of a European lady which she was not, for she was in every way a genuine Russian baruinya. The prince, on the other hand, considered everything abroad detestable, and the European life unendurable; and he even exaggerated his Russian characteristics, and tried to be less of a European than he really was.

He came back emaciated and with drooping sacks under his eyes, but in the happiest spirits; and his happy frame of mind was still further enhanced when he found that Kitty was on the road to health.

The accounts that he heard of Kitty's intimacy with Madame Stahl and Varenka, and the princess's description of the moral transformation through which his daughter was passing, rather vexed the prince, awaking in him that feeling of jealousy which he always had in regard to everything that might draw Kitty away from under his influence. He was afraid that she might ascend to regions unattainable to him. But these disagreeable presentiments were swallowed up in the sea of gayety and good humor which he always carried with him, and which his sojourn at Carlsbad had increased.

The day after his arrival, the prince, in his long pale-

tot, and with his Russian wrinkles and his puffy cheeks standing out above his stiffly starched collar, went in the very best of spirits with Kitty to the spring.

The morning was beautiful. The neat, gay houses, with their little gardens, the sight of the German servants, with their red faces and red arms, happily working, the brilliant sun, — everything filled the heart with pleasure. But as they came nearer to the spring they met more and more invalids, whose lamentable appearance contrasted painfully with the trim and beneficent German surroundings.

For Kitty the bright sunlight, the vivid green of the trees, the sounds of the music, all formed a natural framework for these well-known faces, whose changes for better or worse she had been watching. But for the prince there was something cruel in the contrast between this bright June morning, the orchestra playing the latest waltz, and especially the sight of these healthy-looking servants, and the miserable invalids, from all the corners of Europe, dragging themselves painfully along.

In spite of the return of his youth which the prince experienced, and the pride that he felt in having his favorite daughter on his arm, he confessed to a sense of shame and awkwardness in walking along with his firm step and his vigorous limbs.

"Introduce me, introduce me to your new friends," said he to his daughter, pressing her arm with his elbow. "I am beginning to like your abominable Soden for the good which it has done you. Only it is melancholy for you. — Who is this?"

Kitty told the names of the acquaintances and strangers that they met on their way. At the very entrance of the garden they met Madame Berthe and her companion, and the prince was pleased to see the expression of joy on the old Frenchwoman's face at the sound of Kitty's voice. With true French exaggeration she immediately overwhelmed the prince with compliments, congratulating him on having such a charming daughter, whose merits she praised to the

skies, declaring to her face that she was a treasure, a pearl, a ministering angel.

"Well! she must be angel number two," said the prince, gallantly, "for she calls Mademoiselle Varenka angel number one."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Varenka is truly an angel. *Allez*," said Madame Berthe, vivaciously.

They met Varenka herself in the gallery. She hastened up to them, carrying an elegant red bag.

"Here is papa," said Kitty.

Varenka made the prince a simple and natural salutation, almost like a courtesy, and without any false modesty immediately entered into conversation with him as she conversed with every one, without restraint or affectation.

"Of course I know you, — know you very well already," said the prince, with a pleasant expression that made Kitty see that her friend pleased her father. "Where were you going so fast?"

"*Maman* is here," she replied, turning to Kitty. "She did not sleep all night, and the doctor advised her to take the air. I have brought her work."

"So that is angel number one?" said the prince, when Varenka had gone.

Kitty saw that he had intended to rally her about her friend, but had refrained because her friend had pleased him. "Well, let us go and see them all," said he, — "all your friends, even Madame Stahl, if she will deign to remember me."

"But did you ever know her, papa?" asked Kitty, with fear, as she saw an ironical flash in her father's eyes as he mentioned Madame Stahl.

"I knew her husband, and I knew her a little, before she joined the Pietists."

"What are Pietists, papa?" asked Kitty, troubled because such a nickname was given to what in Madame Stahl she valued so highly.

"I myself do not know much about them. I only know this, that she thanks God for everything, even for her tribulations, and, above all, she thanks God

because her husband is dead. Now, that is comical, because they did not live happily together. But who is that? What a melancholy face!" he added, seeing an invalid sitting in a shop in cinnamon-colored paletot, with white pantaloons making strange folds around his emaciated legs. This gentleman had raised his straw hat, and bared his sparse curly hair and high sickly forehead, on which showed the red line made by the brim.

"That is Petrof, a painter," replied Kitty, with a blush; "and there is his wife," she added, indicating Anna Pavlovna, who, at their approach, had evidently made the excuse of running after one of their children playing in the street.

"Poor fellow! and what a pleasant face he has!" said the prince. "But why did you not go to him? He seemed anxious to speak to you."

"Well, let us go back to him," said Kitty, resolutely turning about. "How do you feel to-day?" she asked of Petrof.

Petrof arose, leaning on his cane, and looked timidly at the prince.

"This is my daughter," said the prince; "allow me to make your acquaintance."

The painter bowed and smiled, showing teeth of strangely dazzling whiteness.

"We expected you yesterday, princess," said he to Kitty.

He staggered as he spoke; and to conceal the fact that it was involuntary, he repeated the motion.

"I expected to come, but Varenka told me that Anna Pavlovna sent word that you were not going."

"That we were n't going?" said Petrof, troubled, and beginning to cough. Then, looking toward his wife, he called hoarsely, "Annetta! Annetta!" while the great veins on his thin white neck stood out like cords.

Anna Pavlovna drew near.

"How did you send word to the princess that we were not going?" he demanded angrily, in a whisper.

"Good-morning, princess," said Anna Pavlovna, with

a constrained smile, totally different from her former effusiveness. "Very glad to make your acquaintance," she added, addressing the prince. "You have been long expected, prince."

"How could you have sent word to the princess that we were not going?" again demanded the painter, in his hoarse whisper, and still more irritated because he could not express himself as he wished.

"Oh, good heavens! I thought that we were not going," said his wife, testily.

"How?.... when?" ....

He coughed, and made a gesture of despair with his hand.

The prince raised his hat, and went away with his daughter.

"Oh! okh!" he said, with a deep sigh. "Oh, these poor creatures!"

"Yes, papa," said Kitty; "and you must know that they have three children, and no servant, and almost no means. He receives a pittance from the Academy," she continued eagerly, so as to conceal the emotion caused by the strange change in Anna Pavlovna, in her behavior to her. "Ah, there is Madame Stahl!" said Kitty, directing his attention to a wheeled-chair, in which was lying a human form, wrapped in gray and blue, propped up by pillows, and shaded by an umbrella. It was Madame Stahl. A solemn and sturdy German laborer was pushing her chair. Beside her walked a light-complexioned Swedish count, whom Kitty knew by sight. Several people had stopped near the wheeled-chair, and were gazing at this lady as if she were some curiosity.

The prince approached her, and Kitty instantly noticed in her father's eyes that ironical gleam which had troubled her before. He went up to Madame Stahl, and addressed her in that excellent French which so few Russians nowadays are able to speak, and was extremely polite and friendly.

"I do not know whether you still recollect me, but it is my duty to bring myself to your remembrance, in order that I may thank you for your kindness to my

daughter," said he, taking off his hat, and holding it in his hand.

"Prince Aleksandr Shcherbatsky!" said Madame Stahl, looking at him with her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty detected a shade of dissatisfaction. "I am very glad to see you; I love your daughter so!"

"Your health is not always good?"

"Oh! I am pretty well used to it now," replied Madame Stahl; and she presented the prince to the Swedish count.

"You have changed very little," said the prince to her, "during the ten or twelve years since I had the honor of seeing you."

"Yes. God gives the cross, and gives also the power to carry it. I often ask myself why my life is so prolonged..... Not like that," she said crossly, to Varenka, who had not succeeded in putting her plaid over her shoulders to her satisfaction.

"For doing good, without doubt," said the prince, with laughing eyes.

"It is not for us to judge," replied Madame Stahl, observing the gleam of irony in the prince's face.

"I pray you send me that book, dear count. I will thank you a thousand times," said she, turning to the young Swede.

"Ah!" cried the prince, who had just caught sight of the Muscovite colonel standing near; and, bowing to Madame Stahl, he went away with his daughter and the Muscovite colonel, who had joined him.

"This is our aristocracy, prince!" said the colonel, with sarcastic intent, for he also was piqued because Madame Stahl refused to be friendly.

"Always the same," replied the prince.

"Did you know her before her illness, prince, — that is, before she became an invalid?"

"Yes; she became an invalid after I knew her."

"They say that she has not walked for ten years."....

"She does not walk because one leg is shorter than the other. She is very badly put together."....

"Papa, it is impossible," cried Kitty.

"Evil tongues say so, my dear; and your friend Varenka ought to see her as she is. Oh, these invalid ladies!"

"Oh, no, papa! I assure you, Varenka adores her," cried Kitty, eagerly; "and besides, she does so much good! Ask any one you please. Every one knows her and Aline Stahl."

"Maybe," replied her father, pressing her arm gently; "but it would be better when people do such things that no one should know about it."

Kitty was silent, not because she had nothing to say, but she was unwilling to reveal her inmost thoughts even to her father.

There was one strange thing, however: decided though she was not to unbosom herself to her father, not to let him penetrate into the sanctuary of her reflections, she nevertheless was conscious that her ideal of holiness, as seen in Madame Stahl, which she had for a whole month carried in her soul, had irrevocably disappeared, as a face seen in a garment thrown down by chance disappears when one really sees how the garment is lying. She retained only the image of a lame woman who, because she was deformed, stayed in bed, and who tormented the patient Varenka because she did not arrange her plaid to suit her. And it became impossible for her imagination to bring back to her the remembrance of the former Madame Stahl.

CHAPTER XXXV

The prince's gayety and good humor were contagious; his household and acquaintances, and even their German landlord, felt it.

When he came in with Kitty, from the springs, the prince invited the colonel, Marya Yevgenyevna and her daughter, and Varenka, to luncheon, and had the table and chairs brought out under the chestnut trees in the garden, and there the guests were served. The landlord and his domestics were filled with zeal under the influ-

ence of his good spirits. They knew his generosity; and before half an hour was over a sick Hamburg doctor, who had rooms on the upper floor, was looking down with envy on the happy group of hearty Russians sitting under the chestnut trees.

Under the flickering shade of the sun-flecked leaves sat the princess, in a bonnet trimmed with lilac ribbons, presiding over the table spread with a white cloth, whereon were placed the coffee-service, the bread, butter, cheese, and cold game; she was distributing cups and tarts. At the other end of the table sat the prince, eating with good appetite, and talking with great animation. He had spread out in front of him his purchases, — carved boxes, jackstraws, paper-cutters of all kinds, which he had brought back from all the places where he had been; and he was distributing them around to all, including Lieschen the maid, and the landlord, with whom he joked in his comically bad German, assuring him that it was not the waters that had cured Kitty, but his excellent *cuisine*, and particularly his prune soup.

The princess laughed at her husband for his Russian peculiarities; but never, since she had been at the Spa, had she been so gay and lively. The colonel, as always, was amused at the prince's jests; but he agreed with the princess on the European question, which he imagined that he understood thoroughly. The good Marya Yevgenyevna laughed at every good thing that the prince said; and even Varenka, to Kitty's great astonishment, laughed till she was tired, with undemonstrative but infectious hilarity awakened by the prince's jests. This was something Kitty had never known to happen before.

All this delighted Kitty, but she could not free herself from mental agitation; she could not resolve the problem which her father had unintentionally given her by his jesting, humorous attitude toward her friends and the life which offered her so many attractions. Moreover, she could not help puzzling herself with the reasons for the change in her relations with the Petrofs, which had struck her that day so plainly and dis-

agreeably. All the rest were gay, but Kitty could not be gay, and this still more annoyed her. She experienced a feeling analogous to that which she had known in her childhood, when, as a punishment for some offense, she was shut up in her room and heard the gay merriment of her sisters.

"Now, why did you purchase this heap of things?" asked the princess, smiling and offering her husband a cup of coffee.

"You go out for a walk, well! and you come to a shop, and they address you, and say, '*Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht!*' Well, when they say *Durchlaucht*,[1] I cannot resist any longer, and my ten thalers vanish."

"It was merely because you were bored," said the princess.

"Certainly I was bored! It was ennui which one does not know how to escape from."

"But how can you be bored? There are so many interesting things to see in Germany now," said Marya Yevgenyevna.

"Yes! I know all which is interesting just at the present time: I know soup with prunes, I know pea-pudding, I know everything."

"Just as you please, prince, but their institutions are interesting," said the colonel.

"Yes! but what is there interesting about them? They are as contented as copper kopeks. They have whipped the world! Now, why should I find anything to content me here? I never conquered anybody; but I have to take off my boots myself, and, what is worse, put them out myself in the corridor. In the morning I get up, and have to dress myself, and go down to the dining-room and drink execrable tea. 'T is n't like that at home. There you can get up when you please; if you are out of sorts, you can grumble; you have all the time you need for remembering things, and you can do whatever you please without hurrying."

"But time is money; you forget that," said the colonel.

[1] *Durchlaucht*, highness.

"That depends. There are whole months which you would sell for fifty kopeks, and half-hours which you would not take any amount of money for. Is n't that so, Katenka? But why are you so solemn?"

"I am not, papa."

"Where are you going? Stay a little longer," said the prince to Varenka.

"But I must go home," said Varenka, rising, and laughing gayly again. After she had excused herself, she took leave of her friends, and went into the house to get her hat.

Kitty followed her. Even Varenka seemed to her friend changed. She was not less good, but she was different from what she had imagined her to be.

"Akh! it is a long time since I have laughed so much," said Varenka, as she was getting her parasol and her satchel. "How charming your papa is!"

Kitty did not answer.

"When shall I see you again?" asked Varenka.

"*Maman* wanted to go to the Petrofs'. Are you going to be there?" asked Kitty, trying to sound Varenka.

"I am going to be there," she replied. "They are expecting to leave, and I promised to help them pack."

"Well, then I will go with you."

"No; why should you?"

"Why not? why not? why not?" asked Kitty, opening her eyes very wide, and holding Varenka by her sunshade. "Wait a moment, and tell me why not."

"'Why not?' Because your papa has come, and because they are vexed at you."

"No; tell me honestly why you don't like to have me go to the Petrofs'. You don't like it; why is it?"

"I did n't say so," replied Varenka, calmly.

"I beg you to tell me."

"Must I tell you all?"

"All, all," replied Kitty.

"Well! There is really nothing very serious; only Mikhaïl Alekseyevitch — that was Petrof's name — a

short time ago wanted to leave even before this, and now he does not want to go at all," replied Varenka, smiling.

"Well, well!" cried Kitty, looking at Varenka with a gloomy expression.

"Now for some reason Anna Pavlovna imagines that he does not want to go because you are here. Of course this was unfortunate; but you have been the unwitting cause of a family quarrel, and you know how irritable these invalids are."

Kitty grew still more melancholy, and kept silent; and Varenka went on speaking, trying to smooth it over, and put things in a better light, though she foresaw that the result would be either tears or reproaches, she knew not which.

"So it is better for you not to go there....and you will not be angry...."

"But it was my fault, it was my fault," said Kitty, speaking rapidly, and snatching Varenka's parasol away from her, and not looking at her.

Varenka was amused at her friend's childish anger, but she was afraid of offending her.

"How is it your fault? I don't understand!"

"My fault because it was all pretense, it was all hypocrisy, and because it did not come from the heart. What business had I to meddle in the affairs of a stranger? And so I have been the cause of a quarrel, and I have been doing what no one asked me to do, simply because it was all hypocrisy, hypocrisy," said she.

"But why do you call it hypocrisy?" asked Varenka, gently.

"Akh! How stupid, how wretched! It was none of my business..... Hypocrisy!" mechanically opening and shutting the sunshade.

"But it was your idea?"

"So as to seem better to others, to myself, to God,—to deceive every one. No, I will not fall so low again. I may be wicked, but at least I will not be a liar and deceiver!"

"But who is a liar?" asked Varenka, in a reproachful tone. "You speak as if...."

But Kitty was thoroughly angry, and did not let her finish.

"I am not speaking of you, not of you at all. You are perfection. Yes, yes; I know that you are all perfection. How can I help it?.... I am wicked; this would not have occurred, if I had not been wicked. So let me be what I am, but I will not be deceitful. What have I to do with Anna Pavlovna? Let them live as they want to, and I will do the same. I can't be somebody else..... Besides, everything is different...."

"What is 'different'?" asked Varenka, in perplexity.

"Everything! I can only live by my heart, but you live by your principles. I like you all; but you have had in view only to save me, to convert me."

"You are not fair," said Varenka.

"I am not speaking for other people. I only speak for myself."

"Kitty!" cried her mother's voice, "come here and show papa your corals."

Kitty, with a haughty face and not making it up with her friend, took the box with the corals from the table and carried it to her mother.

"What is the matter? why are you so flushed?" asked her father and mother with one voice.

"Nothing; I am coming right back;" and she hurried back to the house.

"She is still there," she thought; "what shall I tell her? Bozhe moï! what have I done? what have I said? Why did I hurt her feelings? What have I done? what shall I say to her?" she asked herself, as she hesitated at the door.

Varenka, with her hat on and her parasol in her hand, was sitting by the table, examining the spring, which Kitty had broken. She raised her head.

"Varenka, forgive me," whispered Kitty, coming up to her. "Forgive me, I don't know what I said. I...."

"Truly, I did not mean to cause you pain," said Varenka, smiling.

Peace was made.

But her father's coming had changed for Kitty the

whole world in which she lived. She did not give up what she had learned, but she confessed that she had been under an illusion by believing that she was what she had dreamed of being. She awoke as it were from a dream. She felt all the difficulty of staying without hypocrisy and boastfulness on the heights to which she had tried to raise herself; moreover, she felt still more vividly all the weight of that world of misfortunes, of illnesses, of those who surrounded her, and she was tormented by the efforts which she had made to interest herself in them; and she began to long to breathe the purer, healthier atmosphere of Russia at Yergushovo, where Dolly and the children had gone, as she learned from a letter that had just come.

But her love for Varenka had not diminished. When she went away, she begged her to come and visit them in Russia.

"I will come when you are married," said she.

"I shall never marry."

"Well, then I shall never come."

"Well, in that case, I shall get married only for your sake. Don't forget your promise," said Kitty.

The doctor's prophecies were realized. Kitty came home to Russia perfectly well; possibly she was not as gay and careless as before, but her calmness was restored. The pains of the past were only a memory.

END OF VOL. I.

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